



TRAILS &
SUMMITS
OF THE
WHITE
MOUNTAINS

—
By
WALTER
COLLINS
O'KANE

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

By Walter Collins O'Kane

MUCH more than a guidebook is this new volume, by Walter Collins O'Kane, mountain-climber and camper, and author of many articles on tramping and camping.

At the outset the author asks the question, 'Why climb?' and then proceeds to answer it in a way that will make every old-timer wish to go again and every one who has never enjoyed the sport eager to try it.

The book is intended for beginners in mountain-climbing and includes all information necessary for their comfort and pleasure. There are nineteen interesting and striking climbs described, some from highway to highway, that can be accomplished in a day or less. These include Washington by way of Tuckerman Ravine, Carter Notch and its adjacent summits, King Ravine and Mount Adams, the Ridge of the Castles and Mount Jefferson, Crawford Path, Mount Chocorua, Mount Moosilauke, the Franconias, and Monadnock.

The maps and descriptions are made more graphic by the inclusion of many photographs.




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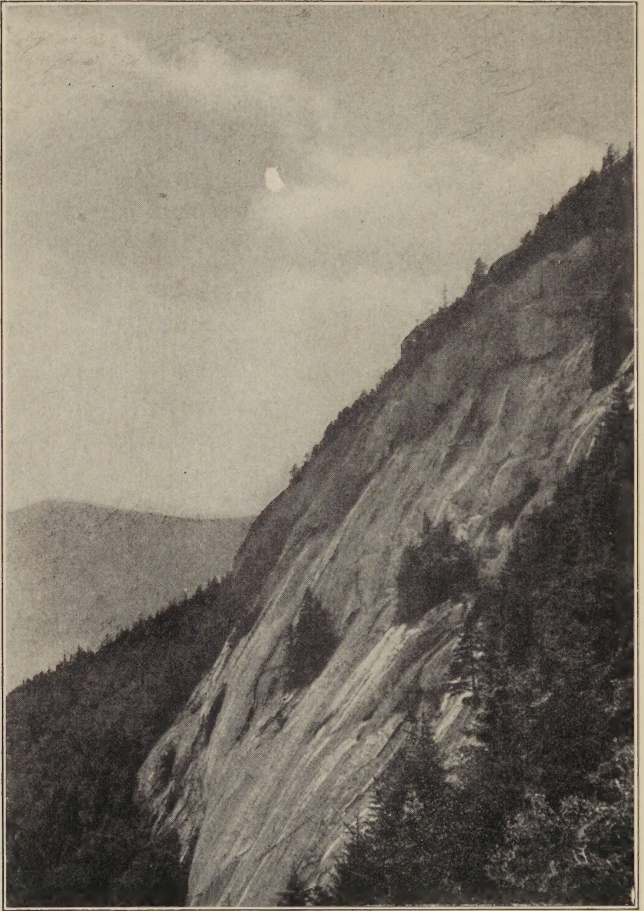
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NEARING THE SUMMIT

Looking across the ledges on Mount Whiteface, laid
bare by a slide of a hundred years ago

The Riverside Outdoor Handbooks

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

BY
WALTER COLLINS O'KANE

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1925

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

TO
THE SPIRIT
OF THE HIGH PLACES

FOREWORD

FOR every trail and every climb that is described in this book there are ten others that I wish that I might include. Each has its own potent appeal and each that is omitted brings a feeling of regret. In selecting those to be included, manifestly no two persons would make precisely the same choice. I expect that each man who knows these mountains and who sees this book will feel that summits and trails that deserved a place have failed of recognition.

After all, that is one of the attributes of the mountains — the infinite diversity of their charm and their never-failing personal appeal. Their interest is as many-sided as that of the great company of persons who visit them.

I am indebted to fellow members of the Appalachian Mountain Club who have read and corrected the various chapters, including Mr. Milton E. MacGregor, Mr. Irving R. Crosby, Professor Karl P. Harrington, Mr. Sheldon J. Howe, Mr. Arthur C. Comey, Mr. Philip W. Ayres, Mr. Nathaniel M. Nichols, and Mr. Allen Chamberlain. The photograph of Mount Osceola was taken by Mr. A. L. Goodrich.

W. C. O'K.

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From photographs by the author

TRAILS AND SUMMITS
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TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS



CHAPTER I WHY CLIMB?

To attempt to describe the pleasure of mountain-climbing so that one who has never climbed will see the worth of the enterprise is like trying to set forth the thrill of baseball to a man who has never laid eyes on a diamond. The thing for the man to do who wishes to know about baseball is to buy a ticket and see a game. The way to discover the charm of mountain-climbing is to climb one.

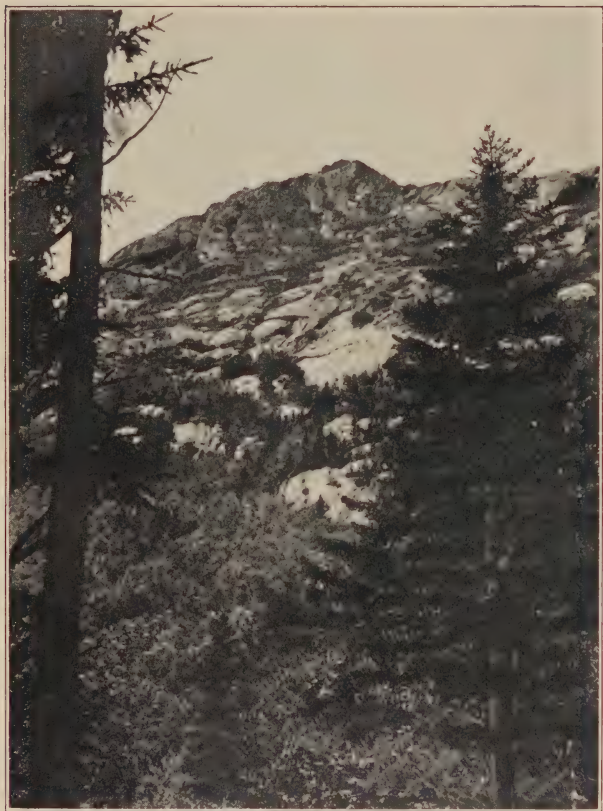
But there is this difference. When you have purchased your ticket to a ball-game, you have exerted yourself to the full extent that is necessary. The pleasure is now served up to you while you wait. You are not obliged to do anything more except to use your eyes. In the case of the mountain there is no such easy process. True,

there are a few heights to which a cog railway has been built or a road constructed that motor-cars may climb. There is one such described in this book. But there is only one. No other mountains in the vast area which is touched on here, and very few others in the whole world, will let you achieve their summits except as you earn them.

Since, then, you are asked to give from your stock of energy, since it is proposed that you willingly become tired, that you spend hours of effort and cover miles afoot in order to reach a certain spot, it is fair that you demand some reason why you should do it. Why climb?

A mountain is more than a large chunk of the earth hoisted up into the air. It is a vast, personal, intimate, remote, inspiring institution. That is true of every mountain, large or small. It is a personality, often rugged and austere, sometimes smiling and pleasant, tremendously solid in its foundations, clothed in garments of vibrant life, vocal alike with the song of birds in its foothills and the shriek of storm on its summit, steadfast as a rock in its unchanging frame and substance, fickle as a child in the winds that play over its brow.

No two mountains under the sun are the same or essentially similar. Not only are they unlike in



THE SUMMIT CONE OF MOUNT CHOCORUA FROM
THE PIPER TRAIL

the total of their characteristics, but they differ from one another in every one of their attributes. They are short and tall, broad-spreading and narrowly fashioned, gentle and severe, effeminate and masculine, and everything else that we might, with equal propriety, apply to a person. They are definite. They are specific. Often their names suggest this: Rising Wolf, Going-to-the-Sun, Whiteface, and many names in Indian tongues, some of which are now lost, but all of which expressed a living, definite quality.

The oceans possess this in a degree. Some lakes have it. Some rivers are marked by it. But I think that none of these works of nature, however pleasant to look upon and to enjoy, compares with any mountain in vast and yet intimate individuality.

So then, on this score, it is not unnatural that a great many thousands of people in every part of the world in which there are mountains have been willing to go to the trouble of climbing them, and often have risked their lives in attaining the more difficult summits.

You cannot know the personality of a mountain, witness its charm, observe its varying aspects, or discover its secrets, except as you make its intimate acquaintance. To know it intimately you must get near to its heart.

There is only one way to do this. You must tramp over its flanks, tread its forests, and stand on its shoulders. From a distance, as you observe it from a motor-car or view it from the windows of a train, you may sense something of its dominant character. But you do not really know it or appreciate it any more than you attain to the intimate and understanding friendship of a great man by seeing him pass by in a crowd.

You begin to gain this knowledge of your mountain as you start to climb its lower slopes. You find more and more of it as you ascend. Forests and slopes that from below seemed only swelling curves, colored in dull tints, now become countless aisles leading to higher ridges or deeper hollows, patterned with sunlight and shadow, buttressed with rocks, and vocal with the sound of water and the call of birds. Higher up, the ledge that was only a notch in the contour when seen from a distance becomes a painted wall, framed in gnarled trees and wind-swept shrubs, seamed with cracks that were made in the ages when the earth was folded — a vital, stupendous picture.

If there is more than one trail to your summit, each of them is a new and a different way to the mountain's heart, exhibiting new and unsuspected aspects of its character. And all the way between

these trails, through all the miles of intervening territory, you realize that there are slopes and forests, streams and ledges, that you have not even glimpsed.

There is another reason for climbing.

We human beings are habitually people of a low and earthy viewpoint. Of course, there are some of us who are hoisted to elevated perches each day, in order to spend a few hours pegging away at the job of making a living. But, by and large, we are earthy. We look out on the world from a point of view some five feet and a few inches above the ground. We look up at trees, up at buildings, up at birds, up at hills, up at everything else, except streets and sidewalks and lesser creeping things.

When you climb a mountain, all this is reversed, to your interest, your pleasure, and, I am inclined to think, your considerable welfare. You are uplifted in more ways than one.

You do not arrive at this state immediately you begin to climb. Your transition from a mole to a lark requires time. At the beginning there is only a steady plodding, distinguishable from any lowland forest tramp largely by the fact that it is all laboriously uphill. Even the mountain that is your objective has disappeared. You take the trail on faith.

But sooner or later, perhaps in an hour, perhaps in two, you arrive at some opening from which you can look out and down. Your eye sweeps across the valley. Instead of looking up at trees, you look down on a whole forest. The course of a river, mile after mile, is spread out before you. Farms are displayed in their appropriate patterns. Across and beyond you see other mountains, and you begin to sense their form, their symmetry, and their majesty.

As you attain to other viewpoints higher up, your eye commands wider and wider outlooks. New ranges begin to uplift their summits. The mountains that are nearest take their proper place and proportion in the whole, broad panorama.

And finally, when you have reached your summit, you have gathered into your reach a whole section of the world. North, east, south, west, your eye sweeps mile after mile. Stretching away beneath your feet are the foothills and buttresses, the giant foundations on which your summit is built. You can look down, around, about, and up. A hundred, five hundred square miles are at your feet.

In the mountains that are the occasion for this book there is a further interest to be enjoyed. Timber-line in the White Mountains is found at

an altitude of four thousand to forty-five hundred feet above sea-level. Beyond that point there are only occasional low-growing, storm-swept trees, that do not rise as high as a man's waist. Over much of the area there are not even these.

The higher summits rise to altitudes fifteen hundred feet or more above timber line, Washington to a still greater height. Up there are only bare rocks and scattered, low-growing plants in the spaces between. In other mountain ranges the forest and the scrub trees extend to higher altitudes — in the Rockies to twice the height. All the interest of the higher summits to which trees cannot ascend is to be had in the White Mountains with half the climbing.

In the Mount Washington Range there is an Alpine zone that caps the highest summits. Plants grow there that are not to be found elsewhere, except beyond the Arctic Circle or on lofty peaks in the Alps. When you reach this region you have stepped out of the temperate zone and have entered a polar country. To all essential purposes you are in the middle of Greenland. In four hours of moderate climbing you have journeyed from the ordinary, familiar region to a land that is two thousand miles away and is totally different. The magic carpet could not have been more effective.

From the summits, especially in these White Mountains, the stupendous work of ice and storm, wind and water, is everywhere laid bare. There are big ravines in the Presidentials, such as Tuckerman, the Great Gulf, King Ravine, Oakes Gulf, and the Ravine of the Castles, that were carved out by glaciers. That is the reason for their steep headwalls. You can look down into these and see the story as plainly as the print in the pages of a book. The tough, hard rock on which you stand resisted the grinding and weathering. That is the reason why it remains where it is.

To climb to these heights in the White Mountains is not excessively difficult, not in the least dangerous if you take ordinary care, and not even over-tiring if you will follow the programme that you should and if you are in any sort of reasonable health. Of all the persons who visit the highways that lead to these mountains, I am confident that nine out of ten are fully capable of climbing to a worth-while summit without becoming too tired and with such preparation as they can easily make overnight.

This does not mean climbing in winter. If the summits of Washington and of Adams are the equivalent of the north coast of Labrador as to climate, which is true, they may be expected to

offer a friendly greeting most of the time in the summer months. But they can be and they are wicked much of the time in winter. Nobody except one who is in competent, physical trim and is adequately prepared can venture with safety on these higher peaks in February, and then only when wind and temperature choose to assent.

In summer there are sometimes days of lashing storm and once in a while a period of numbing cold. These are to be respected. If you flout them, you run grave risk. The rest of the time there is no more hardship on this score than in the valley at the mountain's feet. The simple and sufficient precautions that should be exercised are easily understood and remembered.

The trails that are described in this book do not lead the tramper along the face of dangerous cliffs or ask him to climb a vertical precipice. There are plenty of places in the White Mountains where the expert climber can test his nerve if he wishes. These ranges look billowy and rounded, from a distance. They are far otherwise as to details, especially in the great glacial ravines. There are rock walls enough to satisfy anybody, and there are many over the face of which nobody has ever climbed or ever expects to. But the trails that we are concerned with do not attempt to scale such places. They are safe, they are

traveled each year by great numbers of people, men, women, and children.

They are not tame, uninteresting, or prosy. From them you will see, sometimes close at hand, the rugged architecture of the mountain without any overlying earth to smooth it off or to tame its contour. You will stand on places from which you can look down a thousand feet or more, part of the descent vertical and part of it so nearly so that it looks to be straight down. But unless you are foolhardy, there is not the slightest danger of falling.

There are no dangerous animals lying in wait for the climber in the woods through which you tramp. Bears? Oh, yes. There are some black bears in the woods of the White Mountains. But if it ever falls to your lot to see one, count yourself lucky, for you have caught sight of an animal that is one of the wariest that lives in this region. A bear here will run from the smell, sight, or sound of a human being. He will do so long before that human being has become in the least aware of his existence. Once in a long, long while, perhaps only two or three times in the course of a whole season, a tramper will catch sight of a bear. When that does occur, the bear is probably going as fast as he can leg it for the next county.

The trails that lead to these summits are, for the

most part, readily followed. There is no danger of getting lost, if the climber will stick to his knitting. The only real risk is that which arises when fog and storm descend on the heights, enfolding in an opaque curtain a tramper who has discounted warning and has attempted to cover a long stretch above timber line, in the face of an oncoming storm. Under such conditions there may be grave, grim danger. Against such circumstances precaution can guard and should do so.

Climb a mountain, then. Unless you are ill, or infirm, or very old, you will enjoy it and will find it a memorable experience. Five chances to one you will come back to do other summits and still others, as a host of people have done before you.

CHAPTER II

WHAT ARE THE MOUNTAINS LIKE?

THE mountain region that we are concerned with in this book covers a wide expanse of territory: not merely several square miles, but several hundred. It is a vast wilderness. No one person has ever seen it all, in the sense of exploring all of its lesser summits, ridges, and valleys as well as its major peaks. No one is likely to, for it is too big.

About the center of this region rise the Presidentials. Mount Washington dominates these, and is the highest mountain in the northeastern part of this continent as well as the most interesting in the way of glacial ravines, areas above timber-line, and general Arctic character.

Adjacent to Mount Washington and separated from it by relatively shallow depressions are other summits that are similar to it in general character and second only to it in height. These constitute the Mount Washington group. In a sense these all arise from a common base, which is a great many miles in extent.

North, east, south, and southwest of this central group lie other ranges, and many summits, some of them much less in altitude, while others,

notably the Franconias, approach the Presidentials in height. These ranges do not all follow the same compass direction in their long axes. They vary. Two that are adjacent may lie at more or less of an angle to each other. The line of a range may be straight or it may be curved. The effect is one of heterogeneous rather than orderly grouping.

The general level of the country from which all these mountains rise is comparatively low. Its altitude, leaving out of account elevated valleys, is five hundred to a thousand feet above sea-level. This is important because of its bearing on the relative height of the summits above their surroundings. The White Mountains are not lofty in comparison with many other ranges in the world, for example, the Rockies. But the Rocky Mountains stand on a great plateau that is several thousand feet above sea-level. As you look at them, from base to top, you are seeing them in their relative height with reference to the surrounding territory, not in their height with relation to sea-level. Gauging the White Mountains in the same fashion, you find that the highest of them rise a mile above the neighboring country, an impressive and a very real altitude.

Furthermore, because of various matters of latitude, storm paths, and so on, the higher sum-

mits in the White Mountains are far above timberline. They rise many hundreds of feet higher than trees can grow in this part of the world. They have the climate of the Arctic and the vegetation characteristic of mountain summits twice their height in other parts of the world. In some mountain areas you will find farms, orchards, and luxuriant forests at altitudes of six thousand feet, but on Mount Washington at that altitude you find only barren, storm-swept rocks.

Certain highways enter the White Mountain region. The Pinkham Notch road extends north and south between the Mount Washington group and the Carter-Moriah Range. The Crawford Notch highway winds through the mountains south of the Washington group in a diagonal direction, northwest and southeast. Somewhat to the west, and following the valley between the Franconias and the Kinsman-Cannon Range is the Daniel Webster Highway. There are connecting roads in some places, and there are others that start from a main road and ascend a valley, but stop at the head of it because there is no way out except the way that led in. There are towns in the valleys; hotels; farms.

In between there is wilderness, mile after mile. Nearly all is covered with trees of one kind or another, sometimes spruce or fir or other ever-

green, sometimes birch or maple or other hardwood. At various times large sections have been devastated by forest fires. Following this, if enough soil was left, has come a growth of small cherry and birch which gradually, after many years, gives place to evergreen forest once more.

An area of untouched spruce, fir, or hemlock that grows on a slope of moderate pitch, and is not so high up on the mountain as to be dwarfed and gnarled by winds, may be as beautiful a forest as one can imagine. Before the white man came, many of the slopes must have been like that. Even to-day, both in the National Forest and elsewhere, regions remain, here and there, that are wonderful in their beauty. Traveling through them is a delight. There is apt to be but little undergrowth. One sees just the smooth, brown columns, rising rank after rank, holding aloft a rich green canopy through which the sunlight breaks and descends in misty bars. Often, however, the trees are growing on a slope that is so rocky or so steep, or both, that there is little possibility of enjoying it except as it may be crossed by a trail.

A lumbered section on the slopes of a mountain soon becomes a thicket of very close-growing, small saplings, through which extend old logging-roads, also grown up to saplings. After a few

years such a place becomes difficult ground for a tramper. A trail that is forced to cross it follows the old logging-roads largely, because the space between the roads is encumbered with piles of branches and the crossing of such piles is doubly difficult. But the fact that a trail utilizes an abandoned road does not mean that necessarily it will always have open, smooth going. The small trees that soon fill the road make the going thick, unless a path is cut out and kept open.

Reflecting on all this wilderness, one realizes that, except for the lumberman, ninety-odd per cent of all of this vast territory never sees a human being. People follow certain trails through the woods and they skip through certain valleys in motor-cars. But nine tenths of the total territory is untrod from year's end to year's end, and unless a man is an experienced woodsman some sort of trail is usually essential if he is to find his way to a given point. There is ample space in which to become lost.

The fact that a mountain summit is to be one's destination may seem at first to make the matter of attaining one's objective relatively simple. The summit is a distinct and unmistakable landmark from the valley. Within limits it is the more unmistakable the farther off you are when you are looking at it. If you have never before seen a

mountain except from a distance, and especially if you have never climbed one, you may naturally think that you can drive to some point close by and walk up to the summit, without any special difficulty or confusion, so long as the pitch is not too steep. It appears very easy and simple. As a beginner said, 'It looks as if you could go up to it and lean against it.'

But as you approach a mountain it grows steadily larger and more complex. It is found to have ridges and buttresses sprawled out in all directions. It is not simply one definite and easily comprehended mass, but a great number of slopes and swells, that culminate in a central peak. The ridges that lay in your direction as you viewed it from a distance were foreshortened and merged into the central mass so that you could not differentiate them or be aware of their existence. Others that lay to either side were more or less hidden by neighboring slopes. Those on the farther side were concealed by the mountain itself.

Precisely as there are ridges and buttresses extending from the mountain's base toward its summit, so also there are valleys between. Some of these provide the way for streams that come slipping, murmuring, tumbling, and sometimes thundering toward the lowlands. Here often are the hiding-places of the mountain's rarest beauties.

Here, too, may be the route for a trail that strikes for the distant summit, though frequently a ridge offers a way that is more gradual in ascent and more passable in wet weather. Often a valley has no permanent stream. The forest cover is a giant sponge and the loose rocks beneath furnish unseen channels for surplus moisture.

To a remarkable degree the precipitous slopes on a mountain-side are masked by the forests, even by the smaller trees and the bushes. A sheer cliff that rises to a height of two hundred feet or more will stand out as a rule, even at some distance. But if there are terraces, even though narrow, they are apt to hold soil and to support trees that disguise the actual contour. Bushes growing in crevices and seams have a similar effect. As for vertical rock steps twenty, thirty, or forty feet high, they may be unsuspected from a distant viewpoint, although a whole section of the mountain is built of a series of such affairs, one succeeding another. Again and again as you climb mountains you will perceive that a slope that you thought was a steady grade, negotiable anywhere, is in reality a tumble and jungle of tree-masked rocks and ledges.

Gradually, as you approach it, the mountain discloses itself. Supporting buttresses bulk larger and larger. The summit peak, instead of drawing

near, begins to recede. The flanks and ridges come to fill all of the foreground. Sooner or later, as you actually reach the beginnings of the slopes, the summit disappears altogether. The mountain shape, as you knew it, has vanished. If you climb it, you will find that for a long time, possibly for the whole upward journey, you will not again see your final objective. The notion of making your way to the top by simply walking toward a summit that you see ahead is found to have no resemblance to the actual experience.

The bulk of a big mountain is enormous. A great one, such as Rainier, covers so much ground that a trip around it, over its lower slopes, is a journey of many days, involving a succession of problems in climbing and descending. Washington is not so high a mountain as Rainier. But it has impressive bulk. It is the central eminence in a great uplifted mass of rock that has been so ground by ice-caps in former ages and so weathered through thousands of years that there are now criss-cross depressions with various summits between. This great mass covers a big territory. To make its circuit by motor-car, following the roads that skirt its base, is a journey of sixty-four miles. To do the same trip afoot, taking a route a little nearer to the center, would require many days.

Other mountains, perhaps never as large and

standing more isolated, have less bulk. But each of them flings out ridges that make it occupy a good deal more territory than at first appears. All are complex.

The forests that cover the valleys and lower slopes of the mountains also climb the flanks and shoulders as far as they can. They manage to extend to altitudes of about four thousand feet above sea-level. But you would not dignify the upper stretches by the name of forest, for as the trees approach the altitude limit they decrease in height and grow more and more stunted and gnarled. The tops especially look almost as if they had been sheared off, because of the effect of the violent winds. Lumbermen call this 'wind-burn.' This upper limit to which the forest extends is called 'timber-line' or 'tree-line.' It is not a clean-cut line and is not invariably at the same altitude. In the shelter of crags, in the places where there is favorable moisture, and generally on the southeasterly side of ridges, trees grow to higher altitudes than in less favorable situations.

When you have climbed beyond the limit of continuous forest growth on a summit that rises above timber-line, you will find here and there patches of low, wind-tortured trees, sometimes growing five or six feet high, often rising only two feet or less above the ground. This is the sort of



AT TIMBERLINE

The dark fingers of the scrub reaching up toward the
ragged rocks of the summit — Mount Lincoln

growth that is known as 'the scrub.' In some places the scrub covers acres. The trees are spruce and fir. The branches are stiff and tough, and usually they are so interwoven that you can hardly force your way through. Sometimes it is virtually impossible to get through, except by laborious and slow work with an axe. It may be easier to scramble and flounder over the tops, although there is a measure of risk in that because the thick branches conceal the rough and uneven rocks beneath, and if you slip through you cannot tell just what you will land on. Where these trees are growing in particularly exposed places they often spread out flat on the rocks, their branches interlaced, forming a springy mattress a few inches or a foot thick.

In general the scrub trees at timber-line are old. They have survived under extreme conditions of wind, temperature, and moisture, and their growth has been exceedingly slow. Some trees that are no more than three feet high have been found to be more than a hundred years old.

Higher still than the scrub trees there are only rocks with low-growing plants between. In the Mount Washington Range this region is in many ways the most interesting of all because above an altitude of five thousand feet you begin to enter an Arctic area, where dwarf Alpine plants grow in the sheltered places and where the circumstances

and surroundings as to weather, wind, and storm are quite similar to those characteristic of typical regions beyond the Arctic Circle.

For the most part the rocks above timber-line on the Presidentials are fragments, big and little, wedged together. Bedrock is somewhere beneath. This is true, also, of the greater part of the long crest of the Franconias. On other mountains, as on Chocorua, the summit may be ledge with very little loose rock.

The upper regions where there are no trees may be of such nature that you can climb about almost anywhere. Here, at last, you may be able to see your ultimate summit and to set your course toward it. Again, there are often difficulties such as steep or vertical ledges, large or small, that make it necessary for you to follow a definite route through all of the remaining climbing, although the summit is in sight.

The space on top of the summit, the actual tip-top of the mountain, may be large or small, rough or relatively smooth. It may be a rounded dome as with Mount Pleasant, or a rocky plateau as with Mount Caribou, or a limited, circumscribed peak as with Mount Liberty. Often it is a good deal larger in extent than it appeared to be as you looked at the mountain from a distance. The slopes adjacent to the summit may drop away

steeply or they may slip away at a gentle angle. Though a mountain does not rise above timber-line and though it is wooded on top, there may nevertheless be magnificent views from openings or from a bare ledge at one or more points on its summit.

Whatever the extent of view, a mountain always remains a stupendous, complex, and absorbing institution.

CHAPTER III

WHAT DO WE NEED?

THE tramps and climbs that are described in this book do not require elaborate equipment or extensive preparation. It is probable that you will be able to do very well with what you already possess, provided you give the matter thought in advance and make the right selection. If there are items that you need to acquire, or would like to have for the added comfort and pleasure that they will give, you will find them relatively simple.

You can even start out without previous thought and without any other equipment than that which is suitable to riding in a motor-car, and with only this preparation can find a store of enjoyment in making a climb. Nevertheless, it will be decidedly worth while to do a little planning. One can go swimming in a frock coat and a derby hat, but there is a better outfit for the purpose in view.

First, last, and all the time, you ought to wear suitable shoes. These mountains are to be climbed by means of your two legs, and if that means anything at all, it means that the gear that you

wear on your feet is more important than anything else that you need to have with you.

A bit of advice often offered to the beginner is to wear any old clothes that are handy and a pair of old, discarded shoes. The part of this that concerns clothing is not so bad, though there is something further to be said on the subject. But the part that concerns the shoes needs a good deal of qualification.

One fall day, as two of us were about to start on a climb that leads up the rocky floor of Tuckerman Ravine and over its craggy headwall, we caught up with a man and woman who were setting out on the same trip and who had followed literally the injunction to wear any convenient old clothes and old shoes. By chance the results in some particulars were not half bad. A man's discarded suit, even though intended for office wear, is not essentially unlike the garments that he might acquire specifically for mountain-climbing. As to the woman's clothing the story was different. The skirt of her suit was of that style which limits the wearer to a step of about sixteen inches. She was no more equipped to climb from rock to rock than if she had deliberately been hobbled. The material I shall not attempt to describe. It appeared to be anything but durable. Offhand, I should say that if the garment lasted through the climb its

wearer would be trammelled and shackled by its clinging limitations, and if it didn't last through, she would be still worse off.

For footgear the man was wearing shoes that were not impossible as to style, but apparently were so nearly worn out that they would not last to the summit, let alone through the return trip. The woman's shoes were palpably impossible. They were thin-soled, pointed-toed, high-heeled pumps that threatened to twist her ankle at every step and were about as well adapted to see their owner safely and comfortably over the rugged rocks ahead as a pair of stilts would be.

Old shoes? Yes, in the sense that whatever you wear should be well shaped to your feet and unmistakably comfortable. But they should be suitable for vigorous walking and not for a dance floor, and they should not be worn-out shoes.

Nobody can specify for a tramper precisely the style and shape of shoe that he ought to wear. The so-called army last fits many men. For others, it is uncompromisingly wrong. If you have a pair of shoes that you bought expressly for their comfort and durability, if these are broad as to toe, low as to heel, and in sound condition, if you know that they are not going to pinch your feet or to chafe them, wear them. If you haven't, and if there isn't time to break in a pair before you do

your climbing, get a pair of good quality canvas shoes with crêpe-rubber soles. Buy them of the right size to fit smoothly and comfortably over a pair of medium-weight woolen socks or stockings. The crêpe-rubber will last through several trips, probably through a season of climbing.

There are various qualities of rubber. The best grade is tough, lasting, and satisfactory. It will cushion your feet over long stretches of rocks rather better than any other kind of sole; and rocks constitute most of the going above timber-line. The rubber will cling well to rocks that are dry. It is comfortable and springy along trails through the forest. On wet ground it is as slippery as a chunk of ice. On peeled logs laid down to provide a footway across a swampy spot it will act as if it had been greased. These are two definite, undeniable limitations. You will do well to look out for them in such circumstances.

A shoe ought not to be of extra height. In mountain climbing there is no advantage gained by wearing a shoe that laces up toward your knees. Such footgear may be desirable for surveyors or for men who must stand for hours at a time in swamps, but it is not the right kind for mountain trails. The extra weight is a drag that grows heavier and heavier with each step, all day long. Your shoes ought to be as light in weight as is consistent with durability.

The moccasin style of shoe that has a flexible, oil-tanned, leather sole, sewed on, is excellent. So is the shoe that has a smooth vamp without a toe-cap. With the excessive, persistent bending of your shoe as you climb, a toe-cap sometimes digs in across the top of your foot. When it does it is a first class trouble-maker.

Leather soles will cling better on smooth rocks and on logs if they are shod with a few small hob-nails or short, roundhead, blued screws. When I say a few I do not mean forty or fifty to the shoe. Thirteen to each shoe is enough. Seven of these should be spaced at even intervals around the sole, a quarter-inch from its margin. Five should be spaced around the heel, near the edge. One should be in the shank, where it will come into play when you plant your foot crosswise of a log. It will earn your gratitude by stopping your foot from sliding sidewise. The roundhead blued screws are advantageous because they can easily be screwed into place and they can be unscrewed when you are through with them. Also, you can take out a screw that is worn, replacing it with a new one. The screws to buy are No. 9, quarter-inch, roundhead, blued.

Women ought to wear 'knickers' when climbing, although they are not absolutely essential over the well-traveled and cleared trails that are

described in this book. That is to say, they are not so totally and unequivocally necessary as they are in climbing trails that are little used and are full of brush and down-timber, or in striking out to cross through a mountain forest where no trail exists. In such going, nothing but knickers is possible. But, while you can climb the more open trails in skirts, if they are roomy and not too long, you will be very much more comfortable in knickers.

For men or for women there is no one cloth that is the best garment material. The cravenetted canvas that is sold under two or three different trade names is durable and will not snag. When it is new, it will stand some rain without wetting through. After it has been worn on a number of trips, it will gain in softness and comfort and will be a less clamorous brown as to color, but it will gradually lose its shower-resisting quality. Tough, woolen material is satisfactory if you can find a cloth that is strong enough, that has a hard finish, and, in general, is sufficiently durable.

Men, when they do their first climbing, usually wear coats or carry them along. Some of them wear vests. A few cling to a boiled shirt and detachable collar. These attributes of civilized life are discarded in the reverse of the order named. In place of the city shirt and the detachable collar,

the climber learns to substitute a flannel shirt, dark gray or brown. With this he usually wears a tie until he has covered ten minutes of climbing. Then he takes it off, folds it, puts it in the pocket of his shirt, and lets it remain there from that time on. The top button of his shirt he unfastens. The vest goes the way of the city shirt and collar. It serves no sufficient purpose in the woods or on the mountains. Finally, many climbers discard a coat unless it be a featherweight garment of rain-proof material that is worn only in a shower or to shut out the wind when topping a summit on a cold day.

A woman ought to wear a flannel shirt or some similar garment that is equally soft, comfortable, and suitable for the business in hand. She does not have a man's vest to discard, and therefore does not need to go through that stage in clothing evolution. Usually she does not attempt to bring a coat.

Frequently a sweater is carried, but often it is heavier than it need be. Some soft, warm, short outer garment that you can slip on when you stop to rest is desirable. A light-weight sweater is suitable. An extra flannel shirt serves this purpose very well.

Most men wear a hat when they start out on a trail and most of them persist in it through all of

their climbing. A soft felt hat that will not blow off easily is rather comfortable when a shower comes up and it helps to temper the sunshine of a bright, cloudless day, but it is apt to make one too warm while climbing. Some of us have stopped wearing a hat in any sort of fair weather, but carry with us a thin, featherweight, slicker hat that can be rolled up into small compass and that we can put on when caught in a storm.

Women seem not to be concerned with the hat question as much as men, or at any rate they appear not to be so bound by custom or tradition. Possibly a woman, knowing that the ordinary city hat is impossible for active outing purposes, is well content to discard it, whereas the man is wedded to his top-piece. For woman's wear in climbing, a felt crush-hat is as suitable as any and will fend off an ordinary shower.

This question of rain and of getting wet is probably not capable of entirely satisfactory solution. If it rains hard enough and blows hard enough, you are going to get wet to some extent, no matter what you wear. The best plan seems to be to provide some sort of protection — a poncho, for instance — that will keep the upper part of your body reasonably dry and let the rest of you get wet; or else to just get wet all over and keep going until you reach shelter, where you can

change garments and dry off. The ordinary poncho of rubber or pantasote is a flapping affair that sheds some of the rain and to that extent is useful. You can buy or make one out of thin oiled muslin that will be durable enough, will be much lighter and more compact, and will turn about as much water. You can buy or make a similar rain-shedding coat or shirt, long enough to come down a little below your waist.

If you happen to possess one of these garments or if you have the time and interest to make one, you will probably carry it along as insurance against possible bad weather. But do not assume that this item of equipment is essential. Nine times out of ten you will not climb in the rain, for the good reason that you will not start when a rainy day threatens. You will be thinking of the view that you desire to enjoy from the summit and if possible you will put off your climb until some other day. The tenth time, being caught in rain you will keep on going until you reach shelter. While you are doing this you will be exercising actively and will be in no danger because you happen to be wet. As soon as you have arrived at shelter, you will borrow some other person's extra clothing, if you are not within reach of your own, and in due course you will be restored to dry and satisfactory comfort.



THE SHELTER NEAR HERMIT LAKE ON THE TUCKERMAN RAVINE TRAIL

These extra garments — coat, sweater, or poncho — should never be carried in your hands. This is not because you will need to use your hands constantly in climbing, but because it will be a nuisance to carry anything that way. Furthermore, cases will arise when you do want to use both hands.

Your lunch and your camera ought not to encumber your hands. The man who carries a camera dangling from his fingers will some time slip, and, in the small fraction of a second thereupon ensuing, will have to decide either to hold the camera aloft so as to save it from harm, thereby permitting himself to bang upon the rocks, or to ram the camera down in an effort to save himself. Either course will be unsatisfactory.

If you do not possess a pack-bag that you carry on your back by means of straps over your shoulders, you can, nevertheless, manage to stow these belongings upon your person. Your camera, if it is not too big, you can place in the front of your shirt. You will be leaning forward a little, most of the time, and it will not bother you. Your lunch can be carried there, also. Or your lunch can be tied with twine closely to your belt, over one hip, where it is out of the way of your swinging arms.

You can make your sweater or outer garment

into a long roll, leaving the arms extended, and this you can place around your waist, crossing the arms of it in front and tying them there. Your lunch can be rolled up inside of your sweater. So can your hat. So can your camera, too, though it will be less easy to get at. A large safety pin will help to keep this rolled-up sweater from becoming unrolled. In no case should the camera be carried in a case that hangs by a strap diagonally over one shoulder, because as you bend forward it will swing around in front of you and in climbing will be exasperatingly in the way.

Nobody can tell you what kind of a camera to take, for the good reason that there is no one camera that fills all of the needs. The tendency among those who have been taking pictures for a long while is to use a small size and to enlarge from such negatives as may be worth while. My own preference is for the size known as 1-A, which makes a picture two and a half inches by four and a quarter. The prints made directly from these negatives are large enough for pictures of casual interest. The rare negative that is especially good can be enlarged to whatever dimensions you wish. I have seen a negative, the interesting part of which measures only one and a half inches by three inches, from which a panel has been made that is three feet long. And yet these small cameras

have their limitations. For certain other photographs I have carried a camera that weighed seven or eight pounds and required a whole pack-basket to transport it.

A pack-bag or a ruck-sack suitable for carrying your sweater, lunch, camera, and any other small stuff that you wish to take with you need not be elaborate. It is essentially simply a cloth bag made of drill or canvas ten to twelve inches in diameter, eighteen to twenty inches long, and provided at the top with a light cord run through grommets set in a wide hem. Two straps that start together at the top of the bag and end up at the lower corners carry this on your back, one strap over each shoulder. Thus, your belongings are completely out of the way, are protected from harm, and will not become lost, unless you take them out of the bag and walk away and leave them. The straps that support the bag may be of canvas or webbing, provided it is firm enough to hold its shape and not wrinkle. Or they may be of leather. They should be about one and three fourths inches wide.

Two or three lesser items of equipment you ought to have with you. The first of these is a waterproof match-safe. You may never need to use these matches. If you are a man and if you have your pipe with you there ought to be matches

in your pocket for casual use. Those in the match-safe are strictly for emergency, to be used only in the one chance in ten thousand when you are caught out in a storm and when a fire is the most essential matter on earth. The second is a compass. This, also, you will not use in ordinary circumstances. Probably you will never have occasion to appeal to it so long as you follow well-marked trails. There remains the one rare occasion when you will need it. The third item is a drinking-cup of tin, granite, or aluminum. This you will use and frequently. For the most part these mountain trails lead you at intervals near to supplies of water suitable for drinking. A brook that comes down the side of a mountain, up here in the country that we are talking about, is probably good water, unless it has just emerged from a swamp. Since the cup will be needed several times in the course of a day's climb, many people carry it on the belt where it can be easy of access.

A walking-stick or staff to carry in your hand is unnecessary and a nuisance, both because it does not permit you to keep your hands free and because it requires you to find a sure place to plant it each time you set it down, thereby increasing by fifty per cent the attention you must pay to the ground. As a rule it serves no good purpose. If this were winter climbing under

discussion here, you would be carrying a stout staff shod with iron, or a light ice-axe with a handle that is similarly shod. Your safety as well as your progress would depend on this item of equipment. But winter climbing is not at present at issue. If it were there would be various further matters to describe. For summer going over White Mountain trails a staff is an encumbrance.

One is tempted to say a word about the food on which mountains can most easily be climbed. Manifestly the general subject is too much a matter of personal preference and habit to admit of specific statement. But the average climber will find that some extra food in his pocket — raisins, chocolate, or something of that sort — will help greatly in a long pull. Ordinary milk chocolate grows too soft on a warm day. Hard maple sugar in small cakes or broken into convenient chunks is excellent. Seedless raisins are more easily carried than the seeded kind and are more refreshing. Filberts, pecans, or walnuts are a pleasant change from peanuts. Prunes are a ‘chewy’ and acceptable item.

From all of these suggestions do not draw the conclusion that laborious preparation is necessary in order to enjoy climbing a mountain. The essential point is to go. Other matters are secondary. They merely help to make the trip the more completely enjoyable.

CHAPTER IV

HOW SHALL WE GO?

IN the White Mountains all of the principal peaks have been made accessible by trails or paths. This is not universally true of the lesser summits, for exploring and trail-making, although in progress for years, is only now reaching some of the more remote ranges and peaks. But the higher mountains are now well served by this system. All of the summits that are included in this book are thus accessible. In addition, in many ranges there are trails extending along the skyline, from one summit to another, thus enabling you to make a circuit, if you have the time and energy.

Without trails or paths these mountains could not be visited and climbed by most of us unless we were thoroughly experienced in finding our way through a wilderness, or unless we could employ the services of a competent guide. Even with a guide the time required to reach any of the principal summits, if one did not have the help of a cleared trail, would be so great as to make many of the climbs impossible.

The first trail in these mountains was laid out a hundred years ago. Most of it is still in use.

Others have been planned and carried through from time to time. To-day there are several organizations that are maintaining existing trails and building new ones. These organizations comprise especially the National Forest Service, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Randolph Mountain Club, the Chocorua Mountain Club, the Dartmouth Outing Club, the Waterville Athletic Association, the Wonalancet Outdoor Club, the Intervale Improvement Society, and the Chatham Trails Association. All of these work together in planning trails and divide the labor of keeping them in condition.

A trail, when it is first laid out through a forested area, is marked by blazes. A 'blaze' is an axe-cut through the bark of a tree, usually at a height of five or six feet from the ground. The axe lays bare a few square inches of the inner bark or the wood of the tree. A blaze shows up more or less distinctly, depending on its age, the size of it, the depth to which it has been cut, and the kind of bark. On a white birch a blaze, unless cut deeply, may not be noticed readily. On a very small spruce or fir, such as one finds near the upper limit of tree growth, a blaze may be indistinct because the trunk of the tree is slender. As the seasons pass, blazes usually grow less and less distinct, until finally they become quite obscure, except to

the practiced eye. On firs, spruces, and pines, pitch often flows out and covers the cut left by the axe. With many trees new bark gradually forms over the wound.

The tramper and mountain-climber should practice with his eye at picking up blazes, even where they are old and obscure. The knack is readily acquired. Over many trails and paths there is little occasion to depend on blazes for finding the way because the going is entirely open and in marked contrast to the forest growth on either side. One follows the trail without giving the matter more than passing thought. Nevertheless, there are occasions when it is well to be able to distinguish and to recognize a blaze. There are other trails that you may wish to follow later where a line of blazes is the principal or only mark of the route.

Blazes are not cut on every tree along the route. Where the trail is holding to a reasonably straight line there may be a space of fifty or a hundred feet from one blaze to the next. There is no need to have them at smaller intervals and it would be unfortunate to mark the trees unnecessarily. Where a trail twists and turns, as it often must do, there may be a blaze every few feet.

After a trail has been traveled by a great many people, over a period of several years, and espe-



A BLAZED TRAIL THROUGH A FOREST ON THE
LOWER SLOPES

cially after it has been well cleared of underbrush and of branches, it becomes well marked both as to footway and as to the relatively open going that it affords. There will be no occasion after that to blaze any of the trees. When you travel such a trail, you will not be looking for blazes and will not see any, as a rule.

Sometimes, however, a trail, even though well planned, carefully cleared, and much used, may be difficult or obscure for a short distance because of fallen trees. If the route that you are following brings you to such an obstruction, go cautiously until you have regained the trail beyond. It is easy to start off in the wrong direction as you are making your way around the top of a fallen tree. Obstructions of this kind are cut out every year from every important trail in the mountains. The maintenance of trails is a laborious as well as an important task. A violent storm will sometimes plunge into a section of forest and throw prostrate several acres, causing what is known among the trail-builders as a 'blowdown.' Cutting through these fallen trunks, or laying out a new trail around them, is a task frequently falling to the lot of the clubs that are maintaining mountain trails.

Through the scrub growth high up on the mountain, or through the bushy plants that cover ex-

tensive areas in some elevated places, a much-used trail will look like a winding lane. If the ground is carpeted with deep moss, as often is the case, this will be worn away by the passage of many feet. In such a place a trail becomes thoroughly unmistakable and takes on a degree of permanence.

High up on a mountain trails often cross long stretches of open rock. On the mountains that rise above timber-line there are extensive regions where there is no tree to blaze, no moss to show the passing of feet, and none of the other symbols that ordinarily serve to mark a route. Here it is the custom to designate the trail by a succession of cairns, placed at intervals of a few yards. A cairn is made by piling three or four rocks on top of one another. Sometimes a light-colored rock, such as a quartz fragment, can be used for the top of the cairn. Usually, however, merely such rocks as happen to be within reach, whether as big as your head or the size of your fist, are used. It is intended that cairns should be placed at small enough intervals to permit a man to see from one to the next in a fog. One's eye should be trained to search for and to recognize a cairn just as it needs to be able to see a blaze.

Above tree-line cairns often are dislodged or blown down. If the weather is clear, this may

give rise to no difficulty, because the summit or other objective is usually in sight. Furthermore, as a rule you can see the path ahead because it has been worn by the passage of many trampers. But if the weather has grown thick, it is necessary to exercise great caution.

If you are alone and are caught in such circumstances, you had better retrace your steps, unless you know surely that you are near your destination. Better still, you should not venture above timber-line alone in threatening weather. If you have companions with you, the right procedure is to halt the party at the last unmistakable mark of the trail and to send ahead the most experienced person to pick up the next mark. When he has done this, he can summon the rest of you by calling. At the newly found cairn or other mark a pause should be made as before until the next cairn or other sure indication has been found. Thus you proceed until you reach your destination. Here again, though, it is proper to remark that a trail above timber-line in the White Mountains should never be attempted in the face of seriously threatening weather or fog. The sane thing to do is to turn back into the woods. There you can find your way regardless of fog and you will be protected from the dangerous storms that occasionally sweep these heights.

At the beginning of nearly all trails, and at any place where a branch trail diverges or where there is a crossing of paths, there is usually a painted sign. Once in a while this may be lacking for the reason that a tree on which a sign has been placed may blow down. Signs themselves, for that matter, are perishable. But nearly always, especially on the more frequented trails, you will find something to let you know that you are starting rightly, or to tell you which way to go, in case of a junction or a fork. Above timber-line signs are fastened to low posts held in place by piles of rocks. Newer ones are now fastened to two posts instead of one, so that the sign cannot become turned and thus mislead the tramper. Across a wide open space, such as a meadow, a sign is sometimes used that is called a 'target.' It is a large, octagonal, white-painted board on which is the word 'path.' Its purpose is to show you from a distance the point at which the trail leaves the opening.

There are some shelters and huts on mountain trails. On the summit of Washington there is a hotel where you may obtain meals and lodging. At three places in the mountains the Appalachian Mountain Club has stone huts where a caretaker is on hand throughout the summer, where lodging may be obtained, if the quarters are not already fully occupied, and where simple meals may be

had. One of these huts is in Carter Notch, another is in the col or depression between the peaks of Mount Madison and Mount Adams, and a third is near the Lakes of the Clouds, south of the cone of Mount Washington. On the summit of Moosilauke the Dartmouth Outing Club maintains a house where there is a caretaker in summer. At a few places on the trails there are open log shelters. There is no caretaker in charge of these and there is no food or blankets. Usually there are a few simple cooking-utensils. These open shelters are intended for campers who wish to stay overnight and who have with them food and blankets or sleeping-bags.

There is available for the ambitious tramper a guidebook compiled and published by the Appalachian Mountain Club. It is on sale at the Club headquarters, 5 Joy Street, Boston, and may be obtained at a few places in the mountains. It gives concise descriptions of practically all of the trails in the White Mountains and adjacent regions, and it contains a series of maps, reproduced on rather a small scale, but showing the relative location of nearly all trails.

Granted that you have with you such equipment as you are likely to need and that you are lucky enough to have one or more days available for climbing, what next?

According to the stock of time and energy at

your disposal, according to the place that you have access to, and taking into account the make-up of your party, choose your objective. Decide what mountain you will climb. Do that thoughtfully and not too hastily. Exercise reasonable care in laying out a programme that can be encompassed in the time available. Do not undertake too much, especially if it is your first climb. But do not be timid. There is nothing to be afraid of or to worry about if you will be sensible in your plans. If you do not make the summit that you expected to reach, there will be no harm done. The way by which you climb will await you, to be used in descending at any time that you choose.

If there are more than three or four in your party, choose a leader and let him set the pace. Always let him go first. There is no greater sin in the decalogue of climbing than that of going ahead of the leader, except with his full permission. If he accepts responsibility, he must also be given the right to exercise judgment.

If there are more than half a dozen in your party, let your leader select some one to be rear guard. This, again, is important. The responsibility of the rear guard is often quite as great as that of the leader. This may seem unnecessary, especially on an easy trail, but it is a precaution that involves no special effort and certainly no hard-

ship. The lack of it may some time mean real danger.

Just to illustrate the point: A party of boys arrived at the hotel on the summit of Mount Washington one evening recently, about three jumps ahead of an oncoming storm. There were two mature men with them. But both of these men were acting as leaders and neither one as rear guard. After the party had arrived, the men discovered that one of the boys was missing. A search party was hastily organized, every able-bodied man within reach taking part. In the dark they were lucky enough to find the boy on a shoulder of Mount Clay, a summit just north of Mount Washington. He was already unconscious from exposure. They hurried him to the hotel and soon he was all right again. It was sheer good fortune that enabled them to find him, and a tragedy would have resulted if they had not done so. A rear guard would have obviated this risk.

In the case of a large party the leader sometimes wears a distinctive hat or a flaming bandana. He sometimes carries a pocket whistle. These are little items, but, where many people are looking to one for instruction, small items sometimes help.

The experienced climber sets out at a moderate pace and keeps it up steadily. He knows how fast he can go with comfort and without becoming

unduly tired. But it must be realized that a reasonable pace for one person is not necessarily the best gait for another. A man who is lean and hard, carrying no surplus weight, whose wind is good and whose legs are strong, who has been climbing recently and therefore has developed the appropriate muscles, can go twice as fast as another who is overweight or who has not been exercising. The latter should not attempt to equal the pace of the former. Mountain-climbing is not done for the purpose of establishing a time or distance record. Many people forget that. The pace that you follow should be that which you can comfortably maintain and no more. Anything faster than that robs the trip of part of the pleasure that it can and should give.

Very often one meets people on the trail who are hurrying where they should be going slowly. It is the common fault of nearly all beginners. Sometimes it is due to the fact that the trip planned for the day is too long for the time available. Sometimes the person in the lead conceives it to be his duty to hurry everybody up rather than to hold the pace at a moderate and proper level, as he should. Often it is because the climbers start out too rapidly, lose their wind, are forced to stop, then again start out too rapidly, again lose their wind, and again stop, and so on all the way up.

Talking while climbing uses breath and energy that should be put to another purpose. It is time enough to talk when you stop to look about for a while. Sometimes there is a member of a party who seems to be unable to save the breath that should go for climbing and who infects others ahead and behind with the same disease. Running along a trail wastes energy. No one is going to do this when in the midst of really hard climbing, but on the lower stretches of a mountain, where level spaces sometimes are crossed, energy and enthusiasm may boil over. Always they had better be saved.

There are climbers who declare against pausing to rest while on the trail, except on rare occasions, as when reaching some noteworthy outlook. There are others who follow a regular practice of stopping for two or three minutes after climbing for five minutes or for ten. It seems to be somewhat a matter of habit. My own preference is to stop once in a while, sit down, take off my pack if I am carrying one, relax muscles, and look about. Whether the resting-place is at a viewpoint or not, there is always plenty to be seen.

If there are many in the party and if a stop has been made for any considerable length of time, so that the line has lost its sequence or the members have formed groups, there should be a counting-off when starting again.

Because of the unusual output of energy in climbing, many people find that it helps to eat lightly in the middle of the morning and again in the middle of the afternoon. This is in addition to lunch at noon. Raisins or chocolate commonly are carried for this purpose. The two together are better than either one alone. Some persons do not seem to feel the need of this mid-morning or mid-afternoon lunch and some are inclined to discount its value. Nevertheless, I have seen a whole party that was growing fagged at four o'clock in the afternoon of a long day take on new and visible energy and gain an improved outlook on life when each had eaten a small square of chocolate and a few peanuts.

The kind of lunch that is eaten at noon is usually determined by various and diverse circumstances. If you have reached a part of the trail where there is fuel and where you can build a little cooking-fire with absolute and unquestioned safety, you can make the noontime meal more enjoyable for most people if you will prepare hot cocoa or tea, or perhaps, in addition, hot soup. But you should not think of building a fire unless you have a place available where there is no possible chance for the flames to spread. There must be no risk on that point. A forest fire is easily started and is a terrible and devastating thing. A fire should never

be built near a stump or log, nor on ground that has in it the least vegetable matter, such as the roots of grass or trees. These places sometimes hold fire for days. They are forbidden in the rules of the careful, responsible camper. Rocks that stand out of water in a stream bed usually offer the safest place. In any event, a fire for lunch should be small. There is no reason why it should be larger than your hat. When you leave it, every last spark and coal should be thoroughly and completely extinguished with water.

Many of the trails described in this book lie within the limits of the White Mountain National Forest. To build a fire anywhere within that area you must have a permit. This you can obtain without cost from the supervisor of the White Mountain National Forest, Gorham, New Hampshire, or from the forest fire lookouts stationed on certain mountain summits.

If you are a worthy camper and climber you will not leave waste, left over from your lunch, where it can be seen. The city provides men and vehicles to remove all such material. You yourself must take care of the beauty of the mountains. They are too fine and splendid a thing to be made unsightly through thoughtlessness.

If you are starting on a trip that will take you above timber-line or into open and exposed places

high up on a mountain, take thought of the weather. You will not be hurt by rain or by getting wet. There is nothing to be feared on that score. But there is good reason to respect the fog and wind that sweep these mountain shoulders and summits. It is highly unwise to flout them.

Plan your trip so as to complete your journey with an ample margin of time to spare before dark. This is not because you will necessarily be in danger if you are compelled to travel a section of valley trail after sunset, but because there will be little fun in so doing or in hurrying all afternoon for fear you will not get in before dark. If you are caught by darkness while on your way down and are following a trail that is much traveled, and if you go carefully, you will probably manage to stumble along to the place you are headed for. But even in the lower stretches there are trails that are dangerous after sundown. At the best the experience will not be pleasant.

From start to finish take time to enjoy the mountain as you go. The view from the top is only one of the pleasures that you should find. All of the way up and all of the way down there is delight for the observing eye and the open mind.

CHAPTER V

MOUNT WASHINGTON AND TUCKERMAN RAVINE

A memorable climb through a striking glacial ravine to the highest summit in New England. Vigorous going, steep in the middle and latter part, but not excessively difficult. Highway to Hermit Lake at lower floor of Ravine and return, 4 miles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; to Snow Arch and return, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 5 hours; to summit and return by Carriage Road to highway at Glen House, $11\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 8 hours, or by Carriage Road and Old Jackson Road to highway at Pinkham Notch Camp, $11\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 8 hours; to summit and return by Glen Boulder Trail to highway at Glen Ellis Falls, 9 miles, 8 hours. Starting-point, Pinkham Notch Camp, 11 miles south of Gorham.

OF all of the summits in New England, Mount Washington is, naturally, the objective that is thought of with the greatest interest. It is the highest and the most famous — two potent attractions. As a matter of fact it is a wonderful mountain and well deserves all the interest that it arouses.

If you have several days at your disposal you may find it desirable to climb some other summits first, not only because these will help to get you into good trim physically, but because in following this sequence you will derive the greater enjoyment both from the lesser summits and from the

highest one. If you have but a single day, if the weather is not threatening, and if you possess ordinary health and strength, take the Tuckerman Ravine Path for the summit of Washington and return by any of the routes suggested in this chapter. You will find it a memorable trip.

The first white man to attain the summit of Washington was Darby Field. It may be, indeed, that he was the first human being ever to surmount the peak, for the Indians were not mountain-climbers. Their imaginations and traditions peopled the mountain-tops with great and dangerous spirits whose domain was not to be encroached upon. In fact they had little occasion to climb to the upper reaches above timber-line. The wild game that they sought in their expeditions lived in the forests of the valleys and not on the bleak, barren rocks that make up the higher summits.

Field lived in the settlement of Portsmouth, on the seacoast. In 1642 he took with him two Indians as guides and set out through the wilderness that lay between Portsmouth and the mountain region. After several days' travel they ran across an Indian village in the foothills. Some of the men from this village joined them for a time, but dropped out after they began to draw near to the high and wind-swept shoulders of the peak that they were seeking. The two Indian guides

who had come from Portsmouth with Field stayed with him to the top.

Field brought back a thrilling account of his trip, including some stories that were largely imagination, as was to be expected under the circumstances. He said that they went through thick clouds on the way up, but found the summit clear and warm. Near the top they discovered two ponds. On the northerly side of the summit there was a tremendous gorge. All this is sound fact. But Field also described a great body of water lying to the north that he said was so broad that the farther shore could not be seen. He described another wide body of water to the west. This was mistaking cloud masses for lakes, or just lively fiction.

Other people desired to see the places that Field described, and other expeditions followed, one of them led by Field himself. Gradually some of the principal features of the Mount Washington group became known. Finally, in 1784 a minister, the Reverend Manasseh Cutler, with several companions, made a trip to the mountain for the purpose of studying its topography and to secure accurate information as to its great ravines and the streams that flow from its flanks. The mountain was given its present name by Doctor Cutler's party. It had borne an Indian name before that time.

In 1821, Ethan Allen Crawford finished a path to the mountain by way of the great ridge that extends southwesterly from it. Near the summit he built a small stone cabin. In that year the mountain was first climbed by women. A few years later horses were first taken to the summit, by way of the path that Crawford had laid out.

All of the expeditions up to this time were made in summer. In 1858 the mountain was first climbed in winter. A sheriff who was charged with the duty of serving a legal paper made the ascent. Four years later another ascent was made in winter. Beginning with 1870-71 weather observers remained on the summit through successive winters for sixteen years.

The Carriage Road that leads to the summit of Mount Washington is a remarkable piece of sound engineering and skillful road construction, especially in view of the fact that it was projected and built more than sixty years ago. This was in the days when coaching parties were in high favor and when travel by stage was not merely the only way of getting into remote places, but a popular way. Through all of these years the Carriage Road has remained serviceable and safe. It is the route by which many motor-cars now climb to the summit every season.

The construction of the Carriage Road was

begun in 1855 and was completed six years later. The route utilized spurs that extend to the east from the summit. The first half of it is through woods, which for the most part shut off extensive views. In this part is the maximum grade of the whole route, sixteen feet in one hundred. Four miles from the beginning the road emerges from the forest, passes a small frame building known as the 'Halfway House,' and from this point sweeps on in broad curves, at first through low scrub and then over barren, open rocks. A little way above the Halfway House it skirts the edge of a precipitous slope that drops into the impressive ravine known as the 'Great Gulf.' There are wide-sweeping views from this point. Above this the road swings to the south in order to surmount another part of the ridge. Then further curves and a steady ascent carry the road to its termination, a few yards below the highest point of the mountain.

On the other side of Mount Washington is the cog railway which begins at a base station located at the foot of a westerly spur and in a little less than three miles attains the summit. The railway is a famous one, and served as the pattern for a line that later was constructed on Mount Rigi, in the Alps. Sylvester Marks, of Littleton, New Hampshire, was the inventor. The principle that

he utilized is simple and sensible. The engine and cars rest on ordinary railway tracks, but these tracks have nothing to do with elevating the train. In the middle of the space between the tracks there is a continuous cog rail all the way from the foot of the mountain to the top. This cog rail is made of angle iron, spaced a few inches apart and connected by heavy iron bolts every four inches. The bolts constitute the cogs. Into these a large gear wheel on the under side of the engine meshes. Thus, the engine is never out of gear with the continuous line of cogs.

The cars for passengers are pushed up the mountain by the engine and they descend behind it as it comes down. The cogs and gear wheels, always in mesh, provide an absolute braking and holding device. In addition there are ample friction brakes.

Construction of this railway was begun in 1866 and was finished three years later. Thus, it followed by a few years the building of the Mount Washington Carriage Road. It has had a continuous record of safe and dependable operation. No passenger on this line has ever been injured.

As it happens, Mount Washington is accessible, also, by paths and trails that can be encompassed within a single day. On the easterly side of the range the Pinkham Notch highway

runs within four miles of the summit of the mountain. A great glacial chasm known as 'Tuckerman Ravine' opens out toward this highway. The head of this ravine cuts so far into the heart of the mountain that the westerly rim of it is almost at the foot of the summit cone.

A good path leaves the highway at the mouth of the ravine, traverses the lower reaches, climbs to the upper floor, crosses that, ascends the head-wall by a beautiful and safe route, and then climbs the cone of the mountain. It is a wonderful and satisfying trip and it furnishes a means of ascent to the mountain's summit that is slightly less than four miles long and can easily be done in five hours or less.

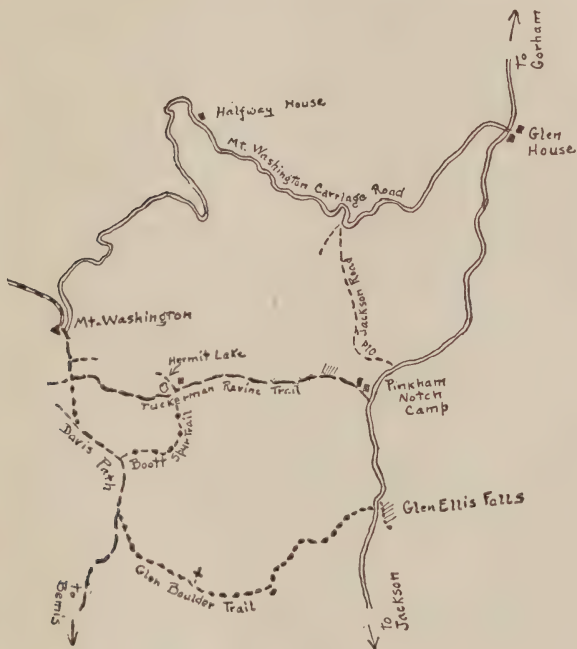
Tuckerman Ravine was known to early explorers, and apparently was the route followed by a party that visited the summit of Mount Washington a few months after Darby Field made his memorable trip. It was still further explored in 1774 and again ten years later by Doctor Cutler's party, who gave it its name in honor of Professor Edward Tuckerman, a member of the staff of Amherst College and an enthusiastic explorer. Thoreau visited the Ravine, and found specimens of arnica growing there. As if to celebrate the find, he fell the next day in the Ravine and sprained his ankle.

The stream that drains the Ravine is Cutler River. Just north of the point where this river crosses the Pinkham Notch highway there is an opening on the west side of the road. In this open space are the log cabins maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club and known as the 'Pinkham Notch Camp.' Through the summer meals may be obtained at the Camp, lodging may be had in tents close by, and some food supplies may be purchased. Motor-cars may be left there in charge of the hut master.

The path begins just west of the cabin that is farthest from the road. There is a sign where it leaves the opening and the way is quite clear. The path rises slightly for about three eighths of a mile and then emerges on the bank of Cutler River, which is crossed on a log footbridge. The crossing is just below Crystal Cascade, a beautiful waterfall which drops about eighty feet, at first over level ledges and then in a wide-spreading plunge. The best viewpoint from which to see the Cascade is a slight eminence attained by the path after you have crossed Cutler River on the footbridge and have proceeded upstream a short distance.

The path, which now climbs steadily but by easy grades through the forest, is well worn. Indeed, it is rather too well worn in places, for

the roots of trees often project above the footway. In this stretch the path crosses a branch of Cutler River which comes in from the left and after a time



recrosses the main stream, thus regaining the north bank.

At a distance of one and three quarter miles from the highway there is a trail coming in from

the right. This is the Raymond Path, which leaves the Mount Washington Carriage Road near the two-mile post and flanks the slopes, thus connecting the Carriage Road with the Tuckerman Ravine Path. The Raymond Path follows the route of a trail laid out seventy years ago. For a long period it was maintained by Major Curtis B. Raymond, for whom it is named. To cover the distance from the Pinkham Notch Camp at the highway to the junction with the Raymond Path requires usually about two hours, although it can be done in much less.

A quarter of a mile beyond the junction there is a short path leading off to the right to Hermit Lake Shelter, an excellent log leanto with an open front facing toward a big rock where there is a rough fireplace. The shelter has boughs which make a comfortable bed. Usually there are some cooking-utensils on hand, but there are no blankets or food supplies. Water is easily obtained near by.

Returning to the main path and proceeding uphill for a few minutes, you come to another junction and sign. To the left a trail leads over moss-covered rocks through close-growing evergreens to the foot of Boott Spur, the uplifted precipitous ridge to the south, which it climbs. To the right another trail leads to Lion Head,

lofty and impressive crags that look down on the valley from the north.

The main path goes straight ahead and, in a few steps, comes out on the shore of Hermit Lake, a small body of water that is wild and beautiful, both in itself and in its magnificent setting. Straight ahead, across this lake, you look into the upper part of Tuckerman Ravine, the great rock-walled amphitheater that was called the Coliseum by some of the early explorers. To the right the crags of Lion Head are upreared high in the air. To the left is the ragged precipice that is known as the 'Hanging Cliffs' of Boott Spur. Unless it is late in the summer you will perceive that far ahead, where Tuckerman Ravine is shut in by its head-wall, there are banks of snow.

Even if you proceed no farther than Hermit Lake, you will have seen magnificent and impressive views of mountain grandeur. The wild lake, the crags above it, and the glimpse into the rugged rock bowl ahead, where winter's snow lingers until midsummer, are worth whatever effort it takes to come this far.

Somewhat more rugged climbing now follows. The path takes to the stream bed part of the way and climbs rather steeply for a time until it emerges well up toward the head of the Ravine, in the open, rock-strewn space known as the

‘upper floor.’ Now you can look back into and across the valley that you left far below and you can gain a still better idea of the rocks and crags that make up the walls of the amphitheater.

The path proceeds straight ahead toward the rock wall that rims the ravine on the side near the main mass of the mountain. If the snow still persists, you will find that the path leads directly toward it. If it is early summer, you will cross some of the snow as you near the head-wall. Below the snow you will find alders and willows just coming into leaf. The ground where the snow has recently melted looks just as the earth does when it has been buried for a long time under a winter blanket and has just been uncovered. Ferns are unfolding their tightly coiled fronds. Indian poke is spreading its bright green leaves.

A dashing stream comes from under the snow-bank. In many seasons this stream cuts away the hard-packed snow and ice, making for itself a vaulted tunnel up which you can look. This tunnel is called the ‘Snow Arch.’ Formerly trampers sometimes entered the arch, but the venture was perilous. Pieces from the roof of the arch break off and fall in. Since the snow is greatly compacted because of the depth to which it lies through the winter, the roof of the tunnel is virtually solid ice. Years ago a part of the roof,

falling in, crushed to death a tramper and injured his companions. There have been other narrow escapes. Under no circumstances should the arch be entered.

In this part of the Ravine the snow accumulates in winter to a depth of two hundred to three hundred feet. It remains here through much of the summer because of the great amount of it and the fact that the lower parts of the snow become compacted and solidified. It is not protected from the summer sun, but rather is fully exposed to it through a part of each day.

The path swings to the right when it nears the head-wall. In midsummer this is not far away from the snowbank, which is on the left as you ascend. The way lies over rough, loose stones and the pitch is steep. It is necessary to exercise care along this part of the way, not because of the danger of falling, but to avoid setting stones to sliding or rolling.

At the top of the stretch of débris the path turns to the left and crosses a terrace with a cliff close by above and another beneath. There is no risk, for the path is wide enough for any one and there are bushes and trees. But it is rather an impressive bit of going. The path now emerges over the top of the head-wall and you find yourself on a gentle slope where there are many grassy spots,

low bushes, and stunted trees. At this point you will see a trail forking to the right. This leads across a wide area known as the 'Alpine Garden,' and eventually comes out on the Carriage Road near the six-mile post.

A little farther along you reach another point where trails diverge, the spot being known as 'Tuckerman Junction.' Around and ahead of you is Bigelow Lawn, a region that is almost level except for minor depressions and hummocks. There is a trail that leads across this area, coming out near the Lakes of the Clouds at the farther margin. To the left is another trail known as the 'Cutoff' which gives access to Boott Spur. To the right is the cone of Mount Washington, rising nearly a thousand feet above the point where you now stand.

The path that you are to follow swings to the right and ascends this cone. It holds to a fairly moderate grade, winding about among the rocks. The distance that remains to be covered from Tuckerman Junction to the top of the cone is really considerably more than it looks to be. In these open spaces above tree-line there is no accustomed mark by which one usually gauges distance.

After you have climbed halfway up the cone, you will find a trail coming in on the right. This



THE SUMMIT CONE OF MOUNT WASHINGTON

As you see it from Boott Spur, across the head
of Tuckerman Ravine

is the upper end of the route that you saw diverging from the Tuckerman Ravine Path, a little below Hermit Lake, headed for the great crag known as 'Lion Head.' If you had come by that trail you would have zigzagged up the steep rocks of Lion Head, crossed the comparatively level space on top of it, crossed the trail that leads through the Alpine Garden to the Carriage Road, and ascended the cone to the point where you now stand. Close by this junction is Cloudwater Spring.

Proceeding on up the cone, you presently find your path emerging in a gravel pit near a stable close to the upper end of the Carriage Road. From this point to the actual top of the mountain is only a few yards.

Of the total distance that you have come since leaving the highway, about one half represents the climb as far as Hermit Lake, the other half the climb from that point to the summit. But of the total time required somewhat more than half is taken up by the ascent from Hermit Lake to the top. This is much the steeper part of the climb. Usually it requires three quarters of an hour to go from Hermit Lake to the Snow Arch, and it requires about two hours more to encompass the journey over the head-wall and up the cone to the top, although the distance from the

Snow Arch to the summit is only one and a quarter miles.

If the weather is clear enough, you can see from the summit of Washington an enormous sweep of country. You easily overlook a large part of New Hampshire, a considerable part of Maine, and a good deal of Vermont, as well as parts of the province of Quebec. The farthest points that can be differentiated are somewhat more than a hundred miles away. In other words, your eye commands a sweep of country that is roughly two hundred miles in diameter and more than thirty thousand square miles in area. The fact that Washington is higher than any of its neighbors enables you to look over all the rest.

The impression that you get is one of a great multitude of mountains and eminences, extending tier after tier, growing less and less distinct the farther away they are, until finally your eye reaches a wavering, undifferentiated horizon. There are literally hundreds of summits within view and you are fully impressed with the great number of them. It would be a long undertaking to identify and name each one. However, there are certain mountains that you can readily pick out and recognize.

Looking back across the rim of Tuckerman Ravine, over which the path climbed that you

followed in ascending, you will see the broad, lower opening of the Ravine. On the left of the great hollow is the spur that ends in Lion Head. On the right and farther away is the larger and more prominent ridge known as 'Boott Spur.' Almost over the center of the Ravine and about fifteen miles away is the conical uplift of Mount Pequawket, usually known as 'Kearsarge.' If the air is clear enough, you will see, just to the left of Kearsarge, Sebago Lake in Maine, and if you are fortunate you can make out the city of Portland, and beyond it the Atlantic Ocean. Usually, even in moderately clear weather it is difficult to distinguish the ocean from the sky. But sometimes it is readily differentiated and with field glasses ships and steamers can be seen. In compass direction Kearsarge is approximately southeast of the summit of Washington.

Swinging now a little to the right, you will see, over Boott Spur, the rugged summits of Moat Mountain, which lies across the Saco River from North Conway and Intervale. Farther away and almost in line with Moat is Ossipee Lake. A little to the right of Ossipee Lake is the white summit of Mount Chocorua, more than twenty miles away. To the right of Chocorua and in the same range with it are Paugus, Passaconaway, Whiteface, and Tripyramid. Over their summits you catch glimpses of Lake Winnepesaukee.

By this time you are looking south down the broad valley of the Mount Washington River, on the left of which is the long Montalban Ridge and on the right a series of high summits, beginning with Mount Monroe, close at hand, and continuing over the rounded dome of Mount Pleasant to the Crawford Notch. A little to the left of this ridge and farther away, you can see the great bulk of Mount Carrigain, one of the splendid summits of the White Mountain region. It stands out as a noteworthy mountain mass. In very clear weather you can distinguish Mount Monadnock in this section of the view. It is a little more than a hundred miles away and is hard to differentiate. It is a broadly curved summit, low down on the horizon, and is a little south of southwest.

As you look down toward the near-by rugged peak of Monroe, you will see at the base of it the two tiny Lakes of the Clouds. They are somewhat more than a thousand feet below the point where you stand. The ancient Crawford Bridle Path, now a foot-trail, can be distinguished, winding along past the base of Monroe.

Swinging now a little to the right you will see the broad bulk of Moosilauke and in fair enough weather you can distinguish the house on its summit. Just to the right your eye picks up the

rugged crest of the Franconia Range, including the sharp summit of Lincoln and to the right of that the somewhat higher summit of Lafayette.

In the foreground your vision sweeps the wide, level valley of the Ammonoosuc River, with its hotels and villages. Almost over this valley and on the remote horizon the characteristic peak of Camel's Hump in the Green Mountains of Vermont can sometimes be seen. A little farther to the right is the highest mountain in Vermont, Mount Mansfield, with its long skyline. Lesser near-by mountains now occupy the view as you look farther to the right.

Passing over this region and looking now toward the north from Washington, you see the splendid line of the northern peaks of the Presidentials standing out magnificently above the depths of the Great Gulf. The low summit nearest to Washington is Mount Clay. To the right of that, and bulking large and high, is Mount Jefferson. Still farther to the right, and highest of all, is Mount Adams, with several separate peaks. Again farther to the right, but lower in altitude, is the conical summit of Mount Madison.

In the far distance and almost over the highest peak of Adams is Mount Carmel, which lies well up toward the Canadian line. Other mountains can be made out in clear weather, a little to the

right of Carmel. These are in the Province of Quebec. Nearer, and farther to the right, there is a tumble of mountains, partly in New Hampshire and partly in Maine. This group of summits form the Mahoosuc Range and neighboring peaks. Swinging to the right again and looking east from Washington, you see the broad mass of the Carter-Moriah Range, which flanks the farther side of the Pinkham Notch.

Many years ago a low tower stood on the summit of Washington, from which an unobstructed view could be had in every direction. The tower was one of several buildings that have been erected there in years past, but have been torn down or destroyed by fire. Flames have wrought destruction on this summit more than once.

The return from Washington to the place where you started can be accomplished by several routes. This is one of the advantages of a trip to the summit of this mountain. While it represents a climb to the loftiest uplift in New England and is something of an undertaking for those who are not used to mountain-climbing, you can choose your route and even your method of descent according to the time and energy that remain. If you wish, you can stay overnight on the summit, utilizing the welcome of the hotel that is maintained there.

A great many trampers, especially those who have climbed a mountain for the first time, go back by way of the Carriage Road. This is not an uninteresting route, as might be supposed. On the contrary, there are magnificent views for the first four miles, including a memorable look down into the Great Gulf from the point where the Carriage Road swings near to the rim of that abyss. With the smooth footing of the road the tramper need give no thought to the character of the ground on which he is walking. He gains thereby because he can look about all he chooses. If the time is at all short there is a definite advantage in choosing this route, because it can be followed easily after dark, which is not true of other ways of descending the mountain. The lower half of the road is in forest and unless there is moonlight it will be dark. But it is by no means as dark as a forest trail and it is smooth, wide, free from obstacles, devoid of forks that would cause confusion, and, in general, safe and sure. Indeed, great numbers of people utilize the Carriage Road as a means of climbing Mount Washington at night, in order to see a sunrise from its summit. It should always be chosen as the route for descending the mountain if less than three hours of certain daylight are ahead on leaving the summit.

The length of the road is eight miles. The grade is practically the same all the way and is that of a moderate hill. This in turn indicates the drawback of following this route. The steady downward grade, without any let-up, makes heavy draft on certain leg muscles that ordinarily are not put to a great deal of use. Before you reach the bottom you will feel that you would be happy if the road would change its pitch and climb a little instead of forever descending.

The Carriage Road comes out opposite the Glen House in Pinkham Notch. This is three miles, by the State highway, north of the Pinkham Notch Camp, where the Tuckerman Ravine Path begins. Therefore, when you emerge, if you have left your car at the Pinkham Notch Camp, you have still to negotiate three miles of uphill road-walking to reach your car.

This difficulty can be avoided by taking a trail known as the Old Jackson Road, that starts from approximately the two-mile post on the Carriage Road and cuts across to the right through the woods and down the slopes, coming out on the Pinkham Notch highway about one third of a mile north of the Pinkham Notch Camp. Where this trail leaves the Carriage Road there is a sign. Another trail, the Raymond Path to Tuckerman Ravine, leaves the road just above

the start of the trail that you wish to take. This other also is marked by a sign. Care should be exercised not to take the wrong trail at this point. There is no need of confusion, for the one that you wish is well marked, is the lower one of the two, and begins at once to descend and not to ascend.

The Old Jackson Road was laid out many years ago and was intended to be used by horses and carriages. It was never well graded, and after a time it was abandoned. Later it was opened as a footpath. It is reasonably clear, there are no confusing forks, and there should be no difficulty in following it through to the main highway. The distance across is somewhat less than two miles and the time required is about an hour.

It is probably unwise, however, to leave the Carriage Road and to take this route if darkness is coming on. One who is accustomed to woods travel will have no difficulty, even after dark, but the beginner had better stick to the Carriage Road, even at the expense of traveling three extra miles.

The time to be allowed for the descent of Mount Washington by the Carriage Road is about three hours. A vigorous tramper, swinging along at a good clip, can make the journey from top to bottom in two hours. The average tramper will take longer.

If you diverge at the two-mile post and take the Old Jackson Road, so as to come out near the Pinkham Notch Camp, the total distance from the top of the mountain to the point where you emerge on the highway will be very nearly the same as if you had followed the Carriage Road all the way down, but the time required may be longer, because of slower traveling after you enter the Old Jackson Road.

An excellent way for the descent of the mountain and one that will bring you out on the highway within a mile of the Pinkham Notch Camp, is the route that utilizes Boott Spur and makes the latter part of the descent by the Glen Boulder Trail. The distance from the summit to the highway by this route is a little more than five miles. No part of it is excessively steep or difficult and much of it is in the open, where splendid views may be had.

To follow this route you leave the summit of the mountain at the same point where you came out in ascending, namely, near the upper end of the Carriage Road. In other words, you start down the Tuckerman Ravine Path. Halfway down the cone, you pass Cloudwater Spring and the Lion Head Trail that diverges to the left. Your route lies straight ahead. At the foot of the cone, you come out on the relatively level Bigelow Lawn and

arrive at Tuckerman Junction. Here the Tuckerman Ravine Path turns sharply to the left. Another trail turns to the right, bound for the Lakes of the Clouds Hut. You now proceed straight ahead, following what is known as the 'Lawn Cutoff.' This leads you across to the Davis Path. The distance across is not great, being in fact only about half a mile.

The Cutoff enters the Davis Path at a sign, and you now follow the Davis Path for a distance of about a mile over the rugged eminence of Boott Spur. This leads you adjacent to the highest point of the Spur, which here reaches an altitude of 5520 feet.

Near the highest point a trail, marked by a sign and indicated by cairns, branches off to the left. The branch is known as 'Boott Spur Trail' and it descends the rugged side of the Spur very steeply, coming out on the Tuckerman Ravine Path close to Hermit Lake. You can, if you wish, take the Boott Spur Trail, descend by it to the Tuckerman Ravine Path, and follow the latter out to the highway. But this should not be done unless you are prepared to negotiate very steep and rough going. It is interesting, rugged, and unusual. It is not dangerous. It is a shorter way out than the one that you are proposing to follow, but it is undeniably steep, clambering down from rock to rock

all of the way and at a pitch that tests your muscles.

Assuming, however, that you are not going to diverge by this route, you will proceed along the Davis Path to a point about half a mile beyond the place where the Boott Spur Trail diverged, and there you will find a fork and a sign. The Davis Path goes on down the long Montalban Ridge, over Mounts Isolation, Davis, Stairs, and Crawford, and out to the Crawford Notch highway near Bemis. It is a long route and ordinarily requires two days to traverse it.

The trail that you are to follow branches to the left from the Davis Path and is known as the 'Glen Boulder Trail.' It swings around through open going for a time, skirting the edge of a ravine at your left that is known as the 'Gulf of the Slides.' It crosses minor eminences, the Slide Peaks and then enters a stretch of scrub forest which it traverses for more than half a mile. Part-way through this piece of stunted woods there is a short branch leading to the left to a spring. This is only a few minutes from the main trail and is easily found.

Continuing along the main trail, you emerge from the scrub growth after a time and find yourself on rugged ledges, mostly bare, but marked here and there with patches of scrubby trees. The

trail descends these ledges by a somewhat winding route. From this region there are beautiful outlooks, both across toward the summit of Washington which is back of you and over your left shoulder, and to the right down the valley of the Ellis River and across to the mountains far beyond.

Near the lower end of the ledges, you pass the giant boulder that gives the trail its name. The rock is perched all alone on a sloping ledge. It looks to be ready to roll on down into the valley. It is so big and stands in so conspicuous a location that it can be seen for a long distance, especially from certain points on the Pinkham Notch highway.

Beyond the boulder the trail clambers down over a few more ledges and then enters the forest. There is open, excellent going from this point on. The grade is moderate. A little way into the forest you cross a small stream, which furnishes good drinking-water, and farther down you cross a larger stream. Still farther along, the downward grade gives way to a level stretch for a short distance. Beyond this the trail takes a drop that is very steep for a few yards, descending a gully in the face of a cliff. Below this a few minutes of moderate pitch bring you to a gentle hollow beyond which the trail ascends for a few minutes, again

descends, and emerges in the Pinkham Notch highway just south of the opening where the path starts to Glen Ellis Falls. To reach the Pinkham Notch Camp from this point, you turn left when you arrive at the highway and walk about seven eighths of a mile.

There are other paths that descend Mount Washington on its easterly side. There is the famous trail that negotiates the head-wall of Huntington Ravine, the glacial cirque that lies just north of Tuckerman Ravine, but the descent of this should not be attempted except by one who has had experience in mountain going. There are trails that go down into the Great Gulf, the tremendous ravine lying just north of Mount Washington. Any of these means rather a long route out, for the Great Gulf is a large affair. They afford interesting and wild tramps for one whose time and plans permit a visit to that region.

When you have climbed Mount Washington by the route that is described in this chapter and have discovered the interest in mountain-climbing that most people find who have once tried it, you will wish to come back, not once, but many times, and to explore, not only Huntington Ravine and the Great Gulf, but the other wonderful ravines and ridges that lead to the heart of the mountain.

CHAPTER VI

CARTER NOTCH AND LAKES

A moderate climb to a rugged, beautiful notch, with optional steep extension to either one of two summits. Highway to Notch and Lakes and return, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 5 hours; out by way of Wildcat River Trail to end of road $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles above Jackson, $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 6 hours; to summit of Carter Dome and return, $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 8 hours; to summit of Wildcat and return over Wildcat Ridge to highway at Glen Ellis Falls, $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 8 hours. Starting-point, the Glen House, 8 miles south of Gorham, or end of Wildcat Brook road, $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles north of Jackson.

IN the White Mountain region, as in other mountain areas, there are many notches or clefts where the land drops off between two mountains or between two ranges, thus affording a possible route for crossing from a section of country on one side of a group of mountains to a section on the other side. In the Far West such a place is called a 'pass,' but in the White Mountains it is called a 'notch.' The term 'notch' may be applied to a space of comparatively limited area, a simple cleft between two mountains. Often it is applied to a cleft that is ten or fifteen miles long, winding about between the flanks of several mountains.

A few of the notches in the White Mountain region are traversed by a road. Thus, the Daniel

Webster Highway passes through the long cleft between the Franconia Range on the east and the Kinsman-Cannon Range on the west. The Crawford Notch winds through another long cleft with a succession of mountains on either side culminating in the narrow opening between a spur of Mount Webster and the steep slopes of Mount Willard. East of the Mount Washington group runs the Pinkham Notch highway, with a series of peaks on its left, including the spurs and flanks of the highest summits in the White Mountains, and another series on its right, including the Carter-Moriah Range and Mount Wildcat, with its various lesser summits. There is a highway through the Kinsman Notch, adjacent to Lost River. There is another through a notch far to the north in the Dixville Mountains.

But many a notch or pass in the White Mountain region is far too steep or too isolated to be a possible route for any sort of road. These remote and rugged clefts frequently offer wild and beautiful scenery. Many of them have been made accessible by trail: Carrigain Notch, Carter Notch, Evans Notch, and others. If one were to choose among these, intending to give first place on the basis of wilderness grandeur combined with intimate charm, one might reasonably select Carter Notch.

You can see Carter Notch from a great distance as a prominent cleft in the mountains. Traveling north along the east-side trunk line in New Hamp-



shire, when you are still fifty miles or more away from the mountains, you can pick out a sharply-defined, V-shaped cleft on the right of which is a broad, impressive, dome-shaped mountain, and

on the left a rugged summit that continues in a lofty ridge, with minor eminences.

To the north of Carter Notch stretches the Carter-Moriah Range, beginning with Carter Dome and extending over Hight, Middle Carter, South Carter, North Carter, Imp, and Moriah, near the town of Gorham. At the Notch the range drops off with a steep, westerly descent. Equally steep rises the slope of Mount Wildcat on the west side of the cleft. Beyond the high point of Wildcat extends the rough, wooded ridge that finally descends sharply to the Pinkham Notch highway, near Glen Ellis Falls.

The interest of Carter Notch lies partly in its lakes, partly in the great cliffs and the steep slopes that rise from its narrow domain, partly in the tumbled mass of great boulders that fill the easterly portal of the Notch.

The lakes give it its intimate beauty. There are two of these, separated by a narrow strip of rock, fringed with bushes and trees. The waters of the larger one lap the rock cliffs that sweep aloft toward the summit of Mount Wildcat. The waters of the smaller and southerly lake seek an outlet beneath the jumble of boulders, big as houses, that stretch as a dike across the southerly opening of the Notch. Near the shore of the southerly lake there is a stone hut maintained by the Appalach-

ian Mountain Club. A caretaker is on duty at this hut through the summer months. Simple meals may be obtained there and lodging is available.

The height of the Notch above sea-level is more than you would think it to be, since the mountains that rise on either side diminish the apparent height of the level between them. The altitude at the Notch is approximately thirty-five hundred feet. This equals the height of many prominent and interesting mountains, and, in turn, may be assumed to indicate that the weather in the Notch can be rough on occasion, even in summer.

The names of the mountains on either hand have been changed at times in the past. Mount Wildcat was set down as 'East Mountain' on early maps, presumably because it lies east of the better known Pinkham Notch. Later this same summit was called 'Mount Hight' for a time. This is because of a story of two hunters, one of whom was named Hight and the other Carter, who lost their way in the Notch, became separated, and climbed the mountains at either hand to see the lay of the land, one of them ascending what is now Mount Carter and the other what is now Mount Wildcat. Eventually, however, the mountain on the west side of the Notch became officially Mount Wildcat. The massive summit on the opposite side became Carter Dome. A small peaked eminence

northeast of the Dome was given the name of Mount Hight.

It is a beautiful trip from the Pinkham Notch highway to the lakes in Carter Notch and return. For most people the journey may readily be extended to include the summit of Carter Dome or that of Wildcat. Thus, within the day you can enjoy the wilderness beauty of the Notch and the magnificent panorama that is obtainable from the summit of either of the flanking mountains.

The nearest access to Carter Notch is to be had by leaving the Pinkham Notch highway at the Glen House, eight miles south of Gorham and twelve miles north of Jackson. The path will be found at the rear of the Glen House buildings. This part of the route was formerly called the 'Aqueduct Path,' because it follows an open, artificial waterway. A little less than a mile from the Glen House the path crosses Nineteen-Mile Brook, a considerable stream. On the farther side you turn to the right and follow the Nineteen-Mile Brook Path, all the way to the Notch.

If a tramper should care to do so he can begin his journey at the lower end of Nineteen-Mile Brook, where it crosses the Pinkham Notch highway, seven miles south of Gorham and a mile north of the Glen House. This route is a little longer and requires a little more climbing.

After you have entered the Nineteen-Mile Brook Path at its junction with the Glen House Path, you proceed upstream, with the brook on your right. Three quarters of a mile from the junction you pass the site of an old logging-camp. At a brook, a little more than a mile from the junction, you will see a signboard and a trail diverging to the left which is bound for the summit of Carter Dome by way of the valley between Mount Hight and Middle Carter. On your return trip, if you ascend Carter Dome from the Notch, you may descend to your original starting-point by this trail. A mile farther on you will pass the site of another old logging-camp. In this part of your journey you will have glimpses of the great bulk of Carter Dome ahead of you.

About two hundred yards above the second logging-camp, you cross a branch stream coming in from the left. Your path now swings toward the south, heading in the direction of the cleft between the mountains instead of in the direction of Carter Dome. The pitch now becomes considerably steeper and the path no longer follows old logging-roads. About half a mile from the last lumber camp you reach the highest point of the trail. Here you will see a path diverging to the right, destined for the summit of Mount Wilcat. Your route lies straight ahead, downhill.

A few yards beyond the fork you emerge on the shore of the larger lake in the Notch. The path leads around the left-hand margin of the lake. Here there is a trail diverging to the left and marked by a sign. This is the route from the Notch to the summit of Carter Dome. The stone hut maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club you can see across the farther lake. The path to it leads across the narrow strip between the two lakes. The total distance from the Glen House to the hut by this route is about three and three quarters miles.

There is another route into Carter Notch which attains it from the southerly side, coming up from the village of Jackson by way of the Wildcat Valley. This is known as the 'Wildcat River Trail.' To follow this route you take the road that climbs the hill beside Jackson Falls and then turns north up the valley of Wildcat Brook. This is a good automobile road for several miles. It ends at a gate between a cottage and a barn. A car can be left here.

Continuing afoot along the extension of the road beyond the bars, you will presently find on the right a sign indicating a cross-over to the trail, which is downhill and diagonally ahead. Following the blazes and other marks, you come out after a few minutes at a crossing of Wildcat



THE SHELTER HUT AND ONE OF THE LAKES IN
CARTER NOTCH

Brook. The trail now follows the brook upstream, crossing it several times. Through this area the route utilizes old logging-roads.

About one and a quarter miles from the first crossing of Wildcat Brook, you come to a considerable stream entering on the right, known as 'Bog Brook.' A mile farther on a trail enters on the right known as 'Perkins Notch Trail.' Another mile brings you to the point where the old and now abandoned trail from Jackson to Carter Notch enters on the left.

The distance from this point to the Notch is about one and a half miles and the grade in part is steep. In the last half-mile the trail climbs over the great dike of enormous boulders that fill the southern opening of the Notch, winding about among the moss-covered rocks in the midst of close-growing spruces and firs. Just beyond the summit of the dike the trail drops down for a few rods and soon comes out behind the stone hut belonging to the Appalachian Mountain Club. The distance from the end of the automobile road to the hut by this route is about four and a half miles.

The ascent of Carter Dome from the Notch may be accomplished in about an hour and a half. The distance is one and a half miles. The first part of the climb is very steep, but in the latter part the

grade grows gradually more and more moderate as you reach the upper part of the Dome.

You will find the beginning of the trail at the point already mentioned on the shore of the northerly lake. Almost immediately the trail takes a steep, upward pitch, winding about between trees and around and over rocks. About three quarters of an hour from the lake, when you have covered about two thirds of a mile, you will find a short trail leading to the right to Pulpit Rock, a spectacular, precipitous, and semi-detached part of the cliff. By those who are expert at such work it can be climbed, but unless you are sure-footed and strong you had better leave it alone. The rock is easily seen from the lakes and the hut. Indeed, it can be made out from a much greater distance. Beyond the branch to Pulpit Rock another short trail leads to the left to a spring.

The path now assumes a much easier grade, and in due course you emerge on the broad summit of the Dome. All about you on the broad mass of the Dome you will find the bleached skeletons of innumerable dead trees. The whole of the summit was formerly covered with a low-growing ever-green forest, but a great fire swept over it in 1903. Except for a few isolated patches of trees that were growing in such situation as to escape the flames, the forest was killed.

There is a lookout tower on the summit where a fire warden is stationed through the summer months, and near it is the warden's private shelter.

The most impressive part of the view from the summit of Carter Dome is the tremendous panorama of the Mount Washington Range, and, in particular, the prospect into three of the great glacial ravines that lead toward the summit of the mountain. From no other viewpoint can you gain a more comprehensive idea of the vast extent of these ravines. You are high up in the air, for the summit of the Dome is 4860 feet above sea-level. At the same time you are only about six miles in an air-line from the summit of Washington.

Just to the left of the peak of Washington is Tuckerman Ravine and just to the right is Huntington. The rock walls that look down on Tuckerman Ravine from north and south stand out in rugged grandeur. The precipice on the right is Lion Head. The crags on the left are the Hanging Cliffs of Boott Spur. The terrace in the upper end of the ravine, next to the head-wall, is the upper floor, over which the Tuckerman Ravine Path makes its way before climbing the head-wall. Huntington Ravine has still loftier walls. It is a gigantic bowl with sides of gray rock, smooth in some places, cracked and scarred and heaped with fragments in others.

Above Huntington and to the right of it, is the ridge up which the Carriage Road winds its way from the Glen House in the Pinkham Notch valley to the summit of Washington. To the right of this ridge you look into part of the Great Gulf, although the upper left-hand swing of that enormous ravine is hidden. The massive summit to the right of Washington is Mount Jefferson. Still farther to the right is the main peak of Adams, with its lesser peaks close by, and again to the right, but five hundred feet lower, is the conical summit of Madison.

East and northeast of Carter Dome is a broad, forested wilderness, the Wild River Valley. On the farther side of this valley and somewhat south of east, are the bare, white peaks of South Baldface and North Baldface. To the left of these are Meader and West Royce. The line between New Hampshire and Maine lies just beyond the summit of West Royce.

Directly south from the Dome you look down the valley of Wildcat Brook, with Black Mountain on the left. Close at hand and just across Carter Notch is the summit of Mount Wildcat, about four hundred feet lower than the Dome.

Northeast and north from where you stand stretches the Carter-Moriah Range. About a mile away to the northeast is the sharp summit of

Mount Hight. The mountain beyond that and somewhat to the left of it is Middle Carter.

You can return from Carter Dome to the Glen House without going back into Carter Notch over a route that is approximately the same length as the trail by way of the Notch, but avoids the rough and steep descent from the Dome to the lakes. To do this you start out on the Carter-Moriah Range Trail, going northeast in the direction of Mount Hight. After proceeding some distance, you come to a fork. The range trail here keeps to the right, going over the summit of Hight. You can follow this if you wish. Or you can avoid the climb over the summit by keeping to the left. After passing the summit these two trails unite.

A short distance beyond their junction a trail turns to the left, leaving the range trail and proceeding westerly in the direction of Nineteen-Mile Brook. Part of the way it descends somewhat steeply. After a time it comes out in logging-roads, crossing a stream and passing a lumber camp. It then again crosses the stream, regaining the north bank, and follows lumber roads down to the main trail, which is on the bank of Nineteen-Mile Brook. You are now on the path that you followed in going up to the Notch. You proceed along this trail for half a mile, arriving then at the place where you entered the Nineteen-Mile Brook

Path by the Glen House Path, and you follow the latter the remaining distance to the Glen House.

If you elect to climb Mount Wildcat instead of Carter Dome, you will find the beginning of the trail a few yards from the larger and northerly lake in the Notch. Leave the lake by the Nineteen-Mile Brook Path over which you came to the lake and proceed uphill a few rods until you reach the highest point on this trail. There you will find the trail for the summit of Wildcat branching to the left at a sign. The top of Wildcat is about one thousand feet higher than the lakes in Carter Notch. Since the trail from the lakes to the summit is only a mile long, the grade is very steep.

The summit of Wildcat is wooded and, therefore, does not give the breadth of panorama obtainable from Carter Dome. However, when you reach the top you will find a path branching to the right and leading to a rough tripod tower, from which you gain an inspiring view of the Mount Washington Range and especially of Tuckerman Ravine. There is, also, a branch path leading to the left a few yards, which gives a view in the opposite direction, including a look-off almost straight down into Carter Notch.

If you wish to follow a wilderness journey that is rough, but which affords from time to time unrivaled views of the Mount Washington Range, you

can take a trail that swings first south and then west over the Wildcat Ridge, emerging on the Pinkham Notch highway close to Glen Ellis Falls. The distance from the summit of Wildcat to the highway is four and three quarters miles. The time required is about four hours.

The beginning of this route will be found marked by a sign on the top of Wildcat. There are several lesser summits that the trail crosses on the way. At present these are known in order as 'B,' 'C,' 'D,' and 'E.' 'B' is small and wooded. The one beyond, named 'C,' is more open. Beyond 'C' the trail holds to a westerly direction through a considerable valley until it attains the summit known as 'D,' whence it is only a short distance to the eminence named 'E.' Now the trail descends over and around ledges and eventually reaches the Ellis River. There are boulders in the stream at this point by which the crossing may usually be made, but if the water is high the tramper should proceed upstream, away, from the direction of the falls, until a safe place can be found. If necessary you can go up as far as the place where the Ellis River flows under the highway and thus can gain the highway without crossing the stream. The distance from Glen Ellis Falls to the Glen House is approximately four miles.

CHAPTER VII

KING RAVINE AND MOUNT ADAMS

A moderate tramp, then a scramble over the floor of a glacial ravine followed by a steep climb. Spectacular scenery. Highway to foot of Ravine floor and return, 6 miles, 4 hours; to foot of head-wall and return, 7 miles, 6 hours; to top of head-wall, Madison Huts, and return by Air Line or Valley Way, $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours; to summit of Adams and return, $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point, the Ravine House, Randolph, 6 miles west of Gorham.

NORTH of the Mount Washington Range is a wide and deep valley. Out of it the Moose River flows to the east, emptying into the Androscoggin, and the Israel River flows to the west, bound for the Connecticut. Through the valley runs a highway, from Gorham on the east to Jefferson on the west, with branches that lead around to Twin Mountain and Bethlehem.

The mountains of the Presidential group that look down on this valley are known as the 'Northern Peaks.' They are the magnificent masses that you see as you stand on the summit of Washington and turn your eye toward the north and northeast. Madison, with its conical, even summit, begins the line of these peaks on the east. Adams, the highest mountain of all with the exception of Washington,



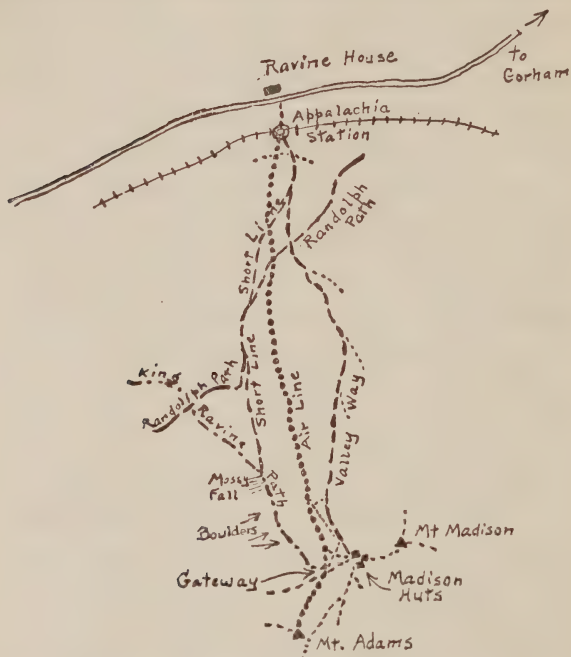
MOUNTS MADISON AND ADAMS FROM THE NORTH

comes next, uprearing its principal summit and its several lesser eminences. Jefferson is the third, lying to the southwest and therefore somewhat farther from the valley, although one of its long and spectacular spurs extends well to the northwest.

On the flanks and ridges of these three mountains and in their hollows and ravines are various trails and paths. This region is the tramping and climbing ground of the Randolph Mountain Club, many of whose members occupy summer homes on the slopes that lead down to Moose River from the north. A number of earnest mountain-climbers who have spent many summers in this region have occupied their time in trail-building. One of them, J. Rayner Edmands, was so interested in it that he employed men and devoted private funds to trail construction and to building shelters. The results of his public spirit constitute some of the most remarkable paths and most attractive shelters in the White Mountains. To-day the Randolph Mountain Club is equally zealous in maintaining the woodland trails and the splendid paths that penetrate the forests of these northern slopes and give access to the lofty peaks. There is no part of the White Mountain region in which the trapper and climber will find a more interesting and well-developed system of paths.

The principal climbing center for the valley,

and one of the principal centers of the White Mountains, is Randolph, six miles west of Gorham. There is a flag station known as 'Appalachia' on the branch railway line through the



valley. There are several hotels available. There is also a log cabin similar to the Pinkham Notch Camp where lodging may be had and where meals may be obtained. There are long, difficult, and

spectacular climbs for those who wish them. There are short journeys to lesser summits that are easily negotiated, yet afford magnificent mountain panoramas.

Straight into the heart of Mount Adams from the north extends a great ravine which, in ages long gone, was carved and gouged by a local glacier. Its name, King Ravine, was given to it in honor of the Reverend Thomas Starr King, who in 1857 led the first party to explore its depths. A little to the west of the Ravine House you can stand in the highway and look straight into this ravine. The summit of Adams rises over the head-wall of it. A long slope, Nowell Ridge, rock-strewn in its upper part, but forested in its lower reaches, borders the ravine on its right-hand margin. On the other side is Durand Ridge, its lofty skyline ascending straight toward Adams.

The rock cliffs that hem in the Ravine are gaunt, and in some places furrowed with slides. Toward its upper part the floor of the Ravine is an elevated plateau, made up of enormous boulders, piled helter skelter, one on top of another, three, four, or five layers deep. Out from beneath these boulders comes a stream, Cold Brook, which flows due north and empties into Moose River.

With a whole day ahead of you, there is a gorgeous trip available, utilizing a combination of

paths and trails, crossing from Randolph to the mouth of King Ravine, ascending along Cold Brook to the upper floor, crossing under and over the giant boulders that are scattered there, ascending the head-wall by an impressive trail, climbing to the summit of Adams, and returning to your starting-point by either one of two beautiful and interesting routes. If time is short or strength is not sufficient, you can end your journey at the floor of the Ravine, where you can enjoy the spectacle of its bare walls and its maze of boulders. If the final climb to the summit of Adams is not feasible, you can complete your circuit by way of a cross-over to the Madison Spring Huts, omitting the cone of the mountain.

The start of the route sounds somewhat complicated because it uses parts of three different trails or paths. But it will be found easy to follow and there will be no difficulty in making your way.

In front of the Ravine House in Randolph there is a wide meadow. Access to this is gained by crossing a bridge over Moose River. You then follow a path along the margin of this field and at the farther end you cross the railway at Appalachia Station. Just beyond the railway you enter the woods and immediately take up the Air Line Path which you will follow for about half a mile.

At the beginning of this, another well-marked

path, the Valley Way, branches to the left. A little farther along, the Air Line crosses a trail known as the 'Sylvan Way.' About half a mile from the railway you cross still another trail, the Beechwood Way. Just beyond this point a graded path, marked by a sign and known as the 'Short Line,' branches to the right. You now leave the Air Line and take the Short Line. It will be found well marked and easily followed.

At the end of a half-mile the Short Line enters the much-traveled and graded Randolph Path. For three eighths of a mile these two, the Short Line and the Randolph Path, are identical. Then the Short Line branches to the left from the Randolph Path. You are still to follow the Short Line, leaving the Randolph Path on your right.

The Short Line now attains the valley of Cold Brook, the stream that flows to the north out of King Ravine. The path heads south, upstream, practically within sound of the brook. At the end of a mile from the point where you left the Randolph Path, you arrive at a beautiful forest glen known as 'Mossy Fall.' At this place the so-called 'King Ravine Path,' which started from another part of the valley farther west than the place where you left it, joins the Short Line. You will now follow the King Ravine Path on up into the ravine.

In other words, what you have done is to utilize a certain sequence of paths as a means of crossing diagonally from the Ravine House to the regular King Ravine Path at the place where the latter reaches Mossy Fall. The distance from the Ravine House to Mossy Fall by this route is a little more than two miles and a half.

You are now fairly at the beginning of the real King Ravine. The way thus far has been over moderate grades. The rest of it to the top of the head-wall will be rugged. The stream at Mossy Fall offers you the last water that you can depend on in dry weather until you emerge over the head-wall of the Ravine and reach the Madison Spring Huts.

Starting up the King Ravine Path, you now climb steeply in the midst of moss-covered rocks and in the deep shade of evergreens. Mossy Fall is at an altitude of twenty-nine hundred and fifty feet above sea-level. The altitude at Appalachia Station is approximately thirteen hundred feet. Therefore, in coming two and a half miles you gained about sixteen hundred and fifty feet. In the next three hundred yards the path rises nearly six hundred feet, in order to attain the upper floor of the Ravine.

Once at the top of this stretch of stiff climbing, you can now look up, around, and about you. The

rock walls of the Ravine sweep down on either hand. To the left is the skyline known as the 'Knife Edge,' a part of Durand Ridge. To the right are the cliffs and rock-strewn slopes that lead to Nowell Ridge. In front of you is the head-wall. At your feet is the welter of giant boulders with which the floor of the Ravine is littered.

Where you now stand there was once a river of ice, many hundreds of feet deep. This ice plucked off sections of rock as big as houses from the ledges ahead and on either side. Some of the rocks loosed from the ledges remained in the Ravine. On top of these came others, pried loose by frost in later ages. The result is the confusion of boulders, over and around and under which the trail ahead of you makes its way.

The next half-mile is anything but dull. It is not dangerous, for the path has been worked out carefully. Nor is it excessively difficult. But in the matter of going over and under, around and through, into and out of narrow places and across the tops of boulders that are like the roof of a house, it is the last word. One must admit that there are spots where you can fall if you are bent on being reckless, but there is no risk that cannot honestly be avoided.

The party of explorers under the leadership of

Thomas Starr King that made the first journey through the Ravine and up the head-wall had a lively time of it. There was a dense, interwoven, evergreen wood then covering part of the floor as well as the slopes on either side. The men tried to traverse the floor, but had to give it up and take recourse to the slopes above. Even there they were compelled to fight a passage through, yard by yard. Their journey from the Moose River Valley to the top of the Ravine's head-wall required nine hours. Twenty years afterwards the first path was constructed from one end of the Ravine to the other. A short time later a forest fire swept the area and again rendered it almost impassable. But in the course of time the path was restored. Improved and cleared, it is the route followed to-day.

A part of the way along the floor of the Ravine there are two routes, either one of which you can follow. The more interesting dives under a succession of boulders, following winding passages before eventually coming out again into the open. The other route, which is a little the easier and the more quickly traversed, remains in the open. There is a sign where the two diverge. In one of the deep hollows made by the jumble of boulders ice that collects through the winter never entirely melts. You can find a small amount of it there even in the latter part of summer.

At the farther end of the Ravine's floor you begin to climb the head-wall, which here rises thirteen hundred feet to a point called the 'Gateway,' where you emerge. If, before ascending the head-wall, you had first looked down on it from above, you would have said that the ascent would be a radical undertaking. That it is a steep and steady climb there can be no question. There are plenty of loose rocks here and there that you should take care not to dislodge. There are sloping ledges where you must watch your footing, not because a slip would result in absolute danger to life, but because it would be uncomfortable and under some circumstances it might involve a certain amount of risk. But again, as with the trip among the boulders on the floor of the Ravine, it is not dangerous if you go with ordinary care. There are no vertical cliffs to cross and no places where one is likely to grow dizzy or lose one's footing. It is simply a steady and steep climb.

In ascending the head-wall you cover a distance of a little more than a quarter of a mile, measured on the level. In going that far you gain about the same amount of altitude. Therefore, the average grade is about forty-five degrees. This may not seem to indicate steep going, but as a matter of fact the ascent of many famous moun-

tains that are looked on as genuinely difficult involves an average grade no greater than this.

Where the path comes out on the rock slope that lies above the Gateway there is a junction of trails. The Air Line, which you followed for a time at the start, now comes in on the left. It has ascended to this point by way of the ridge that lies on the east side of the Ravine. Here also is the much-traveled Gulfside Trail, which on the right circles the Northern Peaks all the way to the summit of Washington and on the left drops down to the Madison Spring Huts, maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club.

If you are going on up to the summit of Adams, you will take the Air Line Path, turning to the right as you emerge from the Ravine. For a few rods the Air Line coincides with the Gulfside Trail. Then the Gulfside goes ahead toward the west, while the Air Line swings off gradually to the left, in a southwesterly direction. As it climbs toward the summit of Adams, you will see on the left a minor peak known as 'John Quincy Adams.' The route to the summit holds to a moderate, fairly steady grade, the path twisting about considerably because of the rocks that make up the cone of the mountain. The climb from the junction of the paths to the summit is somewhat less than eight hundred feet and the distance is a

little more than half a mile. The altitude of the summit is 5805 feet.

The view from the summit of Mount Adams is especially impressivetowardthesouthwestandsouth. From this mountain you look almost straight down into the Great Gulf. To your right and only a mile and a half away in an air line is the rugged peak of Mount Jefferson. Beyond and about three miles away is the low, broken eminence of Mount Clay. Straight across and almost due south, three miles and a half away, is the summit of Washington, with its great easterly ridge stretching across to the left in front of you. On this ridge you can see sections of the Carriage Road and over to the right a part of the Mount Washington Railroad.

If the weather is clear you can distinguish, just to the right of Washington, Tripyramid and Sandwich, which lie far to the south. To the right of these Carrigain stands out boldly. The crests of the Franconia Range are to the right of Jefferson. Liberty is the sharp peak at the left end of this range, Lincoln with its spire-like cone comes next in line, and Lafayette, the highest, stands at the right end of the range. Moosilauke, still farther away, is almost in line with Liberty. On the western horizon you may be able to differentiate the higher peaks in the Green Mountains of

Vermont, including Camel's Hump and Mansfield.

To the north, across the valley of the Moose River, is the Crescent Range. At the left are two conspicuous white cones, the Percy Peaks. Beyond the Crescent Mountains are other summits that lie near the Canadian line. Somewhat farther to the right you can readily see the Rangeley Lakes. The nearest one is Lake Umbagog. Beyond Umbagog rises Mount Aziscoö.

The rocky summit of Mount Madison is to the northeast and about a mile away. To the right of Madison and across the valley of the Peabody River is the Carter-Moriah Range, the dark masses of which fill the middle ground from north to south, beginning with Moriah on the left and including Imp, North Carter, South Carter, Middle Carter, Hight, and Carter Dome. At the right of the Dome is the well-marked cleft of Carter Notch, and to the right of the cleft is the ridge of Mount Wildcat. Through the Notch you can see, much farther away, the low, long mass of Mount Pleasant, in Maine.

In descending from the summit of Adams you will go first to the Madison Spring Huts and will take up the major part of the return journey at that point. Either one of two routes may be used from the top of the mountain to the Huts. You

can return by the Air Line Path to the junction near the Gateway and turn right on the Gulfside Trail, which leads down over ledges directly to the Huts. Or you can descend by way of Star Lake Trail. To return by the latter route you go south from the summit for a few yards, utilizing the beginning of the Adams Slide Trail. Then you turn to the left and follow a line of cairns over and around ledges and in the midst of tumbled rocks until you reach a nearly level hollow that lies almost south of the Huts. Here the Buttress Trail comes in from the right. You go straight ahead, pass Star Lake, where another path, coming from Madison Gulf, enters from the right, and a few yards beyond you come out at the Huts.

The Madison Huts are open for the accommodation of trampers throughout the summer season. There is a hut master in charge and there are comfortable overnight accommodations. Meals are served at regular hours, and some supplies are for sale. Within sight of the Huts there is a good spring.

There are two excellent routes, either one of which you can follow from the Huts back to the highway at the Ravine House, where you started. One of these descends along the skyline of Durand Ridge and affords magnificent views into and across King Ravine; the other enters at once the

low-growing forest below the Huts and descends the valley of Snyder Brook. The distance from the Huts to the Ravine House is about three and five eighths miles by either route.

If the weather is good, and if three hours of daylight remain, the route to choose is that along Durand Ridge. Within a short distance of the Huts you will find a path that leads through the scrub a quarter of a mile and emerges on the Air Line high up on the rocky wall overlooking King Ravine. Turn right at this point and follow the Air Line. For about half a mile you will now be descending along the very edge of the easterly rim of the great Ravine. This is the section known as the 'Knife Edge,' but the name should not be taken as indicating that the trail leads over a dangerously narrow backbone of rock. It is a backbone and it is fairly narrow in some places, but it is not dangerous in good weather. The slopes to the right toward Snyder Brook are for the most part gentle and wooded. Only the slope to the left into King Ravine is precipitous. Nevertheless, this part of the Air Line is impressive, the views are extraordinary, and the trail is one that you will not soon forget.

At the end of half a mile the Air Line enters forest. Before you reach this point you will find a sign where the Upper Bruin Path branches to

the right. You can go either way at this fork and in either event will emerge at Appalachia Station, opposite the Ravine House.

The fork to the left is a continuation of the Air Line. If you take this, you will very soon pass another trail coming in on your right from higher up in the valley of Snyder Brook. Half a mile farther along you cross a stream. The path now descends more steeply for about three quarters of a mile. You will then see a short path branching to the right to a spring. Continuing along the main path, at the end of another half-mile you will find your trail crossing the Randolph Path, which is a graded way leading from Randolph post-office over the ridges to the summit of Mount Jefferson. Keeping straight ahead on the Air Line you presently cross certain other paths and trails. The first of these is the upper branch of the Short Line. Beyond that you arrive at the spot where the lower branch of the Short Line leads off to the left. This is the place where you diverged for King Ravine as you began the day's trip, and from this point on out to the railway the route is the same as that which you followed at the beginning of the day. You cross the Beechwood Way and the Sylvan Way. After a time the Valley Way comes in on the right, in an opening near the railway. The Ravine House is straight across the field to the north.

If you diverge to the right at the fork when the Air Line first enters the woods, and take the Upper Bruin Path, you will find yourself in a little less than a quarter of a mile on the well-graded Valley Way. This also will take you to the Ravine House. The route by which it does so is given in the description of the Valley Way in the following paragraphs.

The beginning of the Valley Way at the Madison Spring Huts will be found near the Huts and is marked by a sign. Almost at once the path enters scrub trees and from that point on is well sheltered. There are various branches leading from it and several trails crossing it, but in no case should there be any difficulty in finding the right way.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the Madison Huts the Intermezzo branches to the left and crosses diagonally to the Air Line. Half a mile from the Huts the Upper Bruin Path, mentioned in the paragraphs describing the Air Line route, comes in from the left. A little beyond this point you will find water just to the left of the path. Three quarters of a mile below the Upper Bruin Path, the Watson Path from the summit of Madison comes in on the right. Still farther down, the Beechwood Way joins the path from the right, these two routes coinciding for a time. Below

this there is a log bridge by which you cross Snyder Brook. This bridge is really utilized by three different paths. The Randolph Path crosses the brook here, and the Beechwood Way, being identical with the Valley Way along this stretch, uses the same bridge. Beyond the bridge the Beechwood Way leaves you, branching to the left. Still farther down, the Short Line branches to the left, and still farther along, the Sylvan Way is crossed. Not far beyond this, the Valley Way unites with the Air Line in the opening adjacent to Appalachia Station. Across the tracks and the field beyond is the Ravine House.

CHAPTER VIII

PINE MOUNTAIN

A short, easy trip to a low summit that commands far-reaching views up four river valleys. From end of road to summit and return, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. From Gorham direct to summit and return, 4 miles, 3 hours. Starting-point Mount Madison Mineral Spring, 4 miles west of Gorham; or Gorham village.

AT Gorham four wide-sweeping river valleys open to the four points of the compass. The Moose River comes in from the west. The Peabody enters from the south. The Androscoggin comes down from the north, makes a right-angled turn in the village, and flows on to the east.

About two miles from Gorham, in the angle formed by Moose River and Peabody River, stands Pine Mountain. From its summit your eye commands a beautiful vista into the four great valleys and a remarkable panorama of splendid mountain ranges. The altitude of the mountain above sea-level is only 2440 feet, and its height above Gorham is only 1600 feet. It can be climbed comfortably in an hour to an hour and a half. But it offers a view that is worth many times the effort required to reach its top.

Pine Mountain may be considered the final

summit of the Mount Washington group toward the northeast, although it does not equal the other Northern Peaks in height. Its nearest neighbor in the Presidential group is Mount Madison, which rises to an altitude of 5380 feet above sea-level. It is not closely united to the Presidential Range, for the distance in an air line from the summit of Madison to the summit of Pine is more than four miles, whereas the distance from Madison to Adams, the next one to the southwest, is only a mile. But there is no deep valley between Madison and Pine, such as the valleys that lie on the remaining sides of Pine. Thus it appears as an outpost of the Mount Washington Range.

The name 'Pine Mountain' was bestowed on this summit because of the great forests that once covered, not only its slopes, but the tableland of its top. The whole mass of the mountain occupies above seven or eight square miles. This entire area was once heavily wooded. Then came the lumberman and in his wake came forest fires. The fires laid the mountain waste, destroying the trees and even burning away much of the soil on the tableland summit. They destroyed the mountain's woodland beauty, but they left its top so open that you can see in every direction, and thus they made of it a magnificent viewpoint.

There are three trails to the summit. Of these the one that is shortest and occupies the least time, if a conveyance is available to take you to a point near its beginning, is that which starts from a station known as 'Mount Madison Springs' on the Boston and Maine Railroad. An automobile can be driven to a point at the top of the river-bank a few rods from the station. To do this you take the highway west from Gorham in the direction of Randolph, and after proceeding about three miles you turn to the left on a private road where there is a sign 'Mount Madison Mineral Spring.' The private road is followed a distance of a little more than a mile, until the road reaches a crest of the bank above Moose River. The car should be left here. Proceeding afoot down the bank, you arrive at the river and cross it to its northeast bank by means of the railway bridge. At the farther end of the bridge and on the right of the track will be found the beginning of the trail.

From this point to the summit of the mountain is about one mile and the climb is approximately thirteen hundred feet. The trail is easily followed and is not steep. On the left, about half way up, there is a spring. As you near the top, you will find a branch trail marked by a sign leading to the right, to the top of bold ledges. The distance

is only a few yards and the viewpoint is worth visiting. You can return from these ledges to the trail by the way you came or you can cut across diagonally toward the south summit which is in plain sight.

This summit is not the highest one on the mountain. Proceeding northeasterly from this point, you attain another rock knoll that is a little higher. The distance to this is less than half a mile.

A second trail to the top of Pine Mountain starts from the railway about half a mile from the point where the first trail begins. You cross the bridge at Mount Madison Springs Station as before, but, instead of proceeding immediately up the slope, you continue along the track for about ten minutes. A trail will then be found leading to the right near a small cascade. This path is a little longer than the one first described and comes out on the top of the mountain at the northerly summit already mentioned. As it nears the top it passes a cabin occupied by the fire warden. Near the cabin there is a spring. Of the two trails that have been described, the second one is the more interesting because of the woods through which it passes. Its disadvantage is the extra half-mile along the railway track.

A third trail leads directly from Gorham to the

top of the mountain. It begins at Church Street, proceeds through pastures, where it is marked by occasional cairns, enters a wood road and follows that for a time, then branches off south from this road, and from this point on is a blazed trail. The place where it branches from the wood road is about one mile from Gorham. The trail now proceeds through hardwood forest in a southerly and southwesterly direction and at the end of another mile emerges on the north summit of the mountain. The total distance is about two miles and the time required is about an hour and a half.

On the summit of the mountain there are two wooden towers. One of these is on the south knob, and the other on the higher, northerly eminence. Either one is easily climbed by a wooden ladder fastened to its side. It is not necessary, however, to climb either tower in order to enjoy a wide-flung and beautiful panorama.

To the southwest the bulk of Madison is upreared. From the summit of Madison, Howker Ridge and Durand Ridge extend toward the right, while Osgood Ridge sweeps down to the left toward the Peabody River. Adams and Jefferson are hidden behind Madison, but just to the left of Madison the summit of Washington is visible. To the left of Washington and almost directly



A SUNSET FROM THE SUMMIT OF PINE MOUNTAIN

south from Pine is the valley of the Peabody River. On the left of that valley in the distance is Mount Wilcat. Then comes the clean cleft of Carter Notch with Wilcat and Carter Dome outlining its margins on right and left. From Carter Dome the Carter-Moriah Range sweeps to the north over a series of summits ending in Mount Moriah, a little south of Gorham.

The valley of the Androscoggin then opens out toward the east, long stretches of the river shining in the light. North of this are the mountains that lie back of Gorham, with Mount Hayes nearest to the village. To the left of Mount Hayes you see that part of the Androscoggin which comes down from the north. West of this part of the river is the Crescent Range. These mountains in turn drop away on the left to the valley of the Moose River, up which your eye commands summits many miles distant. On the left of Moose River begin the slopes leading up to the near-by bulk of Mount Madison.

Ages ago the mass of rock that is now Pine Mountain stood in the path of great rivers of ice. This overlying ice, hundreds or even thousands of feet thick, left its unmistakable marks on the bedrock of the mountain. In the slow course of time the bedrock was overlaid with soil, but the soil, in its turn, is now burned away by forest

fires and washed away by storms, and the gouging and scoring that was done by the ice is easily seen. You will find the evidence of its work everywhere on the summit of the mountain. Here and there, also, you will find stray boulders that were carried by the ice from other areas and were dropped on the mountain's top.

CHAPTER IX

MOUNT JEFFERSON AND THE RIDGE OF THE CASTLES

A stiff climb and long round trip, but remarkable and beautiful.

Highway to top of Castellated Ridge, thence Cornice Trail to Jefferson Col, and return, $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 8 hours; to summit of Jefferson and return, $10\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 9 hours. Starting-point, Bowman Station, 3 miles west of the Ravine House in Randolph.

ONE of the most impressive and interesting peaks in the Mount Washington Range is Jefferson, a splendid, massive, and rugged mountain, whose summit is thrust far above timber-line, penetrating the real Alpine region. The mountain ranks third in altitude among the Presidentials. The height of Washington is 6290 feet, that of Adams 5809, and that of Jefferson 5725.

Although a little farther from any principal highway than is either Washington or Adams, Jefferson is not difficult to reach. From the State automobile road in Pinkham Notch to Washington is a little less than four miles by the most direct trail. From the highway in the Moose River Valley to Adams by the Air Line route is about the same distance. From the same road to Jefferson by the nearest route is about five miles.

The mountain is not so often climbed as is Washington or Adams. The extra mile of distance to its summit may be one reason for this. The fact that there is no hotel on Jefferson as on Washington, nor any hut near by, as with Adams, is no doubt another reason. Nevertheless, Jefferson is highly worth while and is ample reward for the journey that is necessary to reach it. And the climb to its summit by way of the route here described is both interesting and beautiful.

If the climber comes by automobile to the beginning of the trail, and if, while he is climbing he can have the car driven a distance of about eight miles to a point on another and less traveled road on the west side of the mountain, the return journey from the summit of Jefferson can be cut to two miles and a half, making a round trip of less than eight miles. Or, in lieu of this plan, the climber can ascend only as far as the foot of the final cone of the mountain, including in his trip the picturesque climb over the Ridge of the Castles, can then cut across by a trail known as 'The Cornice' and can return to the starting-point by the interesting route down Israel Ridge. This plan will save seven hundred feet of climbing and nearly a mile of distance.



Whatever plan is chosen for the return journey, the start of the trip will be made from Bowman Station, on the branch line of the Boston & Maine Railroad that follows the valleys of the

Israel and the Moose Rivers, north of the Presidentials. Across from Bowman there is a wide field, along one side of which a spur of the railroad track is extended in the form of a Y. You will follow this Y to its end, a few hundred yards from the station. The path begins here and goes straight ahead into the woods, utilizing at first the graded way of a former lumber railroad which has long been abandoned. There is no sign at the beginning of this path. But a little farther along, signboards will be found at various junctions and forks. By these you will see that you are following what is known as the 'Castle Path.'

The path crosses Israel River, which is here a considerable stream, by way of a log footbridge. About thirty minutes from the time that you leave Bowman Station, you arrive at the point where a Forest Service trail comes in at the right from Jefferson Notch. A few yards beyond this junction, a similar trail leaves on the left, bound for Cold Brook, the stream draining King Ravine. These two paths are a part of a Forest Service route which crosses the lower slopes, neither ascending nor descending. Their purpose is essentially that of fire protection, permitting the rangers to cross rapidly from one section of the forest to another. The path toward Jefferson

Notch gives access to the Forest Service Ranger Station on the south branch of Israel River.

Soon you will find a sign that bears a combination of legends and tells you that the path you are here following can be utilized for reaching not only the Ridge of the Castles, but Israel Ridge, the Cascade Ravine, and the Perch Camp. You now cross Israel River at a point where big rocks and logs happen to be available. On the other side you proceed upstream close to the water and in about ten minutes you come to a fork in the path. Here the route to Israel Ridge branches to the left, while that to the Ridge of the Castles keeps to the right. You will take the right-hand path.

The lay of the country ahead of you is as follows: Just above this place the two principal forks of Israel River, coming down from the mountain, unite. The fork to the right as you look up toward the mountain is the Castle Brook. That to the left is the Cascade Brook. Castle Brook descends from a great, bowl-shaped, and rugged valley known as the 'Ravine of the Castles.' On the right of this valley is the Ridge of the Castles. Cascade Brook — the one to the left — descends from a valley known as the 'Ravine of the Cascades.' On the left of this latter ravine is Nowell Ridge. Between the Ravine of the Castles and the Ravine of the Cascades ex-

tends Israel Ridge, formerly known as 'Emerald Tongue.' This ridge comes to an end at the place where the two brooks unite to form Israel River.

The route that you will follow will soon turn to the right, ascend the Ridge of the Castles, and climb that ridge toward Jefferson. After you are up on the mountain, you will swing to the left around the head of the Ravine of the Castles. On the return trip you will descend Israel Ridge and then drop down into the lower part of the Ravine of the Cascades not far above the forks of the river. Then you will emerge eventually on the path that you took from Bowman Station to the fork.

Proceeding now along the right-hand path at the fork in the trail, and leaving on your left the path marked 'Israel Ridge,' you again cross the stream. An old bridge that dates from the days of lumbering is utilized for this crossing. It is none too secure, but is passable. In a few rods a trail bound for Cascade Ravine and Cascade Camp leaves on the left. Continuing along the Castle Path you cross again to the left-hand or east bank of Castle Brook by way of another tumble-down log bridge, pass another trail that leads left to Cascade Camp, and once more cross to the west or right-hand bank by way of still another bridge dating from logging-days. About five minutes

beyond this point you will leave the valley of the brook and begin a steep ascent of the Ridge of the Castles to the right, deserting on the left a trail that continues near the brook and heads toward the Ravine of the Castles. Almost all of your journey to this point has been by way of old logging-roads. Now you will be traversing relatively narrow paths.

As soon as you leave the stream you find yourself on a steep up-grade. Within a few minutes you climb out of the great lumbered area that you have been traversing and enter a region of splendid spruces. The trail here is steep, but it is beautiful and satisfying. About halfway up this slope you will find water close to the path.

After a steady climb your trail comes out on top of the Ridge and turns somewhat to the left so as to follow the crest of the spur in the direction of Mount Jefferson. The grade is now moderate and the path is one of appealing woodland charm. After a time you cross a short strip of logged area, now grown up to saplings. Then you begin to climb steeply the first rugged hump of the Castellated Ridge, here covered with evergreen woods. The path winds in and out among ledges and suddenly emerges on the crest of the first Castle.

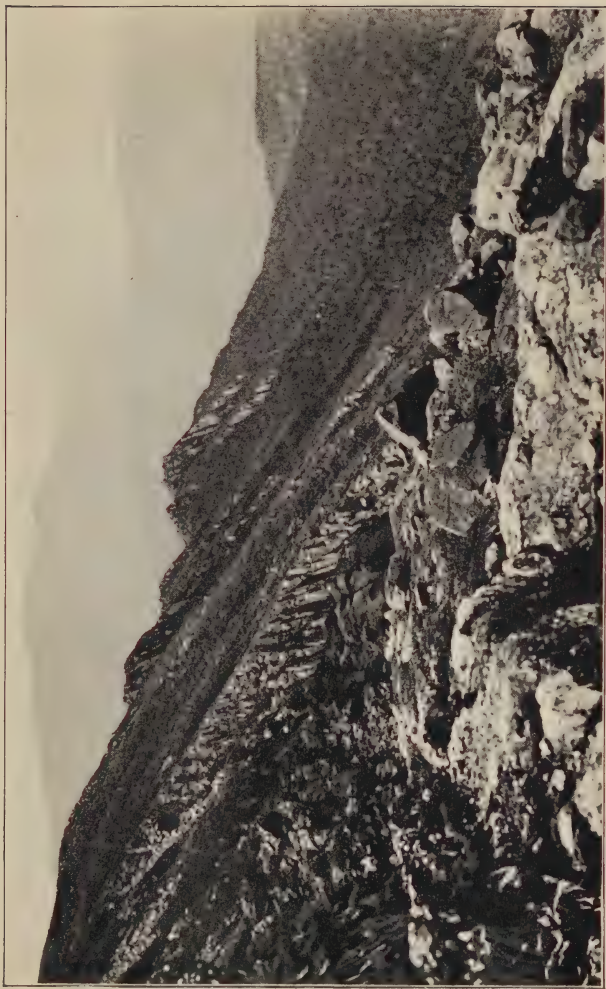
There is now spread about you a broad panorama. Below you is the wild and rugged Ravine

of the Castles. Ahead of you and higher up is the next rocky spire of the Ridge. To the south is the Ridge of the Caps, another serrated spur, beginning at the summit of Jefferson and extending westerly toward Jefferson Notch.

For the next quarter of a mile the path ascends a succession of crags big and little. Three prominent rocky pinnacles stand out boldly, and are known as the 'Castles.' Some of this climbing is steep, and all of it is in the open, affording magnificent views. The path does not go over the top of every lesser crag, but it gives access to the principal ones and essentially it holds to the crest of the Ridge. If a very strong wind is blowing, or if the weather is foggy or threatening, it is unwise to continue the ascent by this path. In fair weather the trip is one of the best in the mountains and is in no sense dangerous.

As you proceed, you will see ahead of you and somewhat to the right the bare rock cone of Jefferson. To the left the crags drop away steeply and in some places vertically to the Ravine of the Castles, a wild and impressive place. Across the Ravine is Israel Ridge. Beyond that spur, and hidden by it, is the Ravine of the Cascades. Then comes the high and sweeping Nowell Ridge.

After you have climbed over the last of the Castles, the ridge that you are ascending broadens



THE RIDGE OF THE CASTLES FROM JEFFERSON COL

out. At some places there are areas of moderate grade where grass grows in the hollows. At other places there are wide stretches of roughly piled rock, across which the path is marked by occasional cairns.

Presently you will surmount a considerable rocky hummock and will descend a few yards on the other side. There you will find a sign marking a trail leading to the left, known as 'The Cornice.' If the time available is not sufficient to permit you to go on up to the top of Jefferson, you may turn to the left along this trail and thus cut across to the Randolph Path, which is the trail that will be followed for a time in descending from the mountain. This will save about seven hundred feet of climbing and probably an hour and a half of time. If you propose to go on up to the summit of Jefferson, you should have ahead of you not less than four hours of daylight and preferably five, in order to make the trip comfortably and to reach Bowman Station before dark.

Proceeding now toward the summit of Jefferson, you will find the path following a moderate grade the rest of the distance, winding about among the rocks. A line of cairns marks the route. The top of the mountain rises in two rocky hummocks, each of approximately the same altitude. Between these two hummocks a trail comes in on the left

known as the 'Jefferson Loop.' Close to the westerly knob the path that descends by the Ridge of the Caps leaves to the right. Near by, also, the Six Husbands Trail leaves the cone of the mountain and heads easterly in the direction of the Great Gulf. Another section of the Jefferson Loop descends the cone to the south toward Mount Washington.

A bare, high ridge extends easterly from the foot of the cone of the mountain, thrusting its bulk out into the depths of the Great Gulf. The Six Husbands Trail traverses this ridge and clambers down over the farther end of it. To the right of this out-thrust is the upper end of the Gulf, a steep-walled bowl, its sides furrowed with slides. Over this bowl, two miles and a half away in an air line, is the summit of Washington. Between Jefferson and Washington you will see the low summits of Mount Clay. On Washington you will readily distinguish a part of the railway that leads westerly from the summit and sections of the Carriage Road that lead to the northeast.

Just to the right of Washington your eye commands the succession of peaks that make up the great southwest ridge of the mountain. The precipitous summit nearest to Washington is Monroe. Beyond it is the low eminence of Franklin and beyond that the rounded dome of Mount Pleasant.

Between Monroe and Washington, if the air is clear enough, you can see the Ossipee Mountains near Lake Winnepesaukee and a part of the Sandwich Range. To the left are Pleasant, Jackson, and Webster near the Crawford Notch, and to the right, still farther away, the high mass of Carrigain.

Southwest from Jefferson you can see clearly the hotels and villages adjacent to Fabyans and Bretton Woods. To the left of these and much farther away are the peaks of the Franconia Mountains, the highest of which, Lafayette, is to the right, succeeded by Lincoln, Liberty, and Flume. Over Liberty you will see the broad mass of Moosilauke. Straight west from Jefferson, if the air is exceptionally clear, you can distinguish Camel's Hump in the Green Mountains and somewhat to the right of that Mount Mansfield. North of west you look into the valley of Israel River, with Mount Starr King on the right, and much farther away the mountains near Lake Memphremagog. Jefferson village is on the slope leading up toward Starr King. Slightly to the right are the mountains of the Pilot Range, while north from Jefferson are the Crescent Mountains.

Mount Adams, northeast from Jefferson, is distant a little more than a mile and a half in an air line. Madison is just beyond Adams and is

hidden by the latter. To the east over the Great Gulf are the Carter-Moriahs, stretching across the view from left to right, beginning a few miles southeast of Gorham and extending well to the south as far as Carter Notch. Over these are other ranges and summits along the border between New Hampshire and Maine.

Leading toward the west from the summit of Jefferson is the trail over the Ridge of the Caps, emerging in the Jefferson Notch road. The distance from the top of the mountain to the road is two miles and a half. The total descent is somewhat less than three thousand feet, for the Jefferson Notch road at the point where the trail emerges on it is in the high crest of the Notch. If you have made arrangements to have a car meet you in the Notch, you will proceed directly west from the summit of the mountain, following a line of cairns. For three quarters of a mile the trail is in the open, crossing the rugged ledges that give this spur its name. Then it enters forest and remains in the woods from that point to its terminus. The highway at the place where the trail emerges is comparatively level. In either direction from this point the road drops away at a considerable grade.

The Jefferson Notch road is narrow and is not a main thoroughfare, but is considered passable for motor-cars. The beginning of this road at the

northern end will be found half a mile east of Boy Mountain Station on the road between Gorham and Cherry Mountain. The other end of the road begins at the Crawford House, just northwest of the gateway of the Crawford Notch. This southernly section may be reached also from Bretton Woods by taking a road that passes the Mount Washington Hotel and leads to the base station of the Mount Washington Railway. Before reaching the base station, this road from Bretton Woods crosses the Jefferson Notch road. At this crossing you will turn left.

Assuming now that you are planning the day's trip so as to return to Bowman Station, where you began the climb, you will leave the summit of the mountain by the Jefferson Loop, which goes north toward Edmands Col, the depression between Jefferson and Adams. After descending part way, the Loop unites with a graded and much-traveled path known as the 'Gulfside Trail.' A few minutes farther along, you arrive at Edmands Col. Here you will see several signboards. One of these indicates a short path that leads in a few yards to the Gulfside Spring. Adjacent to this is an old lean-to, now no longer serviceable. You will find also a sign indicating the Randolph Path, which forks to the left from the Gulfside Trail and swings gradually around toward the slopes leading to the

left from Mount Adams. The route you will follow begins its descent by way of a section of the Randolph Path. It is well graded and unmistakable.

As you proceed, you will see the Cornice Trail entering the Randolph Path from the left. Close by there is another trail that branches to the left and descends into the Ravine of the Castles. In about three quarters of a mile you will arrive at the fork where the Israel Ridge Path leaves the Randolph Path on the left. You will turn left at this point. The path down Israel Ridge is one of the graded ways that was built by J. Raynor Edmands and is a remarkable piece of trail-building. It was constructed in 1892, but improvements have been made from time to time since then.

Soon after entering the Israel Ridge Path, you begin to descend into a scrub forest. The way is clearly cut out and is unmistakable. As you proceed, you find that the trees on either side stand higher and higher until presently you are in substantial woods. In case of stormy weather, this path affords protection and safe going within half an hour after leaving Edmands Col.

In about half a mile you will find a path leading sharply to the right. This gives access to a shelter that was built by Mr. Edmands, and is called 'The Perch.' The shelter is unique, both in design and

in the utilization of woodland materials. It is distant less than a quarter of a mile, and if time allows you will enjoy a visit to it. The shelter is open to the public and is maintained by the Randolph Mountain Club.

Continuing along the Israel Ridge Path you will find your route zigzagging down a steep slope, along mossy ledges and in the midst of interesting forest. This part of the path follows a westerly direction. Then it makes a turn and proceeds northwesterly for about a mile, gradually descending the slopes of the ridge. At the end of this stretch the path again winds about, west, northeast, and then north, and crosses Cascade Brook by a log footbridge. Just below this bridge the brook tumbles over a long, steep ledge. A little below the ledge and hidden in the trees is Cascade Camp, another shelter built by Mr. Edmands and now open to the public.

Like the Perch, Cascade Camp is worth a visit if time allows. It can be reached easily by either one of two trails from the Israel Ridge Path. Just before you reach the log footbridge, you will find a trail branching to the left and descending the slope on the nearer side of the brook. In a few rods this trail leads to the camp. At the camp a sign will be found indicating a trail that crosses the brook and, a short distance on the other side,

emerges on the Israel Ridge Path. The other way of reaching the camp is to cross the footbridge and continue along the Israel Ridge Path and down the slope until reaching a junction of trails marked by signs. Here you can leave the Israel Ridge Path and follow a trail to Cascade Camp, returning by the same trail.

The camp itself is constructed in such fashion that a fire built against the cliff in front of it serves to warm and light a fan-shaped shelter big enough to accomodate a considerable number of people. The fireplace is protected by an overhanging part of the shelter's roof. Although a good many years have elapsed since the camp was built, it was so carefully designed and constructed that it has outlasted other shelters less skillfully planned. It is maintained and kept in repair by the Randolph Mountain Club.

Below the junction where the trail leads to Cascade Camp, the Israel Ridge Path follows open going, descending a moderate grade. At the end of a little more than half a mile it unites with the path from the Ridge of the Castles. From this point out to the highway, a distance of a little more than a mile and a half, the route followed is the same as that by which you started the climb from Bowman Station. After proceeding a short distance, you cross Israel River by way of the

boulders and the chance logs that you utilized on the way in. Just beyond this crossing the Forest Service Trail to Cold Brook will be found branching to the right and in a few yards the trail to Jefferson Notch branches to the left. A little farther along, the path crosses Israel River on a log footbridge and in a few minutes emerges on the railway Y which leads out to Bowman Station.

CHAPTER X

THE CRAWFORD PATH AND MOUNT WASHINGTON

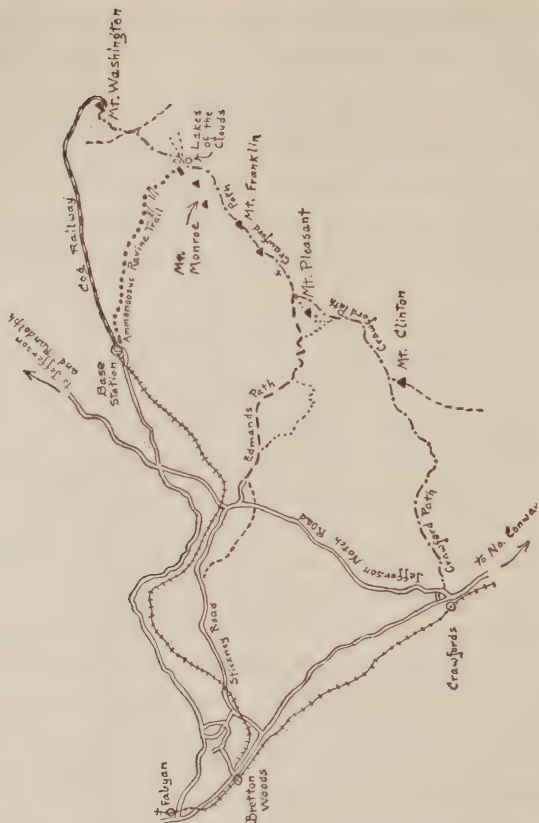
The most famous tramp in the White Mountains, over a long skyline trail, past the Lakes of the Clouds to the summit of Washington. Largely moderate grades, but much rock-traveling. Various combinations of route possible. Crawford to Clinton and return, 6 miles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; to Col beyond Pleasant and descend to Notch road by Edmands Path, $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles, 5 hours; to Lakes of the Clouds and descend to Base Station by Ammonoosuc Ravine, 10 miles, 7 hours. Edmands Path to Crawford Path, thence to summit of Washington and return, $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours; return by Ammonoosuc Ravine to Base Station, $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point near Crawford House or on road from Bretton Woods to base of mountain.

As you look at the Mount Washington Range from a point on the west such as Bretton Woods, you perceive that a great ridge sweeps across your line of vision beginning at Crawford Notch to the southeast and rising to the summit cone of Mount Washington. The crest of this ridge is thrust aloft in a series of peaks. One of these, Mount Pleasant, stands out impressively. Others, such as Monroe, although really rugged and even Alpine in character, are dwarfed by the great mass of the ridge from which they rise and by the bulk of Mount Washington itself, not far away. These summits

constitute the group known as the 'Southern Peaks' of the Mount Washington Range, although they include by no means all of the mountains that lie to the south of Mount Washington and are within the group that it dominates. Over and along this series of peaks runs a trail that follows roughly the route of the oldest and most famous path in the White Mountains, the Crawford Bridle Path.

The route of the Crawford Path is practically the skyline of the great ridge. It ascends the slopes that rise toward Clinton from the right, cuts across just below the summit of Clinton, swings along the ridge toward Pleasant, crosses behind the rounded dome of that mountain, traverses the inconspicuous summits of Franklin, passes behind the ragged peak of Monroe, then climbs directly up the cone of Washington.

The beginning of the Crawford Path is adjacent to the Crawford House, not far from the gateway of the Notch. The distance from that point to the summit of Mount Washington by this route is eight and a half miles. A tramper can make the journey and return in a day. It is manifestly a long trip, but it is one of the most magnificent and inspiring in the White Mountains. More than ten miles of the round trip of seventeen miles lie above timber-line.



There are ways in which the trip can be shortened, either by choosing another point for the starting-place as well as the return, or by descend-

ing from Washington by a shorter route and using a conveyance back to the starting-point. These savings are accomplished by means of two other trails that ascend the slopes and connect with the Crawford Path on the skyline.

The first of these links is the Edmands Path. As you look toward the Southern Peaks from the west, you will easily distinguish the rounded dome of Mount Pleasant which stands out prominently about midway in the length of the ridge. The Edmands Path ascends the slopes of Pleasant and joins the Crawford Path just to the left of the mountain's summit. By using this path in combination with the Crawford Path, you can cut down the round trip to the top of Washington and return by nearly five miles.

The second connecting link is the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, which climbs steeply along the upper course of the Ammonoosuc River and joins the Crawford Path at the Lakes of the Clouds Hut in the depression between Monroe and the cone of Washington. Granted that you have climbed Washington by way of the Crawford Path, when you come down from the cone you can regain the valley by diverging at the Lakes of the Clouds Hut and descending along the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. If you have made your start at the Crawford House, covering the full length of Craw-

ford Bridle Path, and descend by this short cut, your total round trip journey will be thirteen miles. If you start your day's trip by way of the Edmands Path, traversing only that part of the Crawford Path between Pleasant and Washington, and descend by the cutoff mentioned, your round trip will be reduced to ten and three quarters miles.

When you reach the lower end of the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, you will need to have some conveyance to take you back to your starting-point or you will have to tramp back along the road. The distance by road from the lower end of this trail to the beginning of the Crawford Path is about six miles. The distance to the beginning of the Edmands Trail is about three miles.

More than one hundred years have elapsed since the lower end of the Crawford Bridle Path was cut through the wilderness. Two men, Ethan Allen Crawford and his father Abel Crawford, laid out and cleared the path. Their purpose was to open a horseback route that would give access to the long ridge above timber-line and thus to the summit of Washington. From the valley to the bare rocks of the ridge was dense forest. Once on the ridge the going would be open and unobstructed, except for the difficulties of ledges and loose rocks. This open, barren skyline begins at Mount Clinton. The route chosen by the Crawfords, therefore, was

that which would lead in the direction of the summit of Clinton and thus connect with the skyline most directly.

Presently the trail up Clinton was sufficiently cleared and graded to permit its use as a bridle path. From time to time, also, grading was done on that part of the route that lay along the skyline between Clinton and Washington. In some stretches only moderate improvements were required to render the path usable for a journey in the saddle. In other sections a great deal of labor was necessary before a horse could be taken through. Stones big and little had to be moved. Routes had to be worked out across gullies and around ledges. When the final cone of Washington was reached, the difficulties were multiplied. The whole cone, rising more than a thousand feet in altitude above the gently sloping ridge, is covered with a mass of angular rocks. Up through these the trail was built, zigzagging to make possible a sufficiently moderate grade.

All of this required years of effort. For a period the visitor to the mountains who wished to be guided to Washington's summit could be taken on horseback only as far as the southwesterly end of the ridge and must do the remaining five miles to the summit afoot. Later there came a time when horses could be used to the foot of the cone. At

last the cone itself was conquered, and horses were ridden all the way from the beginning of the trail, near the Crawford Notch, to the very top of the mountain. A stone corral, the walls of which are still standing, was built just west of the highest point of the summit. Into that the Bridle Path led. Through it to-day the footpath proceeds as it nears the mountain's top.

The beginning of the Crawford Path will readily be found directly across the State road from the Crawford House. It is marked by a sign. In a few yards the path crosses the road to Jefferson Notch, which is less traveled and which here winds about through the woods. The path now draws near to the south bank of a stream known as 'Gibbs Brook,' and proceeds in an easterly direction not far from the brook for the next mile and a half. All of this is in woods and over moderately ascending slopes. After a time the path leaves the neighborhood of the brook, climbs somewhat more steeply, and then again runs roughly parallel to the brook, but much farther away from it.

At the end of two miles you arrive at a branch trail leading off to the right. This is the route to Mizpah Spring Shelter, an open front, log lean-to about three quarters of a mile distant from the Crawford Path and beautifully placed at the edge of a splendid forest. Where the branch trail di-

verges, the Crawford Path proceeds along moderate grades for a few minutes, but soon swings somewhat to the right and begins to climb more rapidly. It is now headed toward the summit of Mount Clinton. Presently it bends somewhat to the left, avoiding the highest part of Clinton and reaching the skyline of the ridge a little to the left of the peak. Here a trail comes in from the right. This trail is the northerly end of a route that climbs the skyline of Mount Webster, crosses over the summit of Mount Jackson, which rises northwest of Webster, goes straight north past Mizpah Spring Shelter to the top of Clinton, and then drops down a few rods to join the Crawford Path.

If the weather is threatening, or if members of the party wish to forego the long journey to the summit of Washington, you can turn to the right at the junction where the trail comes in from Clinton and by following that trail a few rods you will attain the summit. It offers a splendid panorama which is easily worth the trip to this point, even though the rest of the journey to the summit of Washington be not undertaken.

The altitude of Clinton is 4275 feet above sea-level. It is, therefore, somewhat more than two thousand feet higher than the gateway of Crawford Notch. Almost directly south, and distant about a mile and three quarters, is Mount Jackson,

which has an altitude of 4010 feet. To the right of Jackson is the highest point of Mount Webster with an altitude of 3875 feet.

Turning now and looking in the other direction along the ascending ridge that culminates in Mount Washington, you will see, to the northeast and only a little more than a mile away, the massive, rounded dome of Mount Pleasant. Rising above the right-hand slope of Pleasant is the summit cone of Washington. To the left of Washington the low summits of Clay can be seen, and again, to the left of these, is the peak of Mount Jefferson, which is third in altitude among the White Mountains. To the right, below Mount Pleasant, the slopes drop away sharply into Oakes Gulf, which extends well up toward the cone of Washington. Across Oakes Gulf is the long Montalban Ridge, which descends from Boott Spur, the rugged and high ridge that extends to the right from Washington. The Montalban Ridge is the route by which another famous old bridle trail, the Davis Path, ascended Washington. There is now a foot-path the length of this ridge, beginning at Bemis in the valley of the Saco River and climbing over Mount Crawford, the peak with a sharp summit to the southeast from Clinton, flanking the broad summit of Resolution, climbing over Giant Stairs, and following the skyline over the low and grad-

ually ascending masses of Mounts Davis and Isolation to emerge on Boott Spur and thence to climb the cone of Washington.

Over the upper part of the Montalban Ridge you can see Wildcat and Carter Dome, nearly ten miles away. To the southeast the cone of Kearsarge is visible. To the right is Moat Mountain which lies across from North Conway. Still farther to the right and more distant is Chocorua. To the right of that bare summit other mountains of the Sandwich Range can be distinguished.

Turning now south of southwest, you will see the bulk of Carrigain, approximately ten miles away. Directly southwest and four miles distant is Mount Willey. Just to the right of Willey is Mount Field, and again an equal distance to the right is Mount Tom. In line with the valley between Field and Tom, you can see Mount Lincoln of the Franconia Range, and adjoining it on the right Mount Lafayette.

Returning now to the Crawford Path, you will find the trail leading northeast for half a mile, keeping on the crest of the ridge, then swinging to the north, straight toward the dome of Mount Pleasant. There is a considerable ascent as the path draws nearer to Pleasant. When it reaches a point less than half a mile from the summit, a branch trail will be found diverging to the left,

known as the 'Mount Pleasant Loop.' This branch goes over the top of the mountain. The main trail keeps to the right, somewhat below the summit.

If there is any probability of unfavorable weather, the route over the top should not be taken. If the day is fine and if time and energy permit, the easy climb over the summit of the dome is well worth the effort, for the view from the top gives a sweep in every direction. If you elect to go over the summit, you will find still another trail branching to the left from the Loop, soon after you leave the Crawford Path. This branch descends to the Edmands Path. It is a rough trail. The Loop that goes over the summit descends the easy slopes on the northeasterly side and rejoins the Crawford Path about a quarter of a mile beyond the top.

Just beyond this junction the well-graded and much-traveled Edmands Path comes in from the left. It is so broad and so well built that it is unmistakable. Here, again, if weather is unfavorable the Edmands Path may be utilized as a safe and prompt descent from the skyline of the ridge. The distance from the junction of the Edmands and Crawford Paths to the lower end of the Edmands Path on the Jefferson Notch road is a little less than three miles.

Continuing now along the Crawford Path, you will find a spring presently on the left. Here the path makes the rather steep ascent to an inconspicuous summit of Mount Franklin, passes over this and heads toward the precipitous rock pile of Mount Monroe. To the right along this part of the journey you look down over vertical cliffs and steep slopes into Oakes Gulf. As you near Monroe the path swings somewhat to the right. There is a rough trail that branches to the left and goes over the two peaks of Monroe, rejoining the Crawford Path on the farther side. After the Crawford Path has rounded the mountain, it swings to the left and leads toward the stone building belonging to the Appalachian Mountain Club and known as the 'Lakes of the Clouds Hut.' This is plainly visible a short distance ahead.

The segment of the Crawford Path that passes close to the Lakes Hut does not follow the ancient route of the Bridle Path. The latter, instead of swinging to the left at this point, went straight ahead toward the cone of Washington, climbing over the ledges and winding about among tumbled rocks. Indications of the former location will easily be found, but the route that should be followed is the one that heads toward the Lakes Hut.

The Hut, like the others that the Appalachian

Mountain Club maintains in the White Mountains, is open to the public. A hut master is in charge. There are reasonably comfortable bunks where you may stay overnight if you wish. Meals are served at regular hours. The Hut is at an altitude of five thousand feet above sea-level, and occupies a magnificent location on the very edge of a plateau, where the ridge drops away at a steep angle toward the broad Ammonoosuc Valley. Directly to the rear the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail scrambles down the steep slope, enters the scrub and follows the valley of the Ammonoosuc River to the Base Station which is three miles away. This trail is sometimes a welcome means of getting down from the ridge when fog or a storm makes it impossible to go on up to the summit of Washington or to enjoy the views.

Near the Hut are the two rock-rimmed and clear bodies of water known as the 'Lakes of the Clouds.' These lakes were seen and described by the first man ever to ascend Mount Washington, Darby Field, who came from Portsmouth in 1832 and climbed to the summit by way of the southeasterly spur of the mountain. The lakes are fed by springs. Out of the lower lake flows a crystal, sparkling stream that promptly finds its way over the edge of the plateau and begins its dashing, plunging descent to the deep valley to the west.



THE SUMMIT OF WASHINGTON ACROSS ONE OF THE
LAKES OF THE CLOUDS

Roundabout the lakes is a rugged plateau where you can find interesting and beautiful Alpine flowers. This plateau, especially in its smoother and more level part toward the northeast and east from the lakes, is known as 'Bigelow Lawn.' You have now reached the real Alpine zone that begins about this point and includes not only the summit cone of Washington, but also the rugged ridge of Clay, the peak of Jefferson, and that of Adams. If time permits, an interesting half-day or day can be spent in this neighborhood.

The distance by trail from the Lakes Hut to the summit of Washington looks to be about half a mile, but is actually three times that far. The rise in altitude is about twelve hundred feet. The trail to the summit crosses the stream that flows from the larger lake. This part of the path is often spoken of as the 'MacGregor Cutoff.' Beyond the stream it skirts the margin of the northerly lake and heads toward the left side of the summit cone of the mountain.

There are two branches from the trail near the lakes, diverging to the right. One of these is known as the 'Camel Trail' and heads in an easterly direction toward Boott Spur. The other is known as the 'Tuckerman Crossover,' and takes a northeasterly course toward the head-wall of Tuckerman Ravine.

The Crawford Path, or MacGregor Cutoff, leads approximately north. At a distance of a little less than a mile from the Hut, it is joined on the right by the graded Davis Path. These two, the Crawford Path and the Davis Path, now coincide to the summit. They are so well marked and have been so much traveled that every foot of the way looks worn.

A few yards beyond the junction the broad Westside Trail branches to the left, while the trail that you are to follow keeps to the right. The Westside Trail does not ascend the cone of Washington, but holds to a fairly level course for a mile or more in the direction of Mount Clay. This trail is the thoroughfare for those who are bound for the Northern Peaks of the Mount Washington Range.

The path for the summit of Washington now zigzags up the cone. In many places rocks were removed in grading the path and these are piled on either side. As the path ascends, it keeps somewhat to the left of the summit and in the course of the climb reaches a point that is directly west of the highest part of the mountain. It then swings southeast and east and presently leads through the enclosure that was once the horse corral. The path leaves the enclosure by a gap in the wall on the farther side and strikes across the

rocks toward the right-hand end of a short trestle at the terminus of the Mount Washington Railroad. As it nears the trestle, it turns sharply to the left and in a few yards comes out in front of the Summit House.

The building with heavy stone walls to the left and rear of the Summit House is the old Tiptop House, now fitted up with overnight accommodations for trampers. The walls of this are those of the original structure, but the roof, floors, and partitions date back only a few years, for the old house was swept by fire. There are some smaller buildings on the top of the mountain or near to the top and there have been others in the past that have been blown down or have been destroyed by flames.

It was in a building near this spot that a party of weather observers spent the winter of 1870-71, the first time human beings attempted to remain on the summit of Washington through the cold and storms of midwinter. The account of their experiences has been preserved and affords a vivid picture of the conditions that often prevail on the top of this mountain from the end of November until March or April.

Any building that is to remain intact on this summit through winter storms must be so strongly constructed and so securely anchored to the rocks

as to withstand wind pressures that would speedily destroy ordinary structures. This first winter party had to have reasonable assurance that the structure that they occupied would not be blown to pieces over their heads. Their lives depended on its stanchness.

The building that they used was made of heavy timbers. The sills on which it rested were longer than the upper structure, extending out over the rock several feet on each side. Iron cross-braces tied it together inside. Chains fastened to the ledges held it down. Nevertheless, there were many times in the course of the winter when the occupants felt certain that their house would be demolished.

An idea of the sort of weather that Mount Washington can produce is afforded by the journal written from day to day by this party. Not only did the temperature drop to nearly sixty degrees below zero, but with this came wind that blew more than one hundred miles an hour. Often as the mercury went down, the wind went up in equal degree. The combination was terrific. No human being could long remain alive outdoors, even if sheltered from the direct force of the wind.

The observers lived in a double-walled room, built in one corner of a larger frame building. This room was twenty feet long, eleven feet wide, and

eight feet high. It was provided with two stoves. With both of these going full tilt there were times when a thermometer placed ten feet from the stove and near the floor registered within twelve degrees of zero.

A sample day is entertaining. February 4, 1871, for example, was one of the days when the weather showed what it could do. In the morning the temperature was thirty-three degrees below zero and the wind velocity was seventy-five miles an hour. In the afternoon it was forty degrees below and the wind was increasing. At midnight one of the observers wrote:

Really, there is quite a breeze just now. Some of the gusts, from what we know of the measured force, must be fully up to one hundred miles per hour. In fact it is a first-class hurricane. The wind is northwest, and as the house is broadside to it the full force is felt. At times it seems as though everything was going to wreck. . . . Find that I froze my fingers while sawing off a piece of pork for our 'Sunday baked beans.' . . . It was like cutting into a block of gypsum. . . . What varied sounds the wind has as it changes! . . . howling, screeching, roaring. . . . We shout across the room to be heard. . . . The timbers creak and groan and the windows rattle; the walls bend inward; and, as the wind lets go its hold, rebound with a jerk that starts the joints again. The noise is like rifle-firing in fifty different directions at the same moment. . . . Then there is the trembling and groaning of the whole building, which is constant. Everything movable is on the move. Books drop from

the shelves, we pick them up, replace them only to do it again and again. . . .

The next morning the journal continues:

From one to two A.M. the wind was higher than during the early part of the night. Some of the gusts must have been above 100, possibly 110. The tempest roared and thundered. It had precisely the sound of the ocean waves breaking on a rocky shore. And the building too had the motion of a ship scudding before a gale. At three A.M., the temperature had fallen to -59° The valleys are full of stratus clouds. Charged with frost as they are, occasionally sweeping over the summit, they completely cover one in a moment, hair, beard, and clothing; when the face is exposed, it feels like the touch of a hot iron. To breathe this frosty air is very unpleasant. A full inhalation induces a severe coughing fit. Our butter-tubs stand in the outer-room; this morning we cut a piece of butter for breakfast, using a chisel and hammer!

But even the experience of this first winter party did not equal that of the observers in subsequent years who recorded temperatures sixty degrees below zero and wind velocities up to one hundred and sixty miles an hour.

In winter extraordinary frost feathers form on the summit of the mountain. When the air is charged with moisture and the wind blows from the northwest, frost is built up on any stationary object, always toward the point of the compass from which the wind is blowing. The observers

who spent the first winter on the mountain set up a stake an inch in diameter and watched the formation of the frost feathers. In the course of two days the stake was decorated with horizontal pencils two feet in length, extending in the direction from which the wind was blowing. On such large and solid articles as rocks there were sometimes frost feathers five or six feet long. When the wind changed its direction and blew strongly enough from another quarter, all of this frostwork was promptly demolished.

The buildings on the summit of Washington become deeply encased in ice through much of the winter. Even within the buildings frost collects thickly. If there is the least crevice in the walls, however small and however devious, the winds find it.

Your return from the summit of Washington, unless you use the railway for your descent, will begin at the same point where you emerged on the top of the mountain and will follow the same trail at least as far as the Lakes of the Clouds Hut. The beginning of the path will be found near the end of the trestle at the terminus of the railway line. The route is westerly over the rocks, into and through the old stone corral, down the slope on the farther side, and then swinging toward the south. About three quarters of a mile from the

summit your path enters the graded Westside Trail and coincides with it for a few yards. Then you branch to the right from it, taking the path often described as the MacGregor Cutoff, and heading toward the Appalachian Mountain Club Hut which you can see ahead of you near the two shining lakes.

At the Lakes Hut you can diverge to the right if you desire and use the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail as a means of descent from the mountain. You will find the trail just to the rear of the Hut. For a short distance the descent is over steep, open rocks and is marked by cairns. Presently, the trail enters a region of low-growing scrub trees and crosses back and forth over a brook, which is the headwater of the Ammonoosuc River.

Immediately below the third crossing the brook descends over a long, sloping fall a distance of about six hundred feet. The trail swings somewhat to the right and crosses a second brook. This brook also descends over a long cascade, uniting with the first brook in a rocky cut. After crossing the second brook, the trail descends sharply and swings around toward the second brook near the point where this brook and the first one unite at the foot of their spectacular slides. There is a viewpoint close to this spot that is worth visiting. Farther down there is another viewpoint which is

reached by a side trail leading to the left from the main trail. This, also, is well worth a visit.

The main trail continues its steep descent and a few minutes later again crosses the brook below some cascades. The grades from this point are easier. The trail remains near the stream and after a time crosses it twice. Still farther down, the path enters an abandoned wood road, which it follows to an open spot where the Ammonoosuc River flows under the Mount Washington Railroad. From this point to the Base Station is about a quarter of a mile, the going being open and unmistakable.

The Base Station is the terminus of a road that is readily passable for motor-cars. From the Base Station this road descends sharply, crosses the Ammonoosuc River, winds about near the stream, and leads to Bretton Woods, which is about six miles distant. A little more than a mile from the Base Station the road crosses the Jefferson Notch road which leads to the right through the Notch to the valley on the north side of the mountains and to the left to the Crawford Notch highway, coming out opposite the Crawford House. The distance from the Base Station to the Crawford House by this combination of roads is about six miles.

Granted that you have not planned to descend

by the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, you will continue along the Crawford Path in front of the Lakes of the Clouds Hut, ascend slightly over the rather level area in front of the Hut, swing around past the base of Monroe, continue over the low summits of Franklin, and descend sharply for a short distance beyond the farther summit. The depths of Oakes Gulf will be on your left as you proceed along this part of the path.

About half a mile beyond the second eminence of Mount Franklin and after you have negotiated the short, steep descent, you will arrive at the fork where the well-graded and prominent Edmands Path branches to the right. This path can be used as a convenient means of descending from the ridge and is the most direct route to follow if you are headed toward Bretton Woods. The beginning of the path is unmistakable and for the first half-mile it is so broad and smooth that it is almost like a sidewalk. When the air is clear, you can plainly see this part of the path from the summit of Washington.

At the end of half a mile the broad, graded section comes to an end. There is a stone gate at this point, and here, also, enters on the left a rough path that descends from the southerly side of the dome of Mount Pleasant, thus connecting the graded Mount Pleasant Path with the loop that goes over the top of the mountain.

Below the stone gate the Mount Pleasant Path is not so well graded or so moderate in pitch, but is easily followed. It descends somewhat steeply for a time, and at the end of two thirds of a mile from the gate it forks. Either path may be taken at this fork, for the two come together about a mile farther on. The path to the right, however, is the better one and is less steep. It is also the newer route.

Taking the right-hand path you will pass, half a mile farther on, an old trail branching to the right and leading to the Mount Washington Railroad. At the end of another half-mile the alternate path that you left at the fork joins your trail. The path now enters a wood road which it follows for the next third of a mile. It then leaves the wood road, pursues a course of its own for another third of a mile, and emerges on the Jefferson Notch road.

To go to the Crawford House you turn left in the Jefferson Notch road and follow it two and a half miles. To go to Bretton Woods, take a path that leaves the Jefferson Notch road near the westerly end of the bridge adjacent to the point where you emerged in the road. In about a mile and a quarter this path comes out in the Stickney road. Bretton Woods is two miles and a half distant by this road.

If you are starting from Bretton Woods for the

day's trip to Mount Washington, the Edmands Path provides the shortest means of access to the Crawford Path. You can, of course, go by automobile to the beginning of the Edmands Path. If you are proceeding all of the way afoot, you will take the Stickney road. About a half-mile from Bretton Woods the road approaches the Mount Washington Railroad, then crosses the railroad and proceeds in a general easterly direction. At the end of two miles and a half a sign will be found on the right indicating the beginning of a path which you will follow. A mile and a quarter from this sign you will emerge on the Jefferson Notch road, close to a bridge. You will cross this bridge and at the other side will find a sign indicating the beginning of the Edmands Path.

To ascend by the Edmands Path you follow the trail about a third of a mile to a wood road which you will follow another third of a mile to a fork. Either way may be chosen at this fork, but the one to the left is the better route. In half a mile from the fork the old trail that connects with the Mount Washington Railroad comes in on the left and in another half-mile the path that you left at the fork comes in on your right.

You now climb steeply for somewhat more than half a mile, zigzagging back and forth, and arrive at the stone gate where the broad, smooth, well-

graded section of the Edmands Path gradually ascends the slope of Mount Pleasant. Near the gate you will have on your right a rough trail that climbs the slope and connects with the Crawford Path by way of the loop over the summit of Mount Pleasant. Half a mile from the gate the broad, graded way connects with the Crawford Path northeast of the summit of Mount Pleasant. From the junction to the summit of Washington is three miles and a half.

Very early in the ascent of Mount Washington by way of this southwest ridge the discovery was made that the long stretch of treeless, exposed skyline from Clinton to the final summit was swept by occasional storms that must be respected if one would accomplish the journey in safety. Even at the southerly end of the ridge, where the altitude is less than five thousand feet and where timber-line is not far down the slopes, the winds from the northwest sometimes lash the rocks with dangerous velocity and the temperature in summer sometimes drops to a point near freezing. As you proceed toward Washington and rise gradually higher and higher, the wind velocities increase when the storms are in progress. When you have left the shallow depression between Monroe and the cone of Washington, and have begun the ascent of the cone itself, you are fairly in the path

of the wind's greatest violence. When a storm is in full swing it is foolhardy to venture against it and the attempt may prove critically dangerous or fatal.

There is, therefore, a warning to be given to any one who plans to climb Washington by way of the Crawford Path, traversing the whole length of the ridge. The distance above timber-line is five miles and it will require four hours to cover that part of the journey. In that four hours weather that is merely unpleasant in the beginning may become dangerous toward the end. Winds, too, that are only mild in the valley and merely brisk on Clinton may be severe on Washington.

These remarks should not be taken to indicate that the Crawford Path is usually dangerous in the summer months, for that is not at all the case. The path is a popular route to the summit of the mountain. Day after day trampers climb it without any risk whatever. But there is always in the background the real possibility of serious danger because of a sudden storm not foreseen at the start of the trip, or because weather that seemed merely unpleasant to one accustomed to valley travel was genuinely dangerous because of high winds or fog in the region toward the farther end of the trail.

There are certain precautions, therefore, that every tramper over this path should remember

and should not fail to heed. These may be expressed briefly thus:

The journey to the summit of Washington by this route should not be undertaken by a tramper traveling alone, unless he is experienced in mountain travel, is competent to read the signs of approaching storm, and knows how to find prompt means of exit from the skyline of the ridge to the shelter of timber.

In the case of those who are inexperienced, there should be at least two in the party, because one can help the other. If clouds descend quickly and shut off all view of the surroundings, as they sometimes do, one member of the party can be sent ahead to look for the next cairn marking the trail, calling the others to him when he has found it. Thus the party can proceed from cairn to cairn and not lose the way.

The tramper should know and remember the means of exit from the ridge. These are not many, but unless the climber is foolhardy and disregards approaching trouble the ways to safety are sufficient.

If you are between Clinton and Pleasant when a storm arises, and especially if you are nearer to the former than to the latter, turn back immediately and follow the Crawford Path to the shelter of timber. The trail over the summit of Pleasant should

be rigidly avoided if there is threatening weather. Also the trail that branches from the path over the summit and descends northwesterly to the Edmands Path is unsafe in high wind.

If you are beyond Pleasant and are approaching the low summits of Franklin, or if you are on Franklin, the thing to do is to double back to the Edmands Path and follow that to shelter. It is so broad and unmistakable that it can be followed to the protection of timber even in fog.

If you are beyond Franklin and nearing Monroe, go rapidly straight ahead and gain the shelter of the Lakes of the Clouds Hut as soon as you can. Avoid the branch trail that goes over the summit of Monroe and keep to the main trail which goes to the right around the base of the rocky pile and then swings to the left and heads down a gentle slope straight to the Hut.

Beyond the Hut no tramper, experienced or otherwise, should venture with the intention of climbing to the summit of Washington in the face of a seriously threatening storm. The distance from the Hut to the summit is a mile and a half and the climb is more than a thousand feet. It is much farther and much higher than it looks, and to cover this part of the journey will take a good deal longer than you would suppose.

If you have sought shelter at the Hut and are

detained unduly by a persistent storm, you may regain the valley by utilizing the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail, which begins just back of the Hut, descends steeply, and soon reaches the shelter of trees.

It will be noted that these means of exit lead to the left or northwesterly from the Crawford Path and not to the east. The slopes to the east, while they might appear at first thought to be more promising because the dangerous storms usually come from the northwest, are not to be undertaken. On the easterly and southeasterly side the ridge drops sharply throughout and dangerously in places. Oakes Gulf with its precipitous walls lies on that side. To attempt to seek shelter there when caught by a storm is to court disaster.

Remembering the precautions and observing them rigidly, any tramper, whether experienced or not, can utilize the Crawford Path without danger. That there is serious risk in disregarding these precautions, even if the tramper is experienced, is proved by the fact that more than one life has been lost in this part of the mountains. Even long experience may not avail if the threat of dangerous weather is not fully heeded. Two trampers who had climbed many mountains lost their lives on this path in midsummer through the violence and cold of a bitter storm, when they

elected to push ahead toward the cone of Washington. The bronze tablets to their memory, one not far from the Lakes of the Clouds Hut and the other well up on the cone of the mountain, are mute evidence of the terrific forces that storms can unleash on these heights.

The ascent of Mount Washington by the Crawford Path is quite different in character from the ascent by way of Tuckerman Ravine, described elsewhere. In the former case you are approaching the range from its westerly aspect, where most of the slopes are gradual and where the mountains seem less rugged. The attraction of this route lies in the magnificent stretch of trail above timberline, from which, almost every yard of the way, you enjoy a wide-flung panorama of mountain summits. Near Mount Franklin you can look down into one of the great ravines of the Mount Washington Range, but in general the route is one of steady, gradual ascent. On the other hand, the route up the easterly side, by way of Tuckerman Ravine, is a journey into the heart of a stupendous glacial ravine, a climb over its head-wall, and thence a final ascent of the cone of Washington. This route gives no broad panorama until you have topped the head-wall and are within a mile of the summit of the mountain. But it takes you intimately into a great rock bowl, carved out by

an ancient glacier, and out over the rim of that bowl.

Neither route is better than the other. Each has its own charm and interest and each should sometime be enjoyed.

CHAPTER XI

THE WEBSTER CLIFFS

One of the best of the trips of moderate length. A relatively easy climb, then a long descent over an interesting trail with a succession of unusual views. Highway to summit and out to highway at Willey House, $6\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point near head of Crawford Notch.

THE narrowest and the deepest of the mountain passes through which a motor highway has been constructed is the Crawford Notch.

Each of the accessible clefts in the White Mountains has its own charm: the Pinkham Notch, its impressive views into the great ravines and its magnificent panorama of the Northern Peaks, swinging across in a vast arc from Washington to Madison; the Franconia Notch, the beauty of its lakes and the rugged grandeur of Mount Cannon; the Dixville Notch, its vertical pinnacles, like lofty, weathered church spires. But in the Crawford Notch you are walled in by such steep and rugged mountains, rising from so near at hand, that you gain an unforgettable knowledge of the austere character of great mountain masses. You do not look about you for the view; you look up. You are at the bottom of a valley whose high walls press out toward you so near that you can

see the very framework and structure of the towering heights.

Four miles from the upper end of this valley, while your road is still deep in the cleft and before it has begun to climb to the gateway of the Notch, you begin to see on your right a long and massive mountain that is like a rock-strewn rampart. For the next two miles this impressive wall shuts you in. The skyline of it is two thousand feet above you; partly naked in its bare rock, partly clothed in occasional clumps of pointed evergreens, dwarfed by the distance. Toward the skyline the rock walls are cleft by vertical ravines. Down the gaunt face of the rampart are a score of furrows made by rock slides. At the base of the mountain is a vast accumulation of rough angular stones that have fallen from the heights above.

Along the skyline of this mountain runs the Webster Cliff Trail, beginning on the slopes that rise at the gateway of the Notch, traversing the length of the ridge, and finally descending over and around the precipitous slopes at the southerly end of the mountain. As you stand in the heart of the Notch and look up at this rock wall, nearly half a mile high and two miles long, you guess that any trail that follows that skyline must be a dizzy, dangerous affair, which is not to be attempted by a tramper except as he possesses strong nerves and a

sure foot. Yet the trail is safe and may be traveled with security by the inexperienced climber in reasonably pleasant weather. It is spectacular and it affords remarkable views that will not soon be forgotten. In many ways it is one of the most striking one-day trips in the White Mountains.

The cliffs of Webster were not accessible until recent years. The summit of the mountain was visited early by a few hardy climbers, who had the energy and the woods knowledge to make their way without a trail to its highest point. Two or three of these made the ascent by climbing the steep ledges over which the Silver Cascade comes tumbling down from the northerly shoulder of the mountain. The brook bed afforded a slippery and precarious route to the top of a shoulder, whence the climbers made their way through thick woods and over sharply ascending slopes to the summit. Professor Edward Tuckerman explored the long skyline of the ridge, collecting botanical specimens. One early visitor descended from the ridge by way of one of the rock slides on the face of the wall. But it was not until 1914 that the whole trip along the summit of the cliffs was made possible for the public through the construction of the skyline trail.

To make the trip of Webster Cliffs most easily you should traverse the mountain from north

to south, starting near the Crawford House and coming out not far from Willey House Station. In this way you begin your trip at a point nearly a thousand feet higher than the end of the day's journey, thereby avoiding that much climbing while at the same time enjoying the full beauty of the trail and its views.

This brings you out on the highway about four miles from the place where you started. If you have an automobile available that can proceed down the Notch road and wait for you at Willey House Station, the matter is, of course, easily arranged. In the lack of this, it may be possible so to plan your trip as to take a train from Willey House Station back to the Crawford House. Or you may go by train up the Notch as far as the Crawford House, come over the mountain by trail, and thus arrive at your starting-point at the lower end of the mountain.

You will find the beginning of the trail on the right side of the State highway as you go north, a short distance beyond the point where the road climbs through the rock portal at the head of the Notch. The path is marked by a sign. This point is a few hundred yards south of the Crawford House. A few minutes from the highway there is a path branching to the right which leads to the rock known as 'Elephant Head.' If time allows, you

will find it worth while to visit this, for the sake of the view down the length of the Notch.

The main trail proceeds east a short distance from a brook, and climbs rather steeply. After a few minutes it swings to the right, leaves the brook, climbs the bank at a sharp pitch, and then for a time follows moderate grades. About three quarters of a mile from the highway there is a short trail branching to the right a few yards to another viewpoint known as 'Bugle Cliff,' from which there is a striking view into Crawford Notch. To visit the viewpoint requires only a few minutes.

Beyond this side path the main trail continues in a southeasterly direction through forest and in a quarter of a mile crosses Flume Cascade Brook. Half a mile farther the trail forks, the path to the left leading to Mount Jackson and that to the right to Mount Webster. Taking the right-hand fork you descend at once steeply to Silver Cascade Brook. This is crossed just below a deep pool into which the stream drops over a beautiful fall.

On the farther side the path climbs the steep bank and continues to rise rapidly for about a mile. It then enters a trail which leads from the summit of Jackson to the summit of Webster. You turn right at this point and in a few minutes emerge suddenly on the rocky crest of Webster, nearly twenty-five hundred feet above the bottom



ON THE WEBSTER CLIFF TRAIL

of the valley below. The altitude of Webster above sea-level is 3875 feet.

From this point the trail proceeds almost south for a distance of more than a mile, usually on the very crest of the mountain. Sometimes the path détours through woods in order to accomplish a difficult section of the skyline. Sometimes it comes out with startling abruptness on rock ledges from which you can see almost straight down two thousand feet or more. The route is one of gradual descent, since the northerly end of the ridge is the higher. Most of this descent is over moderate grades, but there are occasional places where the trail climbs down over the rocks at a sharp angle.

Fifteen or twenty minutes after you leave the highest point of the mountain, you will arrive at a succession of cliffs from which you look down on a segment of the Crawford Notch highway, a long way below. You can see that the road emerges from the woods, crosses an opening, and again disappears into the forest. Automobiles crossing this opening look like black bugs crawling along and people walking about seem mere dots in the flat, open space. If you were down there, you would note that the highway rises slightly here and crosses a wide mound. This mound is made up of the débris brought down by a landslide that in 1826 descended the slopes of Mount Willey and buried

beneath itself a family that lived in the farmhouse standing at this site. By strange fate the slide was split above the house by a huge rock. The two halves swept down on either side of the building and united below, but did no harm to the house. The occupants, however, alarmed by floods in the river below, had left the buildings before the slide came and had sought shelter on the slopes above. There the falling rocks and soil overwhelmed them. For a long time the track of the slide down the mountain was a great, gaunt scar, but to-day trees and bushes have filled in the margins.

Throughout the whole journey along the skyline of the ridge there are wonderful views of the mountains on the other side of the Notch. To the northwest the bare cliff of Mount Willard rises boldly. To the left is Mount Field, rising much higher. Southwest from your viewpoint and straight across the Notch is Mount Willey, only a few feet less in altitude than Field. To the left of Willey and in a direction west of south, Mount Carrigain looms up, high, broad and massive. In the southeast the panorama includes the Sandwich Mountains, with the white spire of Chocorua at their easterly end. A little nearer is the rugged summit of Moat Mountain. As you reach viewpoints from which you can look out toward the east, the mountains of the Montalban Ridge stand

out across the wide, wooded valley of the Mount Washington River.

The descent of Webster at the southerly end is a somewhat roundabout affair, taking you around to the east, then to the south, and then almost to the west. Some of the grades at the beginning are very steep. At one place there is a rough ladder. But the descent does not involve climbing down over bare cliffs and it is not at all dangerous. Part-way down you will find a sign on the left of the trail indicating a path to a spring. Farther along, when you have finished the steeper part of the descent and are following an easy grade through a hardwood forest, you will find a spring close beside the trail. Soon the path draws near to the Saco River, crosses it, and a few rods beyond emerges on the Crawford Notch highway. Near by will be found a short branch road leading to Willey House Station on the Boston & Maine Railroad.

If a full day is allowed for the trip, you will have ample time for a leisurely journey. The climb from the Crawford House to the summit of Mount Webster is less than four miles. Proceeding at a moderate pace the tramper will accomplish this part of the journey in three hours or less. From that point fully half of the journey is along the skyline where every turn of the trail presents new vistas and every outcropping ridge is an invitation to linger and to enjoy the magnificent view.

CHAPTER XII

MOUNT CRAWFORD

A trip of moderate length and steady grades, over a section of an old bridle path to a summit with extensive prospects. Highway to summit and return, $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles, $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point Bemis, in Crawford Notch.

STRAIGHT south from Mount Washington for a distance of more than ten miles runs a spur known as the 'Montalban Ridge.' On the west its slopes descend into Oakes Gulf and the valley of the Mount Washington River, and on the east into the valley of the Rocky Branch. The skyline of the ridge rises in several summits, beginning with Mount Isolation, which lies next to the plateau of Boott Spur, a lofty buttress of Washington. Beyond this is Mount Davis, and south of that is Stairs Mountain, where the ridge drops off in the great steps of the Giant Stairs. Across from these, Mount Resolution looks north along the ridge, and southwest of Resolution is Mount Crawford. Beyond Crawford the ridge comes to an end with a steep descent of two thousand feet to the valley of the Saco River at Bemis.

Along the whole length of this ridge, beginning at Bemis and ending at the cone of Mount Washing-

ton, a bridle path was built in 1844 by Nathaniel T. P. Davis and was maintained by him for several years. It afforded a horseback route to the summit of Washington that was sheltered from the northwest storms through most of its length. For a time many people used it. But gradually it lost favor, and after Washington had been made accessible by the Carriage Road and the railroad it was abandoned.

Fifty years later a group of mountain-climbers, members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, set out to reopen the old route as a footpath. Much of it was seemingly obliterated. The forest had grown into it, the storms had blown down scores of trees across it, and it had become a part of the tangled wilderness roundabout.

But the path had been carefully built. Where it ascended Mount Crawford, tons of rock had been moved to make a graded way. Again, where it climbed beside the Giant Stairs a broad way had been constructed, zigzagging back and forth to the summit of the cliffs. Well up toward Boott Spur, where the path traversed a region of dense dwarf firs and spruces, the feet of passing horses had cut away the moss that covered the ground, laying bare the bedrock beneath, and here there still remained a narrow channel of exposed rock. After much search and long exploring, the entire path

was reopened as a foot-trail, following essentially the course of the original bridle path.

Mount Crawford, at the beginning of the restored trail, is therefore once more easily climbed, and by a trail that is doubly interesting. You have for your route to the summit an interesting example of old-time trail-building, and at the end you surmount a peak that is equaled by few in the splendor of the panorama that extends all around to the four points of the compass.

The path begins near the railway station at Bemis. At this station the highway, which has been above the railroad for a time as it journeys toward the mountains, descends a short hill, crosses the tracks, and proceeds north close to the railway and just below it. Where the highway and the Saco River approach each other a few hundred yards north of the railway station, the Davis Path begins. A sign will be found on the east side of the road at this point.

The path crosses the river and on the farther side enters a field. At the edge of the woods at the farther margin of the field, it turns to the right, then in a few rods turns to the left and enters the woods by an old logging-road.

The trail follows the logging-road for a quarter of a mile, then leaves it and at once takes up the unmistakable route of the old graded bridlepath.

For more than a mile and a half it climbs steadily in a northeasterly direction. In order to make the ascent it bends sharply right and left here and there, sometimes doubling back on itself in such a way that as you climb you can see two or three sections of the path below you. After a time the trail gains the crest of a ridge that runs south from Mount Crawford, and here it swings to the north following the top of the ridge.

Well along on the ridge the main trail, which is headed for Washington, turns to the northeast. Here you will diverge to the left by a branch path which climbs over ledges and in a quarter of a mile comes out on the bare rock summit of Mount Crawford.

There is no spring on or near the summit of Crawford. There are shallow depressions in the rock ledges of the mountain near the summit, and when it rains these catch and hold the water, furnishing a clean and safe supply for a time. Except as these pools may be full, your needs must be met by a canteen.

The view from the top of Crawford is worth a long and leisurely stay. Far below, to the northwest and north, is the broad, wooded valley of the Mount Washington River. Almost straight north at the head of this valley stands Mount Washington, nearly ten miles away in an air line. To the

left of the valley and leading to the summit of Washington is the great ridge over the crest of which the Crawford Path makes its way. Mount Webster, which marks the beginning of this ridge, is the dark mountain lying northwest. Beyond it come Jackson and Clinton, comparatively inconspicuous summits, and beyond them is the prominent rounded dome of Mount Pleasant lying a little west of north from your viewpoint. To the right of Pleasant are the low humps of Mount Franklin, then the rocky crags of Monroe and to the right of that Washington.

On the right-hand side of the valley is the Mont-alban Ridge, which extends slightly to east of north toward the high, flat Boott Spur, just to the right of the summit cone of Washington. The whole length of this ridge is traversed by the Davis Path, a part of which you have followed to this point. Somewhat northeast and standing out clearly are the Giant Stairs, two high cliffs one above the other with a terrace between. To the right of the Stairs is the broad summit of Resolution.

Somewhat south of east Mount Kearsarge looms up, and farther to the right are the rugged summits of Moat Mountain. Straight to the south you can see parts of the Ossipee Mountains near Lake Winnepesaukee. Roughly southwest the great



THE GIANT STAIRS FROM MOUNT CRAWFORD

bulk and the high summit of Mount Carrigain is unmistakable. Almost in line with Carrigain are Nancy, Anderson, and Lowell. To the west you can see the summit of Lafayette, in the Francognias.

North of west and near at hand across the valley of the Saco River is the Frankenstein Cliff, two miles and a half away. A little more than five miles off and in the same direction is the rugged peak of Mount Willey. To the right of Willey is Mount Webster, and between them is the deep valley of Crawford Notch.

The descent from the mountain is made by the same route followed in ascending. Returning from the rocky summit cone to the broad and ledgy ridge you will find the Davis Path again. You will turn to the right at the junction and will easily follow the trail back to your starting-point. Five or six hours will be ample for the round trip and will permit a stay of an hour on the top of the mountain.

CHAPTER XIII

MOUNT KEARSARGE OR PEQUAWKET

An outpost mountain, easily climbed and affording a wide panorama. An easy day's trip. Highway to summit and return, 6 miles, 5 hours; return by Intervale Path to highway at Intervale, $6\frac{5}{8}$ miles, $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point on road running east from Kearsarge village.

SOUTHEAST of the highest ranges of the White Mountains stands Mount Kearsarge, or, as the mountain is now officially termed, Pequawket. It is a splendid pyramidal peak, in a measure isolated and therefore commanding unusual views from its summit. Unlike many other mountains it presents much the same outline from almost every angle, and once identified is easily recognized from any direction. The round trip to its summit and return by way of a trail that ascends its southern flank can readily be accomplished in five and a half to six hours and affords ample reward in the diversity and completeness of far-reaching prospects.

Narratives by early settlers in New England make particular mention of this peak and the country that surrounds it. The broad intervalles below the mountain were the scene of early settlement by the pioneers. Here was the Indian

village through which Darby Field passed, on his way from Portsmouth to make the first known ascent of Mount Washington, and from this village came Indians who accompanied Field for a time, but who lost heart and turned back before the summit of Washington was reached. In this valley, not far away, was fought a famous battle between Indians and whites.

No one is able now to say with certainty for what reason the mountain came to be known as Kearsarge. There is another mountain in New Hampshire, many miles away, that was given the same name at a still earlier date. It seems unlikely that the peak near the Saco could have been named for the other, for the two are unlike in character, except for similarity in altitude. One story has it that the name was derived from the Indian words 'Kees,' meaning high, and 'Auke,' meaning place. Some of the Indians called it Cowischewaschook, which is said to mean 'a mountain that has a notched top and is covered with pines.' So far as present-day aspects are concerned, this is not a good description either as regards the top or as concerns the pines.

Pequawket was the Indian name for the adjacent area, and was, also, the name applied to the tribe of Indians inhabiting this region. Thus, it came about that some early maps applied the term

'Pequawket' to the mountain. The matter was finally settled, so far as official action is concerned, by the United States Geographic Board, which, in 1915, rejected the name Kearsarge, giving that to the mountain in Warner, and adopted the name Pequawket. However, among trappers and climbers as well as the people in the near-by villages the mountain still is known as Kearsarge and probably will continue to be so termed for many years to come.

The mountain was early provided with a good trail to its summit. In 1845, in the period when people liked to ride horseback in their mountain expeditions, three men, Nathaniel Frye, Moses Chandler, and a third whose name was Davis, built a bridle path from the valley on the south side of the mountain to the summit. A part of the route followed by this bridle path serves to-day as one of the footpaths to the summit. On the peak of the mountain they built, also, a large, frame house, two and a half stories high, fastening it to the ledges with rods and chains. The house stood for nearly forty years, but was blown down in 1883. After a few years some of the material from the demolished building was used in constructing another house, again anchored to the ledges with chains. This stood for twenty-five years, a familiar landmark, but finally gave way under the



MOUNT KEARSARGE

lash of a storm, and like its predecessor, was demolished. Near the summit, but not the conspicuous structure that the frame buildings were, there stands now a cabin occupied by the fire warden.

The shortest route to the summit of the mountain is the Kearsarge Village Trail. This is the trail that approaches the mountain over essentially the route followed by the old bridle path.

You will find the beginning of the trail on the left-hand side of a road running east from Kearsarge village, about half a mile beyond the village. There is a sign beside the road where a lane, bordered with trees, leads to a house on a knoll. The place is known as the 'Eastman Farm.' Back of the house the trail passes to the left of the barn, proceeds in a northerly direction across a pasture, and enters the woods at its farther margin. The path is now easily followed up slopes which rise rapidly, and at the end of a mile reaches an opening known as 'Prospect Ledge.'

Still continuing in a northerly and northeasterly direction the trail passes a spring, half a mile beyond the ledge, and at the end of somewhat more than another half-mile emerges from the forest. The way now lies among scattered clumps of trees and rises over rough ledges. Presently a trail comes in on the left from Intervale. Beyond this junction the path swings to the right in an easterly direction,

climbing over ledges which are more and more open as you ascend. The summit of the mountain is a little to the right of the general direction of this part of the trail. Finally, the path turns still more to the right, heading south toward the summit, and in a few minutes emerges on the top of the mountain.

The total distance from the highway to the summit by this route is about three miles and the climb can be made comfortably in three hours. The descent from the summit to the highway is readily made in two hours.

The top of this mountain is about sixteen miles in an air line from the summit of Washington, which is plainly visible in a northwesterly direction, rising well above other mountains in that part of the horizon. When the air is clear, and especially in the morning hours when the light strikes in on the southeast side of Washington, you can see plainly Tuckerman and Huntington Ravines with their lofty walls rising well toward the summit cone of the mountain. Tuckerman Ravine is the one to the left. The cliff to the right of it is Lion Head. Then comes Huntington Ravine, over which rises Nelson Crag.

To the left of Washington you can see the skyline of the Southern Peaks, over which runs the Crawford Path, with the round dome of Mount

Pleasant midway in its length. To the right the sharp peak of Adams stands out, and to the right of that, but lower, the cone of Madison.

The cleft of Carter Notch is somewhat west of north, directly over the two summits of Double-head. The mountain that forms the left side of the Notch is Wildcat and that on the right is Carter Dome. Wildcat continues to the left in a long ridge, while Carter Dome is followed on the right by the various summits of the Carter Moriah Range. Again, a little farther to the right, are the bare, white ledges of the Baldface peaks, and just to their right is Mount Royce, with a double summit. The line between New Hampshire and Maine runs through the depression between these two summits. To the right of Royce is Evans Notch, with the broad mass of Speckled Mountain rising on its easterly side. Off to the northeast and many miles away you can make out a dozen or more summits in Maine.

To the east several lakes shine in the valley. In that direction is the long mass of Pleasant Mountain, conspicuous because the country all around it is comparatively level. If the air is clear enough, you can see the ocean over Pleasant Mountain and to the right of it.

In that direction also are Silver Lake and Iona Lake. To the right are the Ossipee Mountains

near Lake Winnepesaukee, and again to their right you may be able to distinguish Mount Monadnock, low on the horizon, about one hundred miles away.

Southwest, straight across the valley of the Saco River, is the broad mass of Moat Mountain, with a long skyline that rises to the right and to the left in the northern peak and the southern peaks. Below the skyline of Moat are the cliffs of the White Horse Ledge and the Cathedral Ledge. Chocorua rises over the left end of Moat, while Passaconaway is over the north summit.

Looking now toward the west you see the valley of the Saco River with mountains crowding in on either side. Over the head of this valley, and appearing lower than the neighboring mountains because of its distance, is Moosilauke. To the right is Hancock and again to the right is Carri-gain. The Franconia Mountains, Flume, Liberty, Lincoln, and Lafayette, are to the right of Carri-gain, but they are farther away and appear considerably lower.

You can vary your return from the mountain if you like by using the Intervale Path after you have descended from the summit somewhat more than half a mile. Here the Kearsarge Village Path, by which you ascended, leads to the left, while the path to Intervale leads to the right. Care should

be taken to hold to the Intervale Path which is well-marked for here an old, now disused, path diverges over the summit of Mount Bartlett for Lower Bartlett. The Intervale Path descends to a shallow valley, then swings to the south, passing below the summit of Mount Bartlett, which is on the right. It then passes down the slopes of Bartlett, in part over occasional ledges, but mostly in forest. When near its terminus it joins a path running from Point Surprise to Intervale. Passing through the Cathedral Woods it emerges opposite the railway station at Intervale. The path is clear and easily followed, being well marked throughout. The total tramp from the top of the mountain to the base by this route is a little more than three miles and a half. The distance by highway from Intervale Station to the Eastman Farm, where the Kearsarge Village Path emerges, is two miles and a half.

The tramp to the top of Kearsarge is a relatively easy journey, over a trail that has moderate grades and is readily followed. At the same time the views from the summit are superb, for the mountain is an outpost peak and has a commanding prospect.

CHAPTER XIV

MOAT MOUNTAIN

A wilderness panorama from a reasonably accessible summit, with an option of return by a rugged route over a rough ridge and a rocky spur. End of road to North Peak and return, 7 miles, 5 hours; return by Middle Peak and Red Ridge, $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point Diana's Baths, near North Conway.

As you go north along the State highway from Conway to Intervale, you see to the west the broad bulk of Moat Mountain. Its foundations occupy a wide area, with Swift River on the south and the valley of the Saco on the east and north. Its approaches and spurs are broadly extended. Its top is a long, bare, three-mile ridge, rising in three summits, the highest and most northerly of which, known as North Moat, has an altitude of 3195 feet above sea-level, while the middle and southern eminences rise to 2760 feet each. There is a trail the length of this ridge and there are approaches to it that make it accessible to the tramp. From the barren, rugged heights there are views of a wilderness of mountains.

Early in the settlement of the Saco Valley parts of Moat Mountain were climbed for the sake of the berries that grew on its ledges. In those days not



MOAT MOUNTAIN, RISING BEHIND THE WHITE HORSE AND CATHEDRAL LEDGES

only were the flanks of the mountain covered with forest, but the green mantle extended over the greater part of what is now the bare summit ridge. The mountain was described as the greenest summit in this part of the Saco Valley. The cliffs and rough terraces that you now see plainly were concealed beneath a robe of continuous tree growth.

All this was changed by a forest fire in September, 1854. The flames started near the North Peak, were caught up by a high wind that was blowing from the northwest, and in a few hours transformed the whole summit of the mountain into a vast blazing torch. The soil, filled with an accumulation of dead wood as dry as tinder, was burned out to the bedrock beneath. The roots that held the soil were destroyed. The winds and rains that followed carried away what remained of the earthy covering of the rocks. The dead skeletons of the trees were thrown down in a tangled mass.

For twenty years after that the summit of the mountain was seldom reached. The jumble of fallen, charred trunks made the ascent too difficult to be enjoyable. Finally, in 1877, William L. and Charles P. Worcester, with Dr. William B. Parker, cut a path through the tangle to the summit of North Moat. Since that time connecting links have been opened. The tangle of fallen trees left

by the fire has given way to the elements and ceased to be a barrier and the mountain is now one of the satisfactory summits of the White Mountain region.

The name of the mountain appears to have been given to it by the early settlers because of the beaver dams along the streams at the foot of its slopes toward the Conways. The ponds made by the dams were spoken of as 'moats,' and a visit to the region on the farther side of the stream was termed 'going over the moats.' The mountain therefore became Moat Mountain.

An excellent trip to this mountain's principal viewpoint is to be had by taking the trail that starts at Diana's Baths and climbs to the summit of the North Peak. The distance to this point is about three and a half miles, and the round trip returning by the same route can be accomplished comfortably in six hours. If you wish to vary your return journey and are prepared to negotiate a trail that is rough and in some places somewhat obscure, but is exceedingly interesting, you can proceed along the skyline of the mountain from North Moat to the summit known as 'Middle Moat,' then turn toward the valley and descend over a long, barren spur known as 'Red Ridge,' whence a winding woods trail will lead you back to Diana's Baths. The round trip by this route is

nearly nine miles and the total time to be allowed is eight hours or more.



The paths on Moat Mountain have been under the care of the Intervale Improvement Society. In general they are marked in accordance with the plan followed with other trails in the White Mountains. Where they are much traveled they are easily followed, but in some parts, such as the descent from North Moat to Middle Moat, the number of trampers is small, and a beginner in mountain travel might have difficulty. If you are

experienced in picking up woodland trails or if you will proceed carefully, you can traverse these sections without losing the way.

Diana's Baths, where the trail starts, are a series of pot-holes worn in a smooth and sloping ledge where Cedar Brook descends a spur of Moat toward the valley of the Saco River. The opening in the woods below the Baths can be reached by automobile, taking a road that branches to the left near the northern limits of North Conway, going beneath the tracks of the Boston & Maine Railroad, crossing the Saco River, turning to the right at the fork beyond, and in about a mile turning left into a short private road, at a sign, 'Diana's Baths.' The private road is about half a mile long and ends at the foot of the ledges over which the stream descends. There is a mill here and near it a house.

Alongside the stream for an eighth of a mile above this point there are various winding paths which give access to successive steps in the ledges. These can be visited if there is a half-hour to spare. Returning to the lower end of the ledges, you will find the trail to North Moat entering an open wood road and proceeding gradually uphill not far from the ledges and the stream, which are on the left. The road runs in this fashion for about half a mile, then crosses to the other bank of the stream,

and ascends along the farther side for about a mile.

A little way beyond the crossing there is a fork in the trail. To the left and away from the stream is the path to Red Ridge and Middle Moat. To the right and near the stream is the path to North Moat. The North Moat path, in the course of a mile above the crossing, ascends by gentle grades, following a logging-road. There are other old logging-roads diverging to the left, but there is no path in them and there should be no reason to mistake any of these for the main road near the stream.

A mile from the crossing the path leaves the logging-road, turning abruptly to the left, and immediately begins to climb the northerly spur of the mountain. The grades now are much steeper. Within half an hour the path emerges from the continuous forest growth and comes out on the first of a series of open ledges. This gives you your first outlook across toward the wooded summit of Mount Attitash, to the north, and out toward the valley of Saco River, to the northeast.

The distance from the first opening to the summit is about a mile and the route is over a series of ledges between which the path winds about through stunted trees. There are occasional cairns on the ledges to mark the way. In some cases the exit

from an opening is not evident at first sight, but it will be found readily. Through the patches of woods between there is no mistaking the way. Every open space as you ascend gives a constantly widening view of the Saco Valley and a steadily growing panorama of mountain peaks and ranges. Part-way up the ascent over the rugged shoulder of the mountain you will find a trail leading to the right, about a minute's walk, to water. It is not a briskly flowing spring, but its sources are safe and the water is all right to drink.

Upon returning to the main trail you proceed through a thick growth of evergreens to the base of the summit cone. You then climb at a sharp angle, over seamed and rugged ledges, to the open summit of the mountain.

The view from the summit of North Moat has a threefold attraction. It gives you an intimate look into a mountain wilderness to the southwest that is not seen in a similar way from other summits usually climbed; it spreads at your feet the winding Saco River for many miles; and it affords an impressive panorama of the high ranges and summits to the north.

The valley of Swift River, one of the wilderness streams of the White Mountains, is south and southwest of you. Across the valley, a little to the west of south, are the jagged summits of Chocorua.

To the left of Chocorua are the gleaming waters of Iona Lake and Whitten Pond, and, farther away, Ossipee Lake and Silver Lake. To the right of Chocorua are the successive summits of the Sandwich Range, beginning with the broad and ledgy Paugus, then the great pyramid of Passaconaway, and to the right of that the pointed tops of Tripyramid.

A little south of west is the long ridge of Bear Mountain, and beyond it, if the day is clear, Moosilauke can be seen. North of west is the impressive bulk of Carrigain, to the right of which are Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy. The deep cleft of the Carrigain Notch lies between Carrigain and Lowell. To the northwest, Mount Willey stands out boldly adjacent to the cleft of Crawford Notch. In line with the Notch, but much nearer, is the peak of Mount Crawford.

Mount Washington is west of north from your viewpoint. Boott Spur extends toward you from the base of the cone of Washington, and down from Boott Spur, in turn, descends the long line of the Montalban Ridge. Mount Jefferson is hidden by Washington, but Mount Adams is plainly visible to the right of the summit.

Still farther to the right and due north is the cleft of Carter Notch, with Mount Wildcat on the left and Carter Dome on the right. To the north-

east are many summits, among which the white peaks of the Baldfaces can be distinguished. Near by, straight across the valley of the Saco River to the northeast, is Mount Kearsarge.

East from your viewpoint the Saco winds about in a country that looks almost level when you view it from this mountain-top. Here and there are lakes. Close to one of these, and rising prominently out of the seeming plain, is the long ridge of Pleasant Mountain. To the right of Pleasant, if the air is clear, you can see Sebago Lake, and still farther away you may be able to distinguish the city of Portland and the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

If you are going back to the beginning of the trail by the same route over which you ascended, you will find the path without difficulty. After you have descended over the ledges and made your way down through the forest, you will come out in the logging-road near Cedar Brook and this you will follow to the right for a mile. You will then cross the brook, taking the logging-road on the other side, and will find clear going the rest of the way.

If time and energy permit, the return route by the way of Middle Moat and Red Ridge is interesting. From the summit of North Moat to the middle peak is supposed to be about a mile, but is

a long one. The first part of the way involves sharp descents from one broad and thickly grown terrace to another. Here you will need to watch carefully for the path, especially at two or three points where it emerges on the top of a ledge and zigzags one way or another in making its way down. By exercising due care and by watching for trail marks, such as blazes or cairns, you will be able to find the trail.

At the farther end of this stretch you climb over two or three low ledges and emerge on the summit of Middle Moat, adjacent to three rocky hummocks. Here the trail swings sharply to the left, just as it reaches the hummocks, and immediately begins the descent of the barren ridge that now stretches to the northeast in front of you.

In some places the trail down this ridge is not evident. But the whole area of this spur is so open that you can follow practically any route that you wish, provided you hold to the crest of the ridge. In places the trail descends abruptly, utilizing clefts in the ledges and any other available means for climbing down over the rugged bedrock. At one point it crosses a wide and shallow depression on the farther side of which is a knoll that is partly wooded. Beyond this knoll there are further ledges for a short way, and then the trail enters the forest which ends abruptly as it reaches the

rounded end of the ridge. The start of the trail into the woods must be found carefully, for it is the key to the remainder of the journey out to the highway.

The path now goes down the end of the ridge at a sharp angle, bearing to the left, and presently heading toward the deep valley of a stream. At the top of a crumbly and precipitous bank above the stream bed, it turns right a few yards and then left again to find its way to a crossing over the stones in the stream.

On the farther side of the crossing the path turns squarely to the right and follows the downward course of the stream for some distance, presently swinging still farther to the right. It then crosses another trail, which leads to the right toward the highway, two and a half miles south of Echo Lake, and to the left toward Mount Attitash. Just beyond the crossing the path turns to the left, leaving the stream, which bears to the right and flows around the southerly end of the White Horse Ledge on its way to the Saco River.

You are now in the valley back of the Cathedral and White Horse Ledges. Cedar Brook, which flows over Diana's Baths, is on the northerly side of these ledges. Moat Brook, which you have just left, circles the southerly side. The trail that you are following crosses from Moat Brook to

Cedar Brook in the wide valley back of the ledges.

This part of the trail can be followed with reasonable ease. It does not make any marked ascent or descent for a time, but after a while gradually rises and circles around a knoll on the right. It then descends again and presently crosses a wide and open marshy area. Beyond this it follows a former logging-road and presently comes out on the path to North Moat, close to the spot where that path crosses Cedar Brook.

From this point out to the end of the road you will follow the route that you took at the beginning of the climb. Soon after joining the North Moat path you cross the brook and follow the wide wood road on the farther side, down moderate descents to the clearing at the lower end of Diana's Baths.

CHAPTER XV

MOUNT CHOCORUA

An all-day but not difficult round trip to a peak of Alpine contour. The whole journey interesting and beautiful. Highway to summit by the Piper Trail and return by a combination of Liberty, Hammond, and Weetamoo Trails, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours; return by Brook Trail to road on other side of mountain, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 6 hours. Starting-point, Clement Inn, 6 miles south of Conway.

TEN miles south of Conway the east-side trunk-line highway of New Hampshire skirts the shore of Chocorua Lake. Across the lake to the north rises the bulk and the bare rock cone of Mount Chocorua. If you can spend a day in this neighborhood and can visit the slopes and the summit of this mountain, you will be well repaid.

Chocorua is the eastern peak of the Sandwich Range. To the west, in order, are Paugus, a long, rough ridge; Passaconaway, a conical summit; Whiteface, a mountain of heavy shoulders with a bare rock cliff on its southerly side; and Sandwich, a broad, massive bulk. Of all of the peaks in this region, Chocorua, as you see it from the south, is the most graceful. It is a spire of white granite, with a suggestion of Alpine sheerness and steepness in its striking contour. There is no mountain



MOUNT CHOCORUA AND A PART OF CHOCORUA LAKE

that has more interesting trails leading to its summit or a better sweep of view when you have climbed to its highest point. Its height is 3508 feet. Like most of the other mountains in the Sandwich Range, it lies largely in the National Forest.

You can readily climb the mountain and return to its base in about seven hours, and in that time can have an hour or more on the summit. In your trip you can make a circuit, traveling a different trail on your return from that which you used in ascending. Or, if a conveyance can meet you at a point eight miles by highway from the place where you began your climb, you can return by still another and different flank of the mountain over a trail that is one of the most beautiful in New England.

On the northeasterly shoulder of the mountain, about forty-five minutes below the summit, there are two open log shelters, both the property of the Chocorua Mountain Club and both open to the public. The older one of these is known as 'Camp Upweekis.' It is often used for overnight camping and will shelter about five people. More recently the Club has built a new shelter, 'Camp Pennacook,' two minutes' walk from Camp Upweekis. This is much roomier and will accommodate ten or twelve people. Neither of these shelters is pro-

vided with equipment such as blankets and neither has any caretaker or other official to furnish meals. You will find an axe and some cooking-utensils in the newer camp, but of food you must supply your own. Either shelter is convenient and safe in case of storm.

For many years there was a frame house just at the foot of the final bare cone that rises from the ledges and wooded slopes of the mountain. But a terrific gale that swept the peak in the fall of 1915 tore the house to pieces in spite of the chains that held it, and scattered it broadcast over the mountain slopes.

The beginning of the round-trip trail here described will be found opposite a hotel that was formerly known as the 'Piper House' and is now called 'Clement Inn.' This is about three and a half miles north of the point where the road first comes out along the shore of Chocorua Lake, and is about six miles south of the village of Conway. The path that you will follow for the ascent is known as the 'Piper Trail.' It is an ancient path, has been traveled by thousands of people, and will lead you to the highest point of the mountain in a tramp of about three and three quarters miles. The time required from the highway to the summit is three to three and a half hours.

As you start your journey you will find your

path following a cart road. Presently you will cross a brook, and here you will see a path branching off to the left known as the 'Weetamoo Trail,' which also leads to the summit of Chocorua. When you return you will emerge on this trail.

Beyond this fork the cart road passes through a pasture grown up to trees. After a time it is no longer distinguishable as a road, having narrowed down to a path. In this section you cross three small brooks and finally arrive at a much larger stream which is the upper part of the Chocorua River. From the place where you left the highway to this river is two miles, and your time to this point will be about an hour and a half.

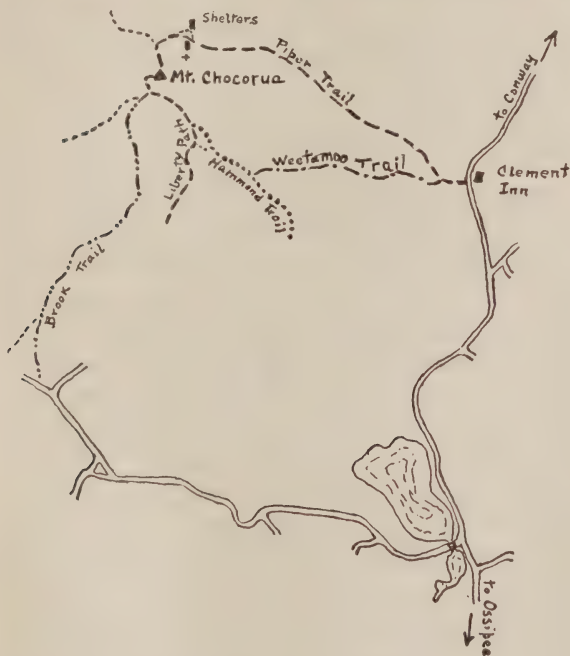
Crossing the stream, the grade is moderate for three fourths of a mile and then increases rapidly. About a mile beyond the crossing, you pass Camp Upweekis, and near by you will see a short trail leading to the right to Camp Pennacook. If you wish, you can diverge at Camp Upweekis, follow the side trail to Camp Pennacook, and then rejoin the main trail a little higher up. There is a spring back of the lower camp. If the weather is very dry, this may be the last water that you will pass until you are well started on your return journey, although in ordinary weather there is water to be had a little below the summit of the mountain.

For the remaining half-mile to the top of the mountain the trail is marked in part by spots of yellow paint on the rocks, in part by piles of rocks. It soon surmounts a bare ridge that swings around toward the summit of the mountain from the northeast and north. In ascending the final cone the trail finally passes around to the westerly side where the ledges are easily climbed. It can be followed readily and is not difficult. One hundred feet below the summit there is a junction of this trail and others that come from the southerly and westerly side of Chocorua. The junction is marked with signs.

The prospect from the summit of Chocorua is essentially twofold, including to the west and north range after range of mountains and to the east and south a relatively level country shining with lakes. Like Kearsarge, a few miles to the north, Chocorua is an outpost mountain and thereby commands a remarkable panorama.

The mountains of the Sandwich Range begin close at hand with the low, wild ridge of Paugus, partly thickly wooded, but disclosing bare ledges here and there. Beyond is the conspicuous, dark cone of Passaconaway, the highest of the Sandwich Mountains. To the left of Passaconaway an elevated ridge leads to the broad-shouldered Whiteface, and to the left of Whiteface is the dome of Sandwich Mountain.

To the right of Passaconaway and a little farther away is Tripyramid, while still farther away in that direction you can see Osceola and Tecumseh, two summits at the head of Waterville Valley. If



the air is clear enough, you will be able to distinguish the broad, high crest of Moosilauke, and the Franconia Mountains.

Northeast from the summit cone stretches a high, barren ridge which rises near at hand in three minor peaks known as 'The Three Sisters.' Below this ridge and extending to left and right is the valley of Swift River. In a northwesterly direction across the head of this valley is Carrigain Notch, on the left of which is the high and prominent bulk of Mount Carrigain flanked by Mount Hancock, while on the right is the scarred pinnacle of Mount Lowell, flanked by Anderson and Nancy.

Turning now a little more to the right, you will see across the Swift River Valley the broad summit of Bear Mountain with the peak of Bartlett Haystack on its left. Much farther away, between Bear and Haystack, is a part of Webster. On the right of Bear Mountain and still farther away is the characteristic dome of Mount Pleasant in the ridge that leads toward Mount Washington. To the right of Pleasant is the rocky eminence of Monroe, dwarfed by distance.

Mount Washington is almost due north, rising to the right of Bear Mountain and to the left of Table Mountain, which adjoins Bear on the east. On the horizon, close to the right of Table Mountain, is the Pinkham Notch through which you catch a glimpse of Mount Madison.

To the northeast and over the barren ridge close at hand is Moat Mountain, about six miles dis-

tant. The long crest of Moat rises in a conspicuous hummock at the left, the North Peak, and another at the right, the South Peak. Over Moat in the distance are the white ledges of the Baldfaces, and nearer by, to the right, the symmetrical cone of Kearsarge.

Now begins the sweep of view over more level country, out of which rises, in an easterly direction, the long, low mass of Pleasant Mountain. Due east is Conway Lake. Farther away are other lakes: Upper Moose, Long, Kezar, Upper Kezar, and Lovell. In exceptionally clear weather you will be able to see the ocean in a southeasterly direction.

Near by and almost southeast is Silver Lake and to the right of it is Ossipee Lake. Straight south and almost under the shoulder of the mountain on which you stand is Chocorua Lake. Far beyond it and to the right are the Ossipee Mountains, with the tips of the Belknaps showing over their crests. To the right of the Ossipees are parts of Lake Winnepesaukee, and again, to their right, Squam Lake.

Historically, Chocorua is interesting because of a story dating from Indian days. The story has come down in various forms, but, whatever the details, it has to do with an Indian chief for whom the mountain was named. The Indian was a mem-

ber of the tribe of Pequawkets who lived in the valley of the Saco, in the region of the Conways. The Pequawkets had difficulties with the settlers to the south, and these troubles eventually resulted in a battle, after which the Indians gave up the Saco Valley and moved to new hunting grounds in Canada. Chocorua, a chief of this tribe, remained behind, refusing to join his people in their migration. With him remained his only son. The father came to have friendly relations with the white settlers and lived with them on good terms.

The boy, unfortunately, was suddenly taken ill and died. The father laid the blame for this on the settler in whose cabin he and the boy had taken up their residence. When opportunity came, he exacted his penalty. The settler found his family, wife and children, murdered.

Chocorua, of course, had fled, taking refuge in the mountain wilderness. The settler and his neighbors pursued him, tracking him up the mountain that now bears his name, and surrounding him at the summit. One version of the legend declares that the Indian chief, caught in the net, was shot. Another story has it that finding himself surrounded he leapt from the crest of a great rock that stands just east of the summit and was killed by his fall to the ledges below.

Your return trip from the mountain to the

highway can readily follow a different route from that by which you ascended. To do this, you will start down the westerly side of the cone over the path that you followed as you neared the top, but will turn left at the junction of trails just below the summit and will take the Liberty Path. This leads past the fire warden's cabin, back of which water may often be found, and presently bears gradually to the left and descends the steep southerly side of the cone. There are rough stairs and old hand-rails along part of the path at this point and there is a magnificent outlook toward the south. It is not dangerous, but it gives the tramper a sense of mountaineering.

When you reach the base of the cone, you will pass the site of the old Peak House that was blown down. Some of the timbers have been used in building a shelter hut which you will find beside the trail. Near the shelter you will find a path branching to the left and marked 'Hammond Trail.' You will now leave the Liberty Path and will follow the Hammond Trail over a ridge leading southeast from the summit of the mountain.

A short distance from the fork you will find a trail coming in on your right. This is a branch connecting the Hammond and Liberty Paths. Continuing along the Hammond Trail, you will find water to the right of the path a little beyond the branch, except in dry weather.

The path in this section emerges now and then on open ledges from which there are striking views of the summit of the mountain. Between the ledges there are dense clumps of evergreens. Presently you arrive at another fork. Here the Hammond Trail goes straight ahead, while another path, the Weetamoo, branches to the left. You will turn left here, taking the Weetamoo Trail.

You now begin to leave the ridge. Soon you pass on your left the Weetamoo Rock, an enormous glacial boulder. A little farther along you cross two brooks. Still farther on, your trail comes out on the bank of Chocorua River and follows this downstream for a way. Crossing the stream you soon emerge in the pasture near the bars where you saw the path branching to the left, as you started your walk.

If there is some one to meet you with a conveyance on the south side of the mountain, you can follow a return trip that is especially beautiful. Have your car driven south along the State highway to the rustic bridge at the outlet of the larger Chocorua Lake. Turn right at that point and two or three hundred yards west of the bridge again turn right, avoiding private driveways which lead from the public way. After going about half a mile the road straight ahead becomes a private way, the public road turning sharply to the left

and presently climbing a hill. Following this public road up the hill, you will soon see Chocorua Mountain on the right. Four miles from the rustic bridge a grassy road leads to the right. There is a yellow signboard reading, 'Liberty Path to Mount Chocorua, Paugus Mill,' etc. Turn to the right along this grassy road and pass a small, abandoned farmhouse in a quarter of a mile. About half a mile farther, an old road, which is the beginning of the Liberty Path, leads to the right. A little way beyond is the lower end of the Brook Trail which you will follow in descending the mountain.

To follow this trail you make your way from the summit down the west side of the cone a few rods to the junction that is marked with signboards, and there take the Liberty Path to the left. This you will follow a little farther to the fire warden's hut. At the hut you branch off to the right on the Brook Trail, and a hundred yards farther you turn to the left where the Bee Line Trail forks to the right. There are signboards to mark these forks. You will now follow the Brook Trail down, part of the time over ledges and much of the way through gorgeous spruce forest and beside a delightful mountain brook. It is one of the most attractive walks in the mountains.

When you are well down the mountain, a blue-

spotted trail will be seen leading off to the right to Paugus Mill. Do not take that trail, but keep straight ahead. Half a mile beyond this fork the Brook Trail comes out into the wood road that was described above, three hundred yards from the fork where the Liberty Path leads off. The distance from the summit to the base by this route is about three and a half miles and the descent can be made comfortably in two and a half hours.

CHAPTER XVI

MOUNT WHITEFACE

A good mountain, less often visited, but worth climbing. The trail skirts an impressive cliff. Some steep going but not difficult. End of road to summit and return, $6\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 6 hours; return by 'the fire escape,' $6\frac{1}{8}$ miles, $6\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point Wonalancet Intervale, 10 miles west of Chocorua Lake.

STANDING out boldly in the mountains known as the Sandwich Range is Mount Whiteface, its solid bulk thrust well forward in advance of its neighbors. It has interesting companions. On the east is the rounded footstool of Wonalancet, then the craggy, rough mass of Paugus, and, finally, the white pinnacle of Chocorua, where the range abruptly ends. On the southwest is an elevated plateau beyond which rises the broad dome of Sandwich Mountain. To the rear and northwest is the saw-toothed Tripyramid, while northeast is the dark and symmetrical Passaconaway.

In this group of distinctive summits Whiteface looms forth as a mountain of impressive bulk, with a contour that almost makes one think of it as stoop-shouldered. As you view it from the south a broad scar that exposes the bedrock of the mountain below its summit gives it a characteristic

appearance and is responsible for its name. As you view it from other mountains to the north, you cannot see the scar and the summit takes on an altered look, appearing as if lightly notched. In character the mountain is the very opposite of Chocorua. Whiteface is a broad, massive, masculine type of mountain, whereas Chocorua is slender, spiry, and almost feminine.

Partly because of this character Whiteface is one of the mountains that the climber of New Hampshire's heights should come to know. It is different, and because it has marked individuality, it is interesting. But there are other reasons why the trip to its summit that is here described is worth while. The trail by which you ascend skirts the edge of the great white scar and gives you a near-by view of an imposing precipice that sweeps into the depths below. From the top of the mountain you look down over the descent of this cliff and out across a variegated combination of cleared intervals, extensive forests, rounded and wooded lesser summits, and shining lakes.

There is a further attraction to the earnest tramper in the fact that Whiteface is climbed by fewer people than are such peaks as Chocorua or Kearsarge. While the base of Whiteface is readily accessible by automobile, it lies some miles removed from the principal arteries of travel. The

east-side trunk-line of the New Hampshire Highway system is ten miles away. The Daniel Webster Highway through the middle of the State is still farther off. From either of these main roads you can journey comfortably in a car to the foot of the mountain, but the number of people who do so is only a fraction to those who pass the foot of Kearsarge or Chocorua or Lafayette.

Finally, Whiteface reaches an altitude that places it in the class of peaks of substantial height. Its summit is 4057 feet above sea-level and is the next to the highest in the group of mountains to which it is allied, Passaconaway being the highest with an altitude of 4116 feet.

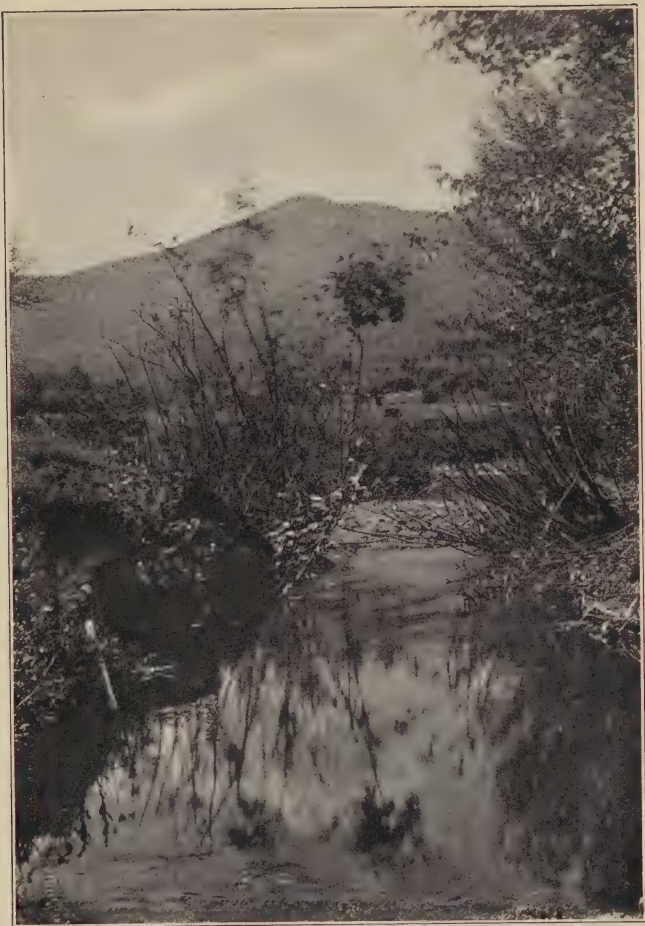
The trail that you will take begins at Wonalancet Intervale. You can drive to the Intervale by automobile over any one of several roads from the southeast, south, and southwest. From the east-side trunk-line it is conveniently reached by diverging at West Ossipee, going thence to Tamworth Village, and taking there a road that runs along the rapid and sparkling Swift River.

In Wonalancet Intervale a road will be found running northwest to Ferncroft, which is at the farther margin of the wide fields and pastures. A road forking from this immediately beyond Ferncroft crosses Swift River on the 'Squirrel Bridge,' bends to the right beyond the bridge, and pre-

sently passes in front of a cottage that stands on the right in an opening. This is the farthest point to which a car can be driven. Just beyond this place a path leads through a gate in a fence and gradually begins to ascend, following an old road no longer in use except for foot-travelers. Presently, the trail forks. Here the old road turns to the left and continues to Whiteface Intervale, southwest from this point. The path to the right, which is the one that you will take, is the Blueberry Ledge Trail to the summit of Whiteface.

The trail soon crosses a marshy area where there is usually mud and water in rainy weather. It then begins a steady ascent, and at the end of a little less than a mile from Ferncroft crosses the open ledges that give the trail its name. Here you get your first panorama of the country to the south and southeast. The ledges slope gently, with hollows and grassy terraces here and there and with clumps of trees growing in the more favorable situations. The route of the trail is marked by occasional cairns and by a few blazes on trees.

At the upper margin of the ledges the trail enters thick woods and soon begins to climb steadily through a hardwood forest, with vistas in every direction. While this part of the trail is free from precipitous rocks, the way is nevertheless



MOUNT WHITEFACE
From Wonalancet Intervale

amply steep in places. About a mile and a quarter after leaving the ledges, you reach an opening known as 'Wonalancet Outlook,' which gives a limited but attractive view toward the southeast and east. The altitude at the outlook is about three thousand feet.

Again the trail enters woods and ascends steeply until it reaches the crest of the spur. Here there is a short stretch of downhill grade into a little hollow which lies at the foot of the final rocky climb to the summit. Near here you can look ahead and see the top of the mountain through the trees, very much enlarged as to details and still appearing to represent a considerable climb. In the hollow the Tom Wiggin Trail, which you may use as an alternate route in descending the mountain, comes in on the right.

You now begin the final and most interesting part of the climb. A little way above this point the trail clambers over a series of ledges like big rock steps. In surmounting these the path zigzags back and forth, and in some places requires the use of hands as well as feet to negotiate the rocky terraces. You are now fairly on a backbone ridge of the mountain. To your right you have an occasional glimpse of a deep, round valley, on the farther side of which rises the high, dark cone of Passaconaway. To your left are openings from

which you can look across the huge rock cliff of Whiteface, falling at a steep angle from the summit to the deep valley that lies below.

This face of the mountain was laid bare by an enormous slide that occurred in the fall of 1820. Thousands of tons of earth, trees, and rock, made unstable by rains, slid down into the valley to pile up there as a gigantic heap, now covered with forests. On the face of the bedrock thus exposed a few bushes and small trees have since found footing where seams or crevices serve to catch and hold a little soil. For the most part, however, the rock has remained gaunt and smooth, and the effect as you look across this wide area and down the steep, almost sheer drop, is one that will not soon be forgotten.

The ascending ledges finally give way to a short, steep stretch where there is enough soil to support tree growth. In a few moments you cross a tiny brook, up and along which the trail leads to a spring just below the summit. A few yards from the spring and a little higher up is an open log shelter, Camp Heermance. In front of the shelter the trail bears to the left and in a few rods emerges on the bare space lying just above the big rock face of the mountain.

The real summit of the mountain lies to the northwest a short distance from the area above the

cliff, but it is wooded. The open rock where the trail emerges is commonly spoken of as the summit and is the spot from which extensive views are to be had.

Northeast from Whiteface and about two miles away in a straight line is the wooded cone of Passaconaway. From the summit of Whiteface a high ridge describes an arc to the north and then to the east connecting the two mountains. Directly across from Whiteface toward Passaconaway the mountain masses drop away in a round, heavily forested valley known as 'The Bowl.'

To the right from Passaconaway extends another high ridge which rises in two prominent summits and then joins a lesser mountain mass that swings around toward the southwest over three eminences known as Mounts Hedgehog, Hibbard, and Wonalancet. The last of these three is the final outpost of the long and lofty ridge. Its sides drop away rapidly to the valley in the direction of Ferncroft. The summit of this outpost is a little south of east from the summit of Whiteface. Over the undulating ridge that swings southeast from Passaconaway you can see the ragged summits of Moat Mountain, near North Conway, and over these rises the summit of Kearsarge. Paugus and Chocorua lie north of east from Whiteface. The first is a rugged, ledgy, and scraggly mountain,

and the second is a serrated line of white granite with a spiry summit at the right.

In the east are several lakes: Chocorua, almost in line with Mount Wonalancet, Conway Lake to the left, and farther away to the right Silver Lake. Off in the direction of Conway Lake and still more distant are lakes in Maine near which rises the low, long bulk of Pleasant Mountain.

In the southeast, to the right of Silver Lake, is Ossipee Lake, backed by Green Mountain. Close by in that direction is Great Hill Pond, while farther away are the dark summits of the Ossipee Mountains. Just to the right of the Ossipees, Lake Winnepesaukee is spread out, some of its deep bays seeming disconnected because ridges shut off the view of the straits that join them to the main body of the lake. Beyond the lake are the Belknap Mountains. Toward the right is Red Hill, and again to the right is Squam Lake. If the air is clear enough, Mount Kearsarge, in Warner, can be made out over the right-hand margin of Squam Lake. Sandwich Mountain is a little to the right of southwest and is somewhat more than five miles away. Farther to the right is Tecumseh in the Waterville Valley, and over Tecumseh is Moosilauke.

From such viewpoints as enable you to gain vistas of the mountains to the north you can see

several of the Presidentials, including Washington, which lies a little north of northeast. To the left of Washington is the small and jagged summit of Monroe, greatly dwarfed by the distance, and, again, to the left is the rounded dome of Pleasant. Between Monroe and Pleasant the peak of Jefferson stands out on the skyline. To the right is a part of the Montalban Ridge, including the Giant Stairs, with Mount Resolution on the right and Mount Crawford on the left. Farther away on the right of Washington are the summits of the Carter-Moriah Range.

In starting back from the top of Whiteface, you will proceed first to the east toward Camp Heermance and will there pick up the trail by which you ascended the mountain. This you will follow down over the succession of rocky terraces until you reach the hollow below, where the trail rises slightly in gaining the crest of a long spur.

In this hollow is the Tom Wiggin Trail branching to the left. You have now a choice of routes for the remainder of the journey. The easier path and the better one, unless you are used to woods travel and have plenty of time ahead, is the Blueberry Ledge Trail, by which you ascended. The steeper and the more difficult is the Tom Wiggin Trail.

If you choose the former, you will go straight ahead over the crest of the wooded knoll and on the

farther side will descend at a sharp angle through hardwood forest. After a time you will come out on the upper margin of the blueberry ledges and will follow the trail as it meanders across to the lower margin. Care should be taken not to lose the way here. Entering the woods again beyond the ledges, you will have a plain route for the rest of the journey. As you near the base of the spur the trail from Whiteface Intervale will be found coming in on the right. Soon you will pass through the gate in the wire fence and will come out into the opening near the cottage at the end of the road that crosses the Squirrel Bridge.

If you choose to branch to the left in the hollow below the summit of the mountain, taking the Tom Wiggin Trail, you will at once begin to descend very steeply. For many years this trail has been known locally as 'The Fire Escape,' a feeling tribute to its character. It is much less traveled than the Blueberry Ledge Trail. At the bottom of a long, steep pitch, the trail crosses a brook and swings to the left. Somewhat farther along it crosses a larger stream and immediately joins the path that leads from the summit of Passaconaway to Ferncroft. The distance from the fork on the Blueberry Ledge Trail to this point is a mile and a quarter and the distance from this junction to Ferncroft is a mile and three quarters.

The path from Mount Passaconaway which this trail has joined, is known as the 'Dicey's Mill Trail.' Most of the remaining distance to Ferncroft is over an old logging-road, which the trail now utilizes. This road is broad and unmistakable and has no confusing forks. At one point it descends a steep slope by a long and sweeping 'S' curve. As it nears Ferncroft, it emerges into a pasture, passes in front of a house, enters a roadway beyond, and in a few rods arrives at the point where the road across Squirrel Bridge leaves on the right. If you have left an automobile at the foot of the Blueberry Ledge Trail, you will turn to the right here, cross Squirrel Bridge, turn right, and follow the road to the opening at its end.

The round trip to the summit of Whiteface and return can be done in six hours of steady tramping, but one should allow seven or eight hours in order to have time on the summit. Trampers often ascend the mountain in the afternoon, carrying blankets or sleeping-bags with them, and spend the night at Camp Heermance. The shelter is protected from severe winds and is reasonably comfortable. It will accommodate six or seven people. The summit ledge is so near the shelter that one can readily enjoy a sunrise from this commanding spot, descending the mountain in the morning hours.

CHAPTER XVII

MOUNT LAFAYETTE

A steady climb over a path that is partly well graded, partly worn out, partly rocky and impressive, to a high peak with magnificent views. Optional long return over a skyline ridge including further summits. Highway to timber-line at Eagle Lakes and return, 5 miles, 4 hours; to summit and return, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 6 hours; return by Franconia Ridge and Mount Liberty Trail to highway at Flume House site, $12\frac{1}{8}$ miles, 9 hours. Starting-point, Profile House site in Franconia Notch.

ONE of the most striking and beautiful clefts in the White Mountains is the Franconia Notch, which lies southwest of the Mount Washington Range. On the east side of this Notch rises Mount Lafayette, the highest summit in the White Mountains with the exception of five of the peaks in the Presidential group. It is a distinctive mountain, pyramidal in shape, rising to a single sharp peak, its upper reaches bare rock, its foundations widely spread. Its summit cone is thrust well above the upper limits of tree growth and exhibits the sub-Alpine characteristics that you see at altitudes of five thousand feet or more in the White Mountains. Alpine plants grow on its upper slopes. The dwarf trees that creep up its flanks to an altitude of forty-five hundred feet give way to occasional

low, shrubby growth in crevices of the rocks and to Alpine grasses and flowering plants. These characteristics and the commanding height of the mountain, 5269 feet above sea-level, have long made this summit an objective much sought by the mountain climber.

Mount Lafayette is one of the peaks that was made accessible by bridle path in the years when climbing by horseback was a favorite recreation. There was a period beginning about 1830 or 1840 when a number of summits in the White Mountains were occupied by hotels access to which was by way of bridle paths. Three such paths led to the summit of Mount Washington: one over the Crawford Ridge, where the Crawford Path now makes the ascent; another over the Montalban Ridge, following a route now utilized by the Davis Path; and a third, now almost obliterated and forgotten, from the Glen House in Pinkham Notch. There was a summit house on Kearsarge accessible for travelers coming on horseback. There were roadways or paths to the tops of other mountains, and there were hotels on their summits. Lesser heights with commanding views, such as Pleasant Mountain in Maine, had their hotels and their bridle paths or carriage roads.

In the valleys there were stage routes, some of which have been made over into motor highways

in recent years, while others have been abandoned. There were valley hotels with big stables in which were housed many saddle horses. It was the day of travel by stage and horseback.

Long before the coming of the automobile, many of the summit houses on White Mountain peaks disappeared. Fire destroyed some of them. Storm and high winds obliterated others. The fashions and habits of the recreation-seeking public changed. Horseback riding lost favor and the attractions of mountain-tops went through a period of decline. Climbing afoot had not yet become the popular recreation that it is to-day and climbing a-horseback was forgotten.

On the summit of Lafayette in early years work was begun on a mountain-top hotel, but the building was never finished. Up to this hotel a bridle path led, beginning in the Franconia Notch at a point two miles south of the crest of the Notch, where a hotel, the Lafayette House, was standing at that time. This path zigzagged up the western slope of the mountain, crossed the top of a shoulder near the Eagle Lakes, and wound back and forth up the steep rock slope of the summit cone. The lower end of the path is still traceable, and the section of it that crossed the top of the shoulder near the Eagle Lakes is plainly to be seen to-day. The part of it that climbed the final cone is substantially the

way followed by the present footpath to the summit of the mountain. But the middle section has been obliterated and the route can no longer be followed.

The path now used in ascending the mountain from the Notch starts from the site of the Profile House. The beginning of the trail will be found on the east side of the highway near the southerly end of a broad and level open space and immediately adjacent to the tennis courts. The path at once enters woods, crosses a stream, bears to the right on the farther side, and in a few minutes swings to the left to begin the ascent.

For the next mile the trail is a broad and cleared way, which winds back and forth so as to climb the steep slope with moderate grades. There are no confusing, divergent paths. At the end of a mile the trail traverses Eagle Pass. On the right is the abrupt slope of a spur of the mountain and on the left the precipitous rocks of Eagle Cliff.

Beyond this point the trail again rises steadily, with the wooded shoulder of the mountain constantly on the right and a forested ravine on the left. Presently a spring will be found beside the trail and again, about a mile above Eagle Pass, there is another spring, to the left of the trail, reached by a short side path marked by a sign.

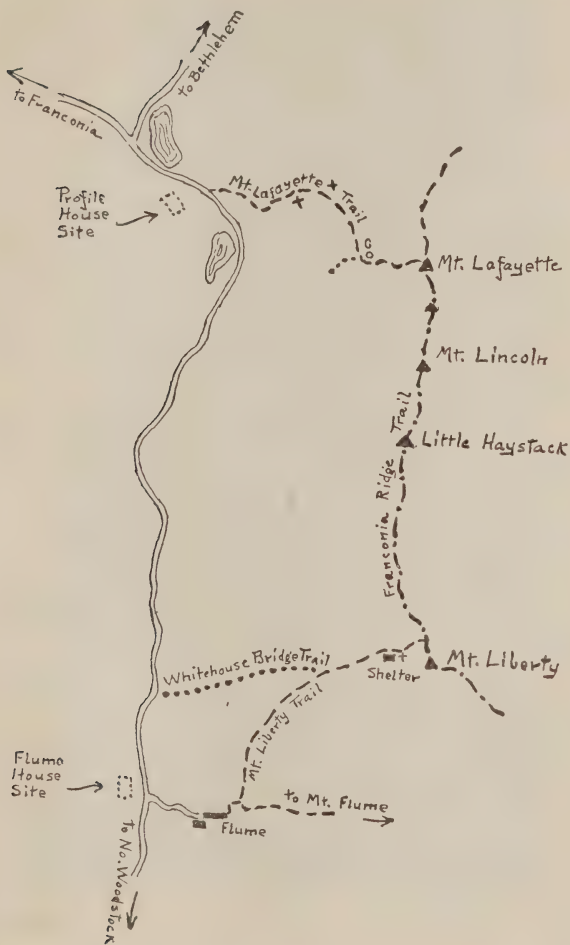
The main path in this section is deeply chan-

neled in the forest cover and is more or less filled with loose rocks. After rains the water flows down the trail as in a brook bed, the mossy rocks are apt to be slippery and insecure, and the tramper sometimes has to find a way of his own on the bank above.

Presently the upper slopes of Lafayette can be seen through the trees, and in a few minutes the path emerges on a rocky shoulder where the trees are wind-swept and stunted. The summit cone of the mountain is now in full view. Just below and in line with the summit is a tree-filled hollow in which are two boggy ponds, the Eagle Lakes. On this shoulder the old and disused bridle path enters from the right.

The trail now descends into the hollow, which it crosses not far from one of the lakes, then climbs out through scrub trees on the farther side, emerges in the open once more, and begins the ascent on the final cone of the mountain.

The distance from this point to the top is nearly a mile, although it looks to be much less. All of the remaining route is in the open and therefore is without the protection of trees. If high winds are blowing or if fogs are closing in, the climb to the top ought not to be attempted, not only because of the violence of possible storms, but because in heavy fog the route over the rocks will be difficult

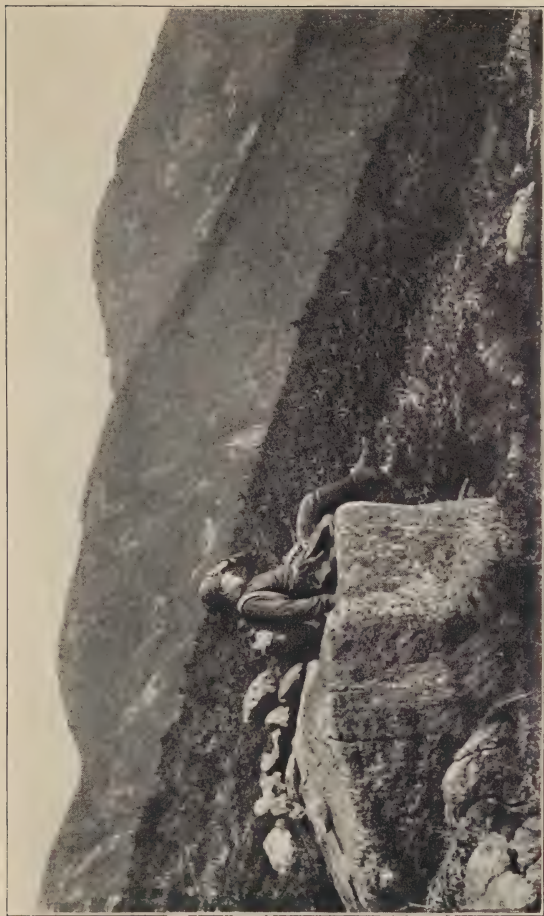


to find. The round trip from this point to the summit and return will occupy not less than an hour and a half, without allowing for a stay on the summit itself.

The path up the cone zigzags among the loose rock, bearing sometimes toward the right and again toward the left. In its course it affords a magnificent prospect to the right into the ravine that leads toward the ridge between Lafayette and Lincoln, the next mountain to the south, and to the left a widespread panorama of the plateaus and peaks toward the north.

As the trail nears the summit, it passes just below ledges where there is a good spring within sight of the path. In the next two or three hundred yards it swings somewhat to the northerly side of the summit cone, then bears to the right and comes out by the foundation stones of the old hotel. The actual summit is a few yards away and is marked by rocks built up to make a large cairn.

As you stand on the peak of Lafayette, you gain a clear idea of the lofty ridges and buttresses that lead toward the summit. Straight south is the Franconia Ridge, rising in the series of summits that constitute the Franconia Range. Mount Lincoln, the first in line, stands out boldly. Behind it is Little Haystack. Still farther along is Liberty, and again, to the left, Flume. The Franconia



THE FRANCONIAS FROM THE TRAIL UP MOUNT LAFAYETTE

Ridge Trail follows the skyline of this rocky crest.

Turning now and looking toward the north, you will see another elevated ridge which begins with a minor summit near at hand and then swings to the northeast, descending into a wooded area and ascending again to the ledgy cone of Mount Garfield. To the right of Garfield the ridge continues, dropping down for a time and then rising to the broad summit of South Twin Mountain. Here it joins a flanking ridge which connects on the left with North Twin Mountain and extends southerly over the rounded summit of Mount Guyot and the pyramid of Mount Bond, and then swings to the southwest over gradually descending heights that complete the circuit. The big valley within this circle is the drainage basin of the Franconia Branch of the Pemigewasset River.

The series of peaks that encircle this valley will serve as guides for identifying other peaks that are farther away.

Almost in line with the summit of South Twin, and standing out plainly because of its great height, is Mount Washington, nineteen miles away. Near the top of Washington a part of the railroad that ascends to the summit can be distinguished. Mount Pleasant, which is one of the summits in the Crawford Ridge and which has a domelike top, is seen just to the right of South Twin. To the left of

Pleasant the craggy top of Mount Monroe is visible, almost in line with Washington. To the left of Washington is the impressive pyramid of Jefferson. The peak of Adams is almost behind Jefferson.

Turning now toward the east and looking across the ridge between the broad summit of Guyot and the pyramid of Bond, you will see a part of the Montalban Ridge. The Giant Stairs, sixteen miles away, lie to the left of the summit of Bond, while Mount Crawford is a little to the right of the same peak. Still farther away is Mount Kearsarge or Pequawket, near Intervale, and somewhat to the right, if the air is clear enough, you can make out the low, long mass of Pleasant Mountain, in Maine.

Over the lower end of the spur that extends to the right from Bond is Carrigain Notch, with Mount Carrigain looming up prominently on the right and the peak of Mount Lowell on the left. The full depth of the Notch is not visible from the point where you stand. Roughly in line with Lowell is Moat Mountain, near the Conways. To the right of Carrigain is Hancock with its several summits, and again to the right is Hitchcock. In this direction, southeast from Lafayette, is Chocorua, approximately twenty-three miles distant.

Over the right shoulder of Hitchcock is Mad

River Notch, with Kancamagus on the left and Osceola on the right. To the left of Kancamagus and more distant is Passaconaway. Over the notch you see Tripyramid. On the right of Osceola is the sharp peak of Tecumseh.

Due south is the far-reaching valley of the Pemigewasset River. Over the right-hand margin of this valley in fair weather you can see Mount Kearsarge in Warner, and to the right of that, when the air is very clear, Mount Monadnock is faintly visible.

Much nearer and bulking large in the southwest is Moosilauke. To its right begins the long mass of Mount Kinsman, which, in turn, gives way to Mount Cannon directly west from the summit on which you stand. To the right of Cannon, in exceptional conditions of atmosphere, you can make out Camel's Hump and Mansfield in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

The view to the northwest and north sweeps over a confusion of lesser summits between which are winding valleys. Directly to the north is the valley of the Gale River and its tributaries. Over this are the mountains and hills in the neighborhood of Bethlehem and Lancaster. In this region the sharp Percy Peaks stand out clearly, while to their right are remote summits well up toward the Canadian line.

The return trip from the summit of Lafayette will normally follow the same route by which you ascended the mountain. This is the direct way and is the only route that will bring you out in the highway at the place where you started.

If time and strength permit, you can take the Franconia Ridge Trail along the crest of the ridge, over Mounts Lincoln and Little Haystack and nearly to the summit of Liberty, and then turn right on a trail from Liberty to the valley, thus reaching the Daniel Webster Highway several miles south of the Profile House. It is a magnificent trip, but it should not be undertaken unless there are five or six hours of daylight ahead and plenty of reserve energy, nor should it be undertaken if the weather is threatening, for it involves a long stretch over bare rock where the tramper is exposed to the full force of storms. The distance from the summit of Lafayette to the highway by this route is about eight miles.

If you propose to follow this route, you will turn directly south at the summit of Lafayette, where a sign marks the beginning of the Franconia Ridge Trail. The path descends into the rocky depression between Lafayette and Lincoln, climbs out of this and crosses the top of Lincoln, then again descends into the valley beyond Lincoln and the next summit in line. All of this is in the open,

with steep, rocky slopes on either hand. After the path has passed the top of Little Haystack, it enters scrubby trees. A little farther along it descends very steeply for a time, then more gradually, and then slowly rises toward Mount Liberty. Before you reach the summit of Liberty, however, you come to the trail by which you descend from the range. This branches to the right and is marked by a sign.

Turning to the right in this trail, you descend through scrubby evergreen woods and in about ten minutes reach the shelter hut on the side of Mount Liberty. There is a spring near this camp. Beyond the shelter the path descends through a short stretch of evergreen woods, then in the open through an area that has been logged.

A mile and a quarter below the shelter you come to a fork in the trail. The path to the left from this place leads down to the highway by way of the Flume, while the fork to the right emerges about a mile north of the Flume House site. Either route may be taken.

The path by way of the Flume follows largely old logging-roads, emerges from the woods near the head of the Flume, traverses the length of that narrow cleft, and enters the private road that joins the highway at the site of the Flume House. The length of this branch is about two miles and the

exit on the highway is five miles south of the Profile House site, where the climb up Lafayette was begun.

The path that branches to the right follows at first an old logging-road and then strikes off through woods, crosses two small brooks, and comes to an end in the Notch highway just north of the Whitehouse Bridge. The length of this branch is about a mile and a quarter and its junction with the highway is about four miles south of the Profile House site.

The trip over the Franconia Ridge is usually done in the opposite direction, using the Mount Liberty Path for the ascent and proceeding from that point northward over the various summits to the top of Lafayette, then turning to the west and following the Lafayette Trail out to the Profile House site. This route gives the tramper the advantage of covering the summits in the order of increasing height, Mount Liberty being about eight hundred feet lower than Mount Lafayette.

The direct route from the summit of Lafayette to the Profile House site offers no difficulty other than the rough and slippery going where the trail is channeled out deeply and sometimes serves as a brook bed. You will leave the summit close to the foundations of the old hotel and will proceed down the cone in a westerly direction toward the Eagle

Lakes, which you can see below you. As you near the lakes, the trail enters a patch of scrubby woods, passes to the left of one of the ponds, and ascends for a short distance beyond. At the top of the rise there is a diverging trail to the left which should be avoided. It is a part of the old bridle path, and is not a feasible route to the base of the mountain, although at the place where it leaves your path it looks like a traveled way.

Keeping to the right at this point you soon begin to descend rapidly. A mile and a quarter from the lakes you reach Eagle Pass. On the farther side you enter the graded way that zigzags down the steep slope, and at the end of another mile you reach the valley, cross the stream, and emerge in the highway.

CHAPTER XVIII

MOUNT LIBERTY AND THE FRANCONIAS

If to Liberty only, a moderate one-day trip over a good trail with no precipitous ascents to a pyramidal summit commanding wide prospects. Extension includes traverse of Franconia Ridge to summit of Lafayette and thence to highway, a long and stiff trip, but one of unexcelled interest. Highway to summit of Liberty and return, $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles, $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours; extended to include Franconia Ridge and Lafayette, $12\frac{3}{8}$ miles to highway at Profile House site, $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point Flume House site in Franconia Notch.

At the southern end of the Franconia Range stand two mountains of almost equal height and of similar pyramidal shape. Each rises to a single sharp crest and each exhibits on its flanks the scars of storms. By the early settlers the two were known as 'The Haystacks.' Another mountain towering at the northerly end of the range was called 'The Great Haystack.' Better names were found for these three summits, and to-day we know the crowning northerly peak as Lafayette, while the two pyramids at the southern end of the range have been given the names of Liberty and Flume.

These two peaks stand out strikingly as you

approach the Franconia Notch from the south along the Daniel Webster Highway. As you pass North Woodstock and draw near to them, their rugged character becomes more and more evident. Finally, at the site of the Flume House, where a private road leads easterly to give access to the rock cleft known as 'The Flume,' the two pyramids are close by on the east and details of their scarred sides are laid bare.

The vogue of mountain-climbing by horseback never reached these two summits and no bridle paths were built to their rugged tops. There was a path to the top of Lafayette, and from that point tramping parties sometimes journeyed southward along the crest of the ridge for two or three miles, returning thence to the summit of Lafayette, but Liberty and Flume were too remote to be reached readily in that manner. The climb up their flanks from the highway near the Flume led over slopes too rough and steep to be attractive.

Early in the last century there was a stage route past the base of the mountains, carrying mail through the Franconia Notch to the town of Plymouth and to neighboring settlements. But the 'stage' for a number of years was only a horse and rider, covering the round trip once a week. Later, a two-horse vehicle made the journey on a twice-a-week schedule and still later a four-horse stage

began regular trips. It was this stage that brought the visitors to the old Lafayette House, which stood about two miles south of the crest of the Notch at the beginning of the bridle path to the summit of Lafayette.

To-day the whole sweep of the Franconias is accessible by the Franconia Range Trail that follows the rocky skyline over each of the summits. Mount Liberty can readily be climbed by a path that starts at the Flume, ascends by moderate grades, and connects with the Range Trail just north of the summit of Liberty.

Thus, starting at the highway at the site of the Flume House, you may climb to the summit of Liberty, an objective that in itself is well worth the time and effort. You may return to your starting-point by the same trail, making a round trip of eight and a quarter miles. Or, if you have the energy to extend the journey to a total of nearly thirteen miles, and the time to do so, you can turn north on the Range Trail, cross the summits to the top of Lafayette, and descend from that mountain direct to the site of the Profile House, emerging in the highway five miles from your starting point.

The shorter of these routes, which takes you only to the summit of Liberty and return, spreads before you one of the best wilderness panoramas



THE ROAD TO THE FLUME, AND MOUNT LIBERTY
IN THE DISTANCE

in the mountains, because from Liberty your eye commands the whole sweep of the upper Pemigewasset Valley, with its wild and remote mountain summits, while roundabout are other ranges and mountains, mile after mile, league after league. The longer of the two trips, including the circuit of the Franconia Range, is beyond doubt one of the most magnificent climbs in the White Mountains.

To begin the ascent of Liberty you follow the private road that leads to the Flume and proceed through the length of that narrow rock chasm to its upper end. There you climb out on to the ledges at the left and follow a path upstream a few yards to a fork. Here the trail to Mount Flume branches to the right, enters the woods, and swings left in the direction of its objective. The path to Liberty branches to the left, and takes up the route of a logging-road that begins to ascend in a northeasterly direction. There is a sign at this place.

Presently, the trail for Liberty leaves the logging-road. Half a mile from the end of the Flume the path crosses a small brook. In another half-mile a path comes in on the left from the Whitehouse Bridge in the Daniel Webster Highway. The trail continues to rise steadily, and after a time emerges from the woods into an area that

was devastated some years ago by a forest fire and is now grown up to clumps of small trees and berry bushes. As the trail climbs through this region, you begin to get vistas to the west. Beyond this area the path enters a belt of close-growing evergreens, climbs steadily for a short distance, and then emerges into an opening where there is an open-front log camp known as the 'Liberty Shelter.'

The shelter is maintained by the Appalachian Mountain Club and is for the use of the public. It is available to overnight campers and will accommodate about twelve persons. In front of it is a fireplace built against the rocks, and near it is a good spring. There is no caretaker in charge and there is no equipment, except that which may be provided by the trampers themselves.

To the rear of the shelter the path continues up the mountain slope, again entering close-growing evergreen forest. Less than a quarter of a mile from the shelter, your path joins the Range Trail which to the left leads in the direction of Lafayette and to the right gives access to Liberty. There is a sign marking the junction. Turning to the right, you soon see the craggy top of Liberty through the trees, and in a few minutes you emerge from the stunted forest, with the rock cliffs and ledges of the summit of Liberty before you. From here to

the top is a matter of only a few minutes, the trail winding about among the rocks and climbing over the ledges as it ascends.

As you stand on the summit of this mountain, you see the lofty ridge of the Franconias both to the north and to the southeast from your viewpoint. Just below you to the north is the wooded depression where you joined the Range Trail. Beyond this is the conical summit of Little Haystack. Again farther along the barren cone of Mount Lincoln is upreared and behind Lincoln's summit is Lafayette. To the southwest the range continues over the top of Mount Flume, whose sides are laid bare with slides, and descends to the East Branch over Mount Osseo.

Straight east is the valley of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset River, a vast wilderness area, most of it logged in the course of the last twenty years and now grown up to hardwoods, but some of it still marked with dark patches of evergreen forest. On its easterly side the valley is walled in by the huge bulk of Mount Carrigain, flanked on the left by Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy and on the right by Hancock and Hitchcock. To the northeast, beginning at the foot of the slopes on which you stand, is the wide valley of the Franconia Branch, a tributary of the Pemigewasset. On its farther margin, from right to left, are Mount

Bond, a pyramidal summit; Mount Guyot, broad and rounded; South Twin, which is due northeast; and behind it the neighboring summit of North Twin. From South Twin the valley wall swings to the left over the rugged crest of Garfield, east of north from where you stand. From this summit a connecting ridge dips and rises to join a northerly spur of Lafayette.

Beyond this circle of mountains other more distant peaks can be seen, some of them thirty or forty miles away. Mount Washington is twenty miles distant and is almost in line with the summit of Mount Guyot. If the air is clear, the details of its summit are easily made out. Jefferson is to the left of Washington, over the left slope of Mount Guyot. Adams is practically in line with Jefferson. Chocorua is a little to the right of the line of Hitchcock and is twenty-one miles distant. In the southeast is Mad River Notch, with Kancamagus on the left and Osceola on the right extending to the west in a series of lesser summits. Tripyramid is about in line with the Notch between Kancamagus and Osceola. Tecumseh lies over the westerly ridge of Osceola.

To the west from Liberty, straight across the valley from which you climbed, is Mount Kinsman. Southwest, eleven miles distant, Mount Moosilauke looms up broad, high, and massive.

Northwest is Cannon with bare cliffs on its south-east side. To the right of Cannon is the deep cleft of the Franconia Notch. In line with the ridge between the northerly summit of Kinsman and the summit of Cannon and well up toward the crest of the ridge is Lonesome Lake.

To return direct from Liberty to the highway so as to emerge at the place where you began the climb, you will take the reverse of the route by which you ascended the mountain. Proceeding north down the summit ledges along the Franconia Range Trail, you will turn left when you reach the junction in the scrub trees. In ten minutes you will reach the shelter hut and will keep this on your left as you proceed.

After passing through a further stretch of evergreen woods, you will come out in the open area that was logged and burned. On the farther side, you will descend again into woods. Somewhat more than a mile below the shelter hut, you will arrive at the fork where the path to Whitehouse Bridge branches to the right. Here you will keep to the left. About a mile below the fork you will emerge at the head of the Flume, will again pass through the length of that cleft, and at the lower end of the ledges will enter the carriage road that connects with the State highway about three quarters of a mile distant.

The round trip by this route involves a total tramp of eight and a quarter miles and will require six or seven hours, allowing for a stay on the summit of Liberty.

If you are able and willing to extend your journey to a total of thirteen miles, if you have at least five hours of daylight ahead of you after you have visited the peak of Liberty, and if the weather is favorable, you can continue north as you leave the summit of Liberty, traverse the Franconia Ridge to the top of Lafayette, and descend thence to the highway at the site of the Profile House. On this circuit, after you reach the summit of Little Haystack, you are in the open on a narrow ridge of precipitous rocks nearly all of the way to the top of Lafayette, and you are above forest growth for a mile after leaving that summit. There are views in every direction that you will always remember, and the trail itself is of unusual interest because of the nature of the rock slopes and ledges over which it passes. The trip is magnificent and inspiring. There are few in the White Mountains that equal and none that surpass it, except, possibly, some of the climbs above timber-line in the Mount Washington Range.

If you plan to make this circuit there are two things to consider when you come down from the summit of Liberty to the fork where the direct route to the valley leaves the Range Trail.

First, as to time and energy. The distance from this junction to the highway at the Profile House site by way of the ridge and the summit of Lafayette is eight miles and a half. The time required is not less than five hours, and preferably six. In the course of the journey you will need to climb over the steep, southern aspect of Little Haystack, then over the cone of Lincoln, and finally to the top of Lafayette. The route is plain and unmistakable, but the footing is over rocks and ledges and is not a graded way. As you descend Lafayette, you will find that much of the way is over loose stones where you will need to step with some care. All of this uses up energy. Therefore, you should be certain that you have both ample time and sufficient strength to cover the circuit.

The second matter is the question of weather. All the way from the summit of Haystack to the point where you enter the forest after descending the cone of Lafayette, you are on exposed heights, part of the time more than five thousand feet above sea-level. There are no exit paths from these heights between the trail you have left and the one you are heading for that descends the cone of Lafayette. The distance that you will need to cover in this exposed skyline is three and a half miles and the time required is about three hours. If the weather is at all threatening, if the wind is

rising, or if a fog is developing, this skyline trail should not be attempted. Under the favorable circumstances ordinarily prevailing in summer, it is safe.

It is well to remember, also, that there is no sure water on the skyline segment of this route between the spring at Liberty shelter and that just below the summit of Lafayette.

Leaving the fork where the path to the Flume diverges to the left you will proceed for a time through scrubby woods, gradually descending for the first fifteen minutes, then traversing a fairly level stretch, and after that beginning to climb more and more steeply the south face of Little Haystack. The upper part of this climb is over a series of ledges more or less covered with scrub trees, which gradually thin out toward the top. Here you can look back and gain a splendid view of Liberty.

After passing over the summit of Haystack, the path emerges from the scrub timber, descends into a depression between Haystack and Lincoln and then climbs a long, steady slope to the peak of Lincoln. As you reach that summit, you see the massive cone of Lafayette ahead. Again you drop down into a depression and then steadily ascend the final cone. The trail leads directly to the highest point of the mountain.

On the top of Lafayette you will find a large cairn and a few yards away are the foundation stones of the hotel that was begun but never completed. To the north and northeast a trail leads over the Garfield Ridge to Mount Garfield. To the west is the path to the Profile House site which you will follow to the highway.

Taking up the descent you will go in a northerly direction for a few yards after you leave the top of the mountain and will then swing around to the left. A short distance below the summit there is a spring to the left of the trail. The path zigzags back and forth down the summit cone in the general direction of the two small ponds that lie at the foot of the cone and are known as the 'Eagle Lakes.' Near the ponds you enter scrub timber for a few moments, pass close to one of the lakes, climb again for a few yards beyond to a shoulder of the mountain, and then bear gradually to the right. On this shoulder there is a branch path leading to the left that may easily be mistaken for the main trail because at the beginning it looks open and well traveled. As a matter of fact, it is a remnant of the former bridle path that was built to the summit of Lafayette and is not a passable route. The trail to follow keeps to the right at this point.

At once your path begins to descend the long westerly slopes of the mountain. Soon you will

find the trail rather deeply channeled by long use and by the wash of water from rainstorms. Some of the going here is tedious, especially in wet weather, because the rocks are apt to be slippery as well as loose and easily moved.

Half a mile below the Eagle Lakes you will see a path leading to the right to a spring, and again, about half a mile farther, you will find another spring close beside the trail. A mile and a half below the lakes you will traverse a narrow cleft between Eagle Cliff on the right and a shoulder of the mountain on the left, the spot being known as 'Eagle Pass.' Below this point the trail is largely a graded way with footing that is relatively smooth and agreeable after the slippery and insecure stones higher up on the mountain.

From Eagle Pass to the highway is about a mile. At the end of the long series of zigzags the trail passes along a short, level stretch, crosses a stream, and in a few yards emerges at the site of the Profile House. The distance from this point to the Flume House site by way of the Notch highway is five miles.

CHAPTER XIX

MOUNT MOOSILAUKE

A broad, high, outpost mountain with exceptional panorama, reached by a vigorous, but not unusually difficult trail. A fair all-day trip. Highway to summit and return 8 miles, 6 hours. Starting-point in Kinsman Notch, one half mile beyond Lost River.

OF the major summits in the White Mountains the farthest to the west and the most detached is Mount Moosilauke. Rising higher than any near neighbor to the north and east, and much higher than the foothills to the south and west, it commands an unexcelled prospect over league after league of surrounding country. To the south it overlooks the lesser ranges and summits of central New Hampshire; to the east, the mountains of the Waterville region and the Sandwich Range; to the northeast, the Franconias and the White Mountain group; and to the north, an indefinite number of summits extending toward the Canadian line. To the west it commands the Connecticut Valley and many hills and mountains of Vermont. On clear days the Adirondacks are visible, more than a hundred miles away.

The mountain is one of vast bulk, covering an area of thirty square miles with its broad flanks.

Unlike such peaks as Lafayette, Liberty, or Kearsarge, it is broad and rounded as to its summit. And yet its height, 4811 feet, carries its upper reaches above timber-line, makes sub-Alpine the character of the low-growing vegetation on its summit, and gives to any one who climbs it an uninterrupted panorama.

Many years ago there was a bridle path to the top, but this has long since ceased to be passable. To-day there are four routes by which it is climbed: from the south by the trail that begins near Glenc cliff Station; from the north by a path that comes from Benton; from the southeast by a path that was once a carriage road; and from the northeast by a trail that starts near Lost River in Kinsman Notch. Of these various means of approach the trail from the Kinsman Notch highway is the one that is most readily reached by most visitors to the White Mountains and is the one that will be described here.

The mountain is one of the summits that has retained its Indian name, having escaped rechristening. The first half of its designation, 'moosi,' is a term meaning bald; the letter *l* is inserted as a connective; and the final syllable, 'auke,' means place.

In 1860, when the climbing of mountains by carriage or on horseback was in favor, a hotel was

built on the summit. This building, solidly constructed of stone, has withstood the storms of all the years since that time. It is now owned by the Dartmouth Outing Club and is maintained as a summit shelter, where lodging and meals may be obtained through the summer season.

To arrive at the beginning of the trail, you will take the Kinsman Notch highway west from North Woodstock in the direction of Lost River. The highway climbs a number of steep grades, but is built for use by automobiles and is safe and in good order for motor travel.

About six and a half miles from North Woodstock the highway passes Lost River, which lies in a reservation owned by the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. This reservation is open to the public and is well worth a visit. A stream here flows under and around a maze of enormous boulders that fill the bottom of a narrow gorge several layers deep. Twisting passages can be followed through this maze for several hundred yards. The State road continues past the reservation and descends the Notch on the other side in the direction of Benton and Woodsville, following the valley of the Wild Ammonoosuc River.

Beaver Brook, a tributary of the Wild Ammonoosuc, enters the river on the other side of the

highest point of the Notch, beyond an area known as the 'Beaver Meadow.' The trail that will be followed to the summit of Moosilauke leaves the highway about half a mile beyond the Lost River buildings and not far from the Beaver Meadow. The beginning of the trail is marked by a sign.

In part the valley of Beaver Brook is followed by the path, which is known as the 'Beaver Brook Trail.' An area near here on the slopes of the mountain has been logged and the route necessarily crosses this lumbered region at the beginning of the climb. A succession of logging-roads are utilized by the path, but after proceeding a short distance the trail leaves the lumber roads and strikes through the woods in the direction of Beaver Brook which lies to the southwest. Near the brook it climbs steeply, keeping the brook on the right and passing a series of beautiful cascades.

At a distance of a mile and a quarter from the highway, the path emerges from the woods and enters another lumbered section, passing to the left of an abandoned logging-camp. It now leaves the stream and ascends rapidly. In this area the logging-roads are not followed, but a number of them are crossed.

A quarter of a mile above the abandoned logging-camp the trail passes an excellent spring. A little more than half a mile farther on, it is joined

by an abandoned trail known as 'Little's Path,' which formerly led to this point from the direction of North Woodstock, but has been rendered impassable by lumbering operations.

The depths of Jobildunk Ravine now lie straight ahead, between this point and the summit of the mountain. The path, therefore, turns sharply to the right and makes a circuit around the head of the Ravine, the steep slopes dropping away abruptly on the left. A mile from this spot, as you are rounding the head of the Ravine, you pass another spring. This water descends to the bottom of Jobildunk Ravine and with various tributaries becomes the Baker River. The path now gradually swings to the left toward the top of the mountain and presently draws into sight of the buildings on the summit. It then ascends over ledges in the midst of clumps of low trees and presently emerges on the summit near the Tiptop House.

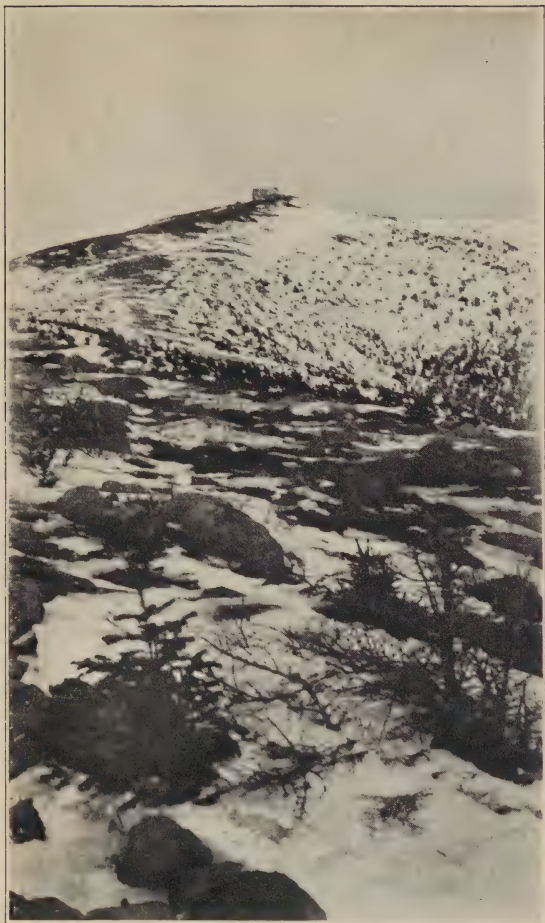
The number of major and minor mountains that can be seen and identified from Moosilauke is very large. Dr. Washington Gladden said of this mountain: 'I give my hearty preference to Moosilauke over every mountain whose top I have climbed. The view from Washington is vast, but vague; the view from Lafayette is noble, but it shows little of the sweet restfulness of the Connecticut

Valley; on Moosilauke we get all forms of grandeur and all types of beauty.'

Mount Washington lies to the northeast, about thirty-two miles distant, and when the air is clear is plainly to be seen. It can be placed on the horizon by locating first the pyramidal summit of Mount Liberty, twelve miles distant. Liberty is the left of the two mountains of similar height and shape in that direction, the summit to the right being Mount Flume. The highest point of Washington is just over the right of the summit of Liberty and just to the left of the summit of Mount Bond, which is a conical peak six miles farther away than Liberty.

Mount Jefferson of the Washington group is the commanding peak to the left of Washington, while Mount Adams is back of Jefferson. The southern peaks of the Presidential Range are almost in line with Washington, and therefore are not easily distinguished, although the rugged crest of Monroe and the dome of Mount Pleasant can be made out like steps or terraces leading down from the top of Washington. To the right of Washington on the horizon line are Wildcat and Carter Dome, almost in line.

Using Mount Flume as a guide, you can distinguish Mount Willey, which flanks the Crawford Notch, while to the right can be seen the scarred



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT MOOSILAUKE

slopes of Webster, on the other side of the Notch.

North from Flume and Liberty are the remaining summits of the Franconia Range, one behind the other, with the high pinnacle of Mount Lafayette at the farther end. To the left of Lafayette is the Franconia Notch with a part of Mount Cannon showing on its westerly margin. Between Moosilauke and Cannon is the long, wooded summit of Mount Kinsman.

East from your viewpoint are the mountains of the Waterville region. Mount Hancock appears as a high ridge that rises in several summits and crosses the line of vision from north to south as you look up the valley of the East Branch, which extends somewhat north of east from your viewpoint. Over Hancock the summit of Carrigain is visible. Much farther away and in line with the southerly end of Hancock is Mount Kearsarge, near Intervale. Farther to the right is Mount Osceola with a long ridge extending toward the nearer end of the East Branch Valley. To the right of Osceola, Tripyramid shows its three peaks.

In the southeast the waters of Lake Winnepesaukee can be seen in their setting of hills and lesser mountains. On around to the south and southeast a great number of foothills are visible, merging in the distance. Almost due south the summit of Mount Kearsarge in Warner stands

out clearly, and to the right in exceptionally clear conditions of atmosphere Monadnock can be differentiated.

Toward the west, across the valley of the Connecticut River and across the foothills beyond, are the Green Mountains. If the air is clear enough, Camel's Hump is easily identified, lying somewhat west of northwest, while to the right is the long mass of Mount Mansfield.

The return from the summit of Moosilauke will be over the same route by which the mountain was ascended. The trail will be found leading northeast from the Tiptop House, at once descending rapidly over ledges. Presently it bears somewhat to the left and then gradually makes the circuit of Jobildunk Ravine, with precipitous slopes falling away to the right.

As it rounds the head of the Ravine, it swings east and then southeast to the junction with the now disused Little's Path from North Woodstock. There the trail turns to the left, unites with a logging-road, and after a time passes an abandoned lumber camp on the left. Here it enters woods and descends to the neighborhood of Beaver Brook. The grades in this section of the trail are very steep.

With the brook on the left the path continues its descent, then bears to the right, leaves the

valley of Beaver Brook, and presently crosses a number of logging-roads. Beyond these it emerges on the Kinsman Notch road at the point where the journey to the mountain-top was begun. The cabins at Lost River are half a mile distant to the right along the highway.

CHAPTER XX

MOUNT OSCEOLA

A steady, moderate climb to a wilderness summit that gives near-by views of mountains seldom visited as well as wide prospects over distant peaks. Road to summit and return, $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles, 6 hours. Starting-point Waterville, fourteen miles northeast of Campton.

IN the White Mountains, as in other mountain regions, there are isolated valleys into which a road has been built, but out of which there is no route for a vehicle except the one by which the valley was entered. They are off by themselves and away from the through traffic. The great stream of automobiles that follows the trunk-line routes passes them by.

Such a place is the Waterville Valley which lies a few miles east of the Daniel Webster Highway. A well-built road leaves the State highway at Campton and proceeds northeasterly up the Mad River Valley for fourteen miles. It comes to an end in a wide, level, and open space that is encircled by splendid mountains. Five of these, with altitudes ranging from 3724 feet to 4352 feet, raise their summits within a radius of four miles and extend their spurs and flanks to the very margin of the level opening in the valley's center.



MOUNT OSCEOLA FROM WATERVILLE

The highest of these peaks is Osceola, standing in the northwesterly part of the encircling rim. A good trail leads to its summit, traversing on the way a magnificent spruce forest. From the top there are intimate views into the wilderness of the Hancock Branch and the East Branch of the Pemigewasset, and over scores of mountains, some of them pathless and unvisited, while others are familiar to trampers because of the trails that have made them accessible. The panorama sweeps a vast circle that extends from the Green Mountains in Vermont over the farther limits of the White Mountains, across through Maine, well down to the ocean, and through southern New Hampshire.

There has been a trail in existence to the summit of Osceola for many years, and the route that is followed to-day, so far as the upper part is concerned, is the same as that which served years ago. In the lower areas there has been logging with consequent relocating of the way.

If an automobile is available, the first mile of the journey can be accomplished by way of the car. To do this you will turn left opposite the hotel, keep to the left around a red barn a few rods distant, proceed down a bank and across a wooden bridge, and follow the road on the other side for somewhat more than half a mile. You will then arrive at a

lumber road that branches to the left where there is a sign reading, 'Top of the Mountain.'

If you go afoot from the hotel, you will reach this same fork more directly by proceeding north beyond the hotel and following a path that turns left and presently crosses Mad River on a footbridge. On the farther side the path enters woods and at the end of half a mile emerges opposite the fork described above.

Whatever means are used to reach this point, the rest of the journey will be made afoot. Turning left at the fork and following a wood road, you will soon cross a stream on a corduroy bridge, entering a section on the farther side that is cut up with logging-roads. The route through this area is marked by signs.

Leaving the lumbered region, you arrive again at a stream which is crossed on a log footbridge. Beyond this crossing you will follow a new trail for a time. The old route diverged here, whereas the new path is cut straight through woods, rising gradually. At the end of the newly cut trail the old path comes in on the left, climbing a steep bank to reach the junction. The old path is blocked off with trees and brush. From this junction the route followed coincides with the old one, has been traveled by many people for many years, and is unmistakable. The grades are steady,

gradually becoming steeper, but nowhere precipitous. For a long distance the path rises through a spruce forest the beauty of which in itself is worth the effort of climbing.

A little way beyond a sign that reads, '2½ miles,' there is a good spring close to the path. Beyond this the trail grows steeper as it nears the upper reaches of the mountain. About a mile beyond the spring there is an opening from which you look out over the forest below toward the scarred peaks of Mount Tripyramid. Above this point there are other occasional narrow vistas, although for the most part the path remains within woods that grow too thickly to permit any views. At a distance of a little less than four miles from the hotel the trail comes out in front of a cabin which is occupied by the fire warden stationed on the mountain. A few yards from the cabin there is a spring dug out in the mossy terrace.

The trail to the summit passes to the left of the cabin and immediately begins to climb the rocky, tree-covered slope that leads to the top of the mountain. Just above the cabin a trail, marked by a sign, comes in to the left from the region of Woodstock. A few rods up the slope the trail forks. The path to the left leads to the lookout tower, while that to the right leads to a log shelter and thence to ledges just east of the tower, from

which, in turn, there is a trail to the tower. Thus either path may be taken at this fork.

While most of the summit of Osceola is covered with low-growing trees, there is a broad, open, ledge at the top of a high cliff from which you have an unobstructed view to the north, east, and south, while another ledge completes the circuit. In addition, there is a steel tower surmounted by a glass-enclosed room which is used by the fire look-out and is open to the public during the hours when the fire warden is on duty.

As you look out from the summit, you see near at hand a surrounding circle of mountains broken only on the west and northwest. Straight to the north the slopes drop away to the wild, wooded valley of the Hancock Branch, directly beyond which rises Mount Hitchcock. A little to the right and somewhat nearer is Mount Huntington, while two miles back of that summit and beyond a notch that you can distinguish only imperfectly, is the higher and rugged summit of Mount Hancock. Again, a little farther back and to the right of Hancock, is the still higher and broader bulk of Mount Carrigain.

Nearer at hand, a little north of east and only three miles away, is the summit of Kancamagus. Between Kancamagus and the mountain on which you stand is the deep cleft of Mad River Notch,

its bottom hidden by the easterly spur of Osceola. South of east and six miles distant is Tripyramid with a three-toothed skyline and with scarred and gashed sides. Slightly to the right of Tripyramid and two miles farther away is Whiteface.

Southeast and near by is the head of the Waterville Valley, the open area dwindled to a mere patch as you look down on it from the top of the mountain. To the right and seven miles distant is Sandwich Mountain, bulking large and heavy. West of south, and close at hand across the cleft known as Thornton Gap, is Tecumseh. Northwest and west is the long, descending Scar Ridge of Osceola.

The mountains that lie beyond this near-by circle and which are visible from your viewpoint number scores. Mount Washington and the Presidentials are northeast. Washington itself stands out plainly almost in line with Carrigain. The distance to it is twenty-two miles and the details of its summit can be made out distinctly if the air is clear. To the left of Washington the peaks of Jefferson and Adams are visible, the latter twenty-five miles distant from your viewpoint. To the right lies the Carter-Moriah Range, with Wildcat and Carter Dome almost in line, although the Dome is somewhat to the right and is higher.

Again to the right of this line and visible over

the easterly slopes of Mount Huntington are the lower summits of the Montalban Ridge, including the Giant Stairs, the peak of Mount Crawford, and the dome of Mount Resolution. Still farther to the right and twenty-eight miles distant are the peaks of the Baldface Mountains, near the line between New Hampshire and Maine, the south peak showing characteristic white ledges.

To the left of the summit of Kancamagus are the Bartlett Haystacks and Tremont. Almost over the summit of Bartlett Haystacks is Mount Kearsarge, near Intervale, about twenty-four miles distant. To the right of Kancamagus is the long rugged ridge of Moat Mountain.

Straight east from Osceola you look into the valley of Swift River, which joins the Saco at Conway. On the right of this valley, south of east and fourteen miles away, is Chocorua, a white and serrated ridge with a pinnacle at the southerly end.

Between Tripyramid and Sandwich Dome you look across intervening ridges toward the Ossipees and at their right you can see parts of Lake Winnepesaukee. Toward the south, to the right of Sandwich Dome, are other lakes and various ranges of foothills. In that region is Mount Kearsarge in Warner, rising as a prominent peak.

Over the Pemigewasset Valley to the west the

curves and broad dome of Moosilauke rise high and prominent. In the far distance in that direction you may be able to distinguish some of the principal summits in the Green Mountains of Vermont, notably Camel's Hump and Mansfield. Adjoining Moosilauke on the north is the long ridge of Mount Kinsman, and just beyond its northerly summit is Mount Cannon, which drops off on the east into the Franconia Notch.

Mount Liberty and Mount Flume, almost in line, are in the direction of Mount Cannon, but about five miles nearer. Adjoining them on the right is the lofty ridge of the Franconia Range which culminates in the sharp spire of Lafayette. To the right of the Franconias is the broad wilderness valley of the Franconia Branch, at the upper end of which stands Mount Garfield. The right-hand slopes of this valley rise to the peaks of the Twin Range with Mount Bond at the nearer end. To the right of this range and east of north is the Zealand Notch, through which you can see mountains far to the north near Lancaster.

The return from the summit of Osceola to the Mad River Valley is a matter of steady going over a path that offers no difficulty either as to footway or as to confusing forks. A short distance below the summit and before you reach the fire warden's cabin, the trail will be seen branching to the right

that leads in the direction of Woodstock. It is marked by a sign. Keeping left at this point, you will soon arrive at the warden's cabin, will pass to the right of it, and continue straight on down the slope of the mountain.

A mile and a half below the summit you will see a large spring on the left of the trail. After a further stretch through the spruce forest you will pass the place where the old trail led off to the right. This is now barred off by brush, and in any event is not likely to cause confusion for the reason that the new trail straight ahead is wide and unmistakable.

Through the logging-roads near the stream at the foot of the mountain the way will be found plainly marked. Beyond these you will cross a corduroy bridge and in a few rods will arrive at the fork which is the farthest point to which a car can be driven in the direction of the mountain.

Here if you are going by automobile you will keep to the right and then to the left, cross Mad River and emerge on the main road opposite the hotel. If you are going afoot, you will take the path that leaves the fork at a sign and will follow this through the woods and across a footbridge to the hotel and the public road.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BALDFACE CIRCLE

A remarkable circuit of two rocky peaks by a trail that is in the open on the skyline for five miles. A fairly long day. Some steep climbing, but largely moderate grades. Highway around the circuit and back to highway, $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 8 hours. Starting-point, near North Chatham, 25 miles from Conway.

EAST of the Mount Washington group lies the Carter-Moriah Range across the valleys of the Peabody and Ellis Rivers. Beyond these, to the east and southeast, is the wilderness valley of Wild River. On the farther margin of that, in turn, lies a range of mountains of which two bare peaks, North Baldface and South Baldface, are the culminating summits.

Starting from the valley of Cold River on the easterly side of this range there is a path known as the 'Baldface Circle Trail,' that makes the round of these two outstanding and distinctive peaks, returning at the end to the point from which it started. It makes possible one of the most spectacular and satisfactory all-day trips in the White Mountains.

The highway to Cold River Valley leads north from the eastern part of the town of Conway and

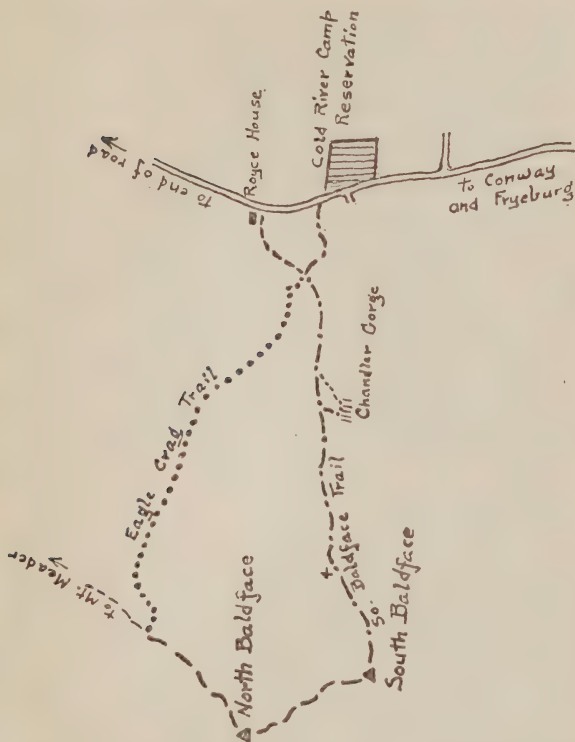
is known as the North Chatham road. The distance from North Conway or Conway to the point on this road where the trail begins is about twenty-five miles. Coming from the east the traveler by automobile will diverge at Fryeburg, turning north just beyond that village. The traveler afoot will find an automobile stage from Fryeburg to North Chatham.

As you proceed north along the highway, you will see on the left two wooded summits, Sloop Mountain and Mount Eastman, and over the latter the white rock cone of South Baldface. As you go farther north, the peak of North Baldface differentiates from that of its neighbor to the south. A lofty rocky spur, Eagle Crag, leads to the right from the northern summit. The two peaks, South Baldface and North Baldface, together with Eagle Crag, describe an arc within the curve of which is a deep, round, precipitous valley. The trail that you will follow starts for the left margin of this valley, climbs over the ledges to the summit of South Baldface, traverses the ragged skyline between that peak and its neighbor to the north, swings then northeast, descending to Eagle Crag, proceeds to the right-hand margin of that spur, and then drops down into the forest and returns to the highway. The round trip is approximately eleven and a half miles, and of this total distance about



STORM CLOUDS OVER NORTH BALDFACE

five miles lie over bare rocks and ledges from which you have magnificent and unobstructed views.



The trail begins at a gate on the left of the road as you go north, just before reaching a bridge crossing Charles Brook. The entrance to Cold

River Camp, a private reservation, is a few rods south and the North Chatham post-office is a few rods north, beyond the bridge. There is a sign where the trail leaves the highway.

Passing through the gate you follow a wood road through a level tree-grown pasture, keeping to the right at a fork three minutes' walk from the gate and again to the right a short distance beyond. About three quarters of a mile from the highway you arrive at a junction which is marked by signs. Here a trail comes in on the right from the Royce House which is situated on the highway a quarter of a mile north of the place where you passed through the gate. Ahead there are two routes, that to the left leading up South Baldface, and that to the right to Eagle Crag. You will take the path to the left, and on your return will emerge on the path from Eagle Crag.

As you leave the junction the trail proceeds southwest and immediately begins to ascend. After climbing for about fifteen minutes, you will swing to the right and for a time will follow an old wood road in a northwesterly direction. In about ten minutes a branch will be seen leading off to the left to Chandler Gorge, where the water of Chandler Brook falls into a long cleft in the rocks. This branch leads to the lower end of the Gorge, while another leaves the upper end and joins the South

Baldface Trail five minutes farther along. Both of these branches are marked by signs.

The path continues to rise steadily and presently bears southwest in order to skirt the slopes of a high and wooded knoll which lies on the right. Two miles and a half from the highway the trail passes a spring which serves as a supply of drinking-water in the earlier part of the season, but is apt to fail in dry weather. Just beyond the spring the path emerges at the foot of the conspicuous ledges that were plainly visible from the valley. It now ascends over the bare rocks, climbing steeply from one terrace to another. Cairns and spots of paint mark the way. In wet weather it is well to proceed carefully because the trail here rises at a sharp angle and the rocks when wet may be slippery.

As you traverse the ledges you will be sure to notice long stone blocks lying here and there which show the mark of drills and manifestly have been wedged loose from the parent rock as if to be put to use. It is interesting to know that from these ledges came the stone foundations for a number of the houses in the valley. Many years ago, when the valley was first settled, pioneers came to this outcrop to secure foundation stones for their houses, transporting the heavy burdens down the long and steep slopes by ox-team and sled. Some

of the stones that were made ready for removal were never taken away.

When you have surmounted this shoulder of the mountain, a long, bare slope will be seen ahead of you leading toward the summit of South Baldface, which is now in plain sight. The grades up this slope are moderate and the remainder of the journey to the top of the south peak is easily accomplished.

Passing over the south summit which has an altitude of 3585 feet, the trail descends at a moderate grade and traverses the depression between the south peak and the north, climbing over two or three low eminences in its course and once or twice dropping into small patches of scrub trees. All of the time the sharp pyramid of the north peak is in sight. In about half an hour you will begin to ascend sharply and presently will surmount the second and final summit, which is the highest point in the range and is 3605 feet above sea-level.

The views from the north peak and from the south are essentially similar. To the northwest you look down into the great wooded valley of Wild River, which begins three or four miles to the west, where the slopes from Carter Dome come down from the northwest and meet the slopes of Black Mountain descending toward the north. From this beginning the valley extends north-

easterly fourteen miles to its outlet in the Androscoggin River. Carter Dome is north of west, five miles distant, and drops off on the left side to Carter Notch, which is defined on the other side by Mount Wilcat, six miles away.

To the right of Carter Dome is the Carter-Moriah Range, including Mount Hight, a somewhat sharp eminence about a mile from the Dome, then a drop and a rise to Middle Carter, a further rise to South Carter, a slight drop to North Carter, and beyond that the Imp, Moriah, Middle Moriah, and Shelburne Moriah, the last straight north from where you stand.

Beyond Carter Notch and its flanking mountains some of the peaks of the Mount Washington group are visible. To the southwest you look across the divide between the waters of the Wild River and those of the East Branch and Wilcat Brook, tributaries of the Saco. Still farther away in that direction are the mountains at the lower end of the Montalban Ridge. A little west of south, two miles away, is the wooded summit of Sable Mountain with the top of Chandler on its right, a mile farther on. To the left of Sable and almost due south is the cone of Kearsarge, nearly ten miles distant. The Sandwich Mountains lie to the right of the line of Sable and Chandler, about twenty-five miles away.

Northeast the bare ridge that springs from the foot of the cone of North Baldface and culminates in Eagle Crag continues to the summit of Mount Meader, two miles and a half away. Almost in line with Meader is West Royce, and beyond it in the same line is East Royce. To the right of the Royces is Evans Notch through which there was once a wood road from the Chatham Valley to Gilead and through which a trail now passes. On the easterly margin are the widespread spurs and approaches to Speckled Mountain, which is a broad mass lying northeast and about seven miles distant. Over the left of Speckled and ten miles from the point where you stand is the square top of Mount Caribou.

In the east are scores of lesser summits with winding valleys and occasional clearings and here and there the shining water of lakes, including in the east glimpses of the long and winding Upper Kezar, in the southeast the round expanse of Lower Kezar, and somewhat more to the south Kimball and Webb Ponds. Beyond these lakes and lesser summits are other and more remote lakes and hills, many miles distant.

As you leave the summit of North Baldface, you will descend sharply for several hundred feet, then rise slightly to the comparatively level stretch of the rocky ridge that ends at Eagle Crag.

You will traverse the length of this, and when near its end will arrive at a junction of trails where a path straight ahead leads to Mount Meader, while another turning to the right abruptly descends Eagle Crag and leads to the highway at the point where you began the climb. Here you will turn right.

For a few rods as you leave the top of Eagle Crag, you climb down very steeply over ledges. Within the shelter of trees the trail continues somewhat less steeply, in half a mile passing a spring on the left which, like the one on South Baldface, is dependable except in dry weather. Other sources of water that do not fail will be found a little farther along.

About a mile from the top of Eagle Crag the trail enters a wood road which holds to a general southeasterly direction and which furnishes open and easy going with steady, gradual descent. After a time you will cross a stream which comes from the left and a little farther along will cross a much larger stream which comes from the right. On the farther side of this larger stream the path turns sharply to the left and soon arrives at the junction of the trails, where you took the left-hand route when ascending the mountain. Here the route ahead to the left leads past Emerald Pool to the Royce House, while the route ahead to the right

leads to the highway at the point where you left it when beginning the trip. From this junction to the highway is about three quarters of a mile over comparatively level going.

CHAPTER XXII

PLEASANT MOUNTAIN (MAINE)

An easy trip to a low summit that is detached and affords exceptional views. Road to summit and return, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, 3 hours. Starting-point on road branching from highway Conway to Bridgton.

FROM many summits in the White Mountains, as you look to the east and southeast across the rolling country of western Maine you can see a long, low mountain rising conspicuously above the surrounding region. This elevation is Pleasant Mountain, and its summit, although only 2007 feet above sea-level, affords a remarkable view. It is easily climbed by a trail that ascends over moderate grades, and the round trip to its summit and return need occupy no more than three or four hours.

The mountain has long been famous as a viewpoint. Years ago one of the commodious mountain-top hotels of New England stood on its summit. The white building was a prominent landmark from every direction and easily identified the mountain at a distance of many miles. A carriage road, readily passable in its lower half, though rough and steep for the final mile, led to the sum-

mit. The hotel no longer exists and even its stone foundation walls are more or less tumbled down. The road that led to the top is passable for horses as far as the halfway mark, but beyond that point is only a stretch of rocks and ledges through an opening in the woods. A footpath, however, follows the road and makes ascent of the mountain easy. On the summit is a steel tower with a glass-enclosed room on top, where a fire warden is stationed.

If you are traveling by automobile, you can drive to the base of the mountain by taking the State road that leads from Conway in the direction of Bridgton, following this as far as a branch road that leads to the right, just opposite a tea house, seven miles east of Fryeburg or sixteen miles east of Conway. Coming from the other direction, you will find the road on the left nine miles west of Bridgton.

The diverging road should be followed about a mile until it reaches a set of farm buildings with large barns on the right and a house on the left. Here the trail to the top of the mountain begins. If you wish, you can drive through a gate at the left near the sign and follow the old road toward the mountain about half a mile farther. It is fairly passable for that distance, although in the latter part the going is rough. From this point to



PLEASANT MOUNTAIN (MAINE)

the top is about two miles or less, and the way is unmistakable.

Halfway up the mountain the path makes a turn to the right opposite a cabin. At this turn there is a good spring, the last water that you will pass, since there is no supply on the mountain. From here to the top is a steady up-grade which is nowhere very steep, but is rough, because the old mountain road has been washed out badly by many storms. Close to the summit the path emerges in a small opening where there are clumps of wind-swept trees and just beyond comes out on the open ledges adjacent to the fire warden's tower. From the ledges, as well as from the tower, there is an unobstructed and a wide-sweeping panorama toward all the points of the compass.

The view is one of especial interest and charm because it includes toward the west and northwest many of the principal White Mountain ranges and summits, while to the east and southeast the prospect sweeps over the rolling lake country of southern Maine, bordered for many miles by the line of the distant ocean.

The highest summits, those of the Presidentials, lie northwest, twenty-five to thirty miles away. Mount Washington is almost precisely northwest and is twenty-eight miles distant. It looms up over a part of the ridge running to the left from

Mount Wilcat, which borders Carter Notch on the left, with the broad and massive Carter Dome forming the other margin. In line with the Notch itself is the peak of Mount Adams, the second highest summit in New England. A small part of Mount Madison can be seen through the Notch, the rest of the mountain being cut off by the slopes of Carter Dome.

To the left of Washington and about thirty miles from the point where you stand is the great southwestern ridge, beginning with the craggy summit of Monroe, including farther to the left the rounded dome of Pleasant and still farther the low summits of Clinton and Jackson. Kimball Ponds, near by, are in line with Mount Pleasant, while the north peak of Doublehead, near Jackson, is in line with Mount Monroe.

To the right of Carter Dome the view falls on the conspicuous white summit of South Baldface behind which is the peak of North Baldface. In line with these and farther away is Imp Mountain in the Carter-Moriah Range. Farther to the right is Mount Royce, between whose double summits passes the line between Maine and New Hampshire. In that direction and somewhat nearer you can see parts of Upper Kezar Lake, which extends for several miles from north to south in the midst of surrounding hills. Well out on the horizon to

the north are the mountains in the neighborhood of Grafton Notch. To the east of north you may be able to see Mount Blue, in the remote distance.

Beginning at the northeast and sweeping over a broad arc to the south a wide expanse of southwestern Maine is spread before you. There are many lakes in sight, the largest being Sebago, which is southeast from your viewpoint. To the left of Sebago are parts of Long Pond and of Highland Lake. Directly over Sebago is the city of Portland, and when the atmosphere is sufficiently clear a long stretch of the seacoast is visible. To the south you may be able to distinguish the somewhat isolated eminence of Mount Agamencus.

Southwest and west of the mountain are the near-by Pleasant and Lovell Lakes, and farther away Conway Lake. On the southwest horizon are the Ossipee Mountains, and more toward the west is the Sandwich Range. Chocorua appears as a prominent white and toothed ridge rising at the left in a sharp peak. Back of Chocorua you can see the upper part of Mount Whiteface with the dark conical summit of Passaconaway to the right, and still farther to the right the saw-teeth of Tripyramid. Sandwich Mountain bulks large and broad to the left of Chocorua. Osceola is to the right of Tripyramid and still more distant, while

still farther to the right is Moat Mountain. Then comes the high and prominent Mount Carrigain with Hancock on the left and Lowell, Anderson, and Nancy on the right. Mount Lafayette, in the Franconia Range, forty miles away, is about in line with Nancy.

North of the broad Saco Valley rises Mount Kearsarge or Pequawket, on the left of which are the Giant Stairs. To the right of Kearsarge and farther away begins the Crawford Ridge leading up to Mount Washington.

The return trip from the summit of Pleasant Mountain is easily accomplished, and will occupy about an hour or a little more from the summit to the public road at the farmhouse. The distance to that point is somewhat more than two miles.

CHAPTER XXIII

MOUNT MONADNOCK

An isolated mountain, long famous, with a rugged, broad summit, and commanding a view including many hundred square miles. An easy one-day trip. End of road to summit and return, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Starting-point terminus of new Memorial Road one mile from Jaffrey.

IN southwestern New Hampshire stands Mount Monadnock, the most isolated summit in the State and one of the most interesting in New England. Whether it may properly be spoken of as one of the White Mountains is a question, but it certainly is an outpost of that vast uplifted area, and is so striking a peak as to merit a visit from any one who finds it within reach.

Rising from a surrounding area much lower in height, Monadnock got all the effect of the grinding ice-caps that ages ago overlay the northern part of the continent. In the beginning it must have reared its summit far higher into the sky. The geologists describe it as a very old mountain and as representing to-day in its rounded, scarred, and rugged mass only the foundation and the first two or three stories of the structure that it once was.

The extent of the foundation gives some clue

to the old-time height of the peak. Between present highways, east, west, north, and south, the mountain and its buttresses cover an area of approximately twenty square miles. Details of the broad summit also give evidence of the gouging ice and the weathering centuries. In historic times a great fire swept the mountain, burning away not only the forest but the soil in which the trees had their roots, and thus, with the help of the storms and rains that followed, disclosing the history written in the bedrock of the mountain summit. These rocks were deeply scored and ground by the great weight of ice, which gave them a sculptured contour that shows not only the work but the direction of movement of the ice-cap.

The first recorded ascent of the mountain was that of Captain Samuel Willard, of Massachusetts, in July, 1725. Captain Willard was in command of a group of men who set out on an expedition against a band of Indians that had been in bloody conflict with the whites. For some reason, probably to reconnoiter the surrounding country, he took his men to the top of Monadnock and camped there for a night. The mountain at that time was called by the same name that it bears now, an Indian term meaning 'steep mountain.'

As the years went on, people visited the summit in increasing numbers. Thoreau climbed the

mountain several times and wrote much concerning it. Emerson paid it a visit and found in it inspiration for more than one poem. Whittier, William Ellery Channing, and Edna Dean Proctor celebrated its beauty and majesty in verse.



There are paths to the top of the mountain from four directions and a remnant of a path from a fifth. From the south comes the old carriage road to the Halfway House, a mile below the summit, with a number of trails between that point and the top. From the north comes a trail that starts

on the road from Dublin to Troy and makes the ascent in about two and a half miles. On the northeast the Pumpelly Trail starts near Dublin village and follows the Dublin Ridge to the summit, four and a half miles. On the southeast a network of trails leads to the top of the mountain from the direction of Jaffrey village. From the west came the old Marlboro Trail, still traceable in its upper and lower parts, but obliterated in the middle section.

Both on the south and on the southeast the mountain is criss-crossed by many pleasure paths, some of which have been cut through as links from one trail to another, some built for the purpose of giving access to attractive viewpoints or to interesting ravines. All about the mountain are the summer homes of men and women who have found pleasure in opening up trails to various objectives on its flanks. No single, brief visit to the mountain can permit enjoyment of these various links and by-paths, but there are direct trails or through circuits to the summit and return that will serve at least as introduction to the mountain's charm. It is one of these circuits that will be described here.

From Jaffrey village, two miles west of the railway station of East Jaffrey, a road leads west and then north in the direction of Dublin. A little

more than a mile from the village this road passes the hotel known as 'The Ark,' and its 'Annex.' Beyond the latter building a branch, the new Memorial Road, will be seen leading to the left, uphill, in the direction of the mountain. This road is passable for automobiles and ends at a level, open space, about a mile from the main highway.

From the farther margin of the opening at the end of the road, you will take a path that leads down into a flat next to Mead Brook, passes a branch trail leading off to the left marked by a sign, and presently is joined by an unmarked trail coming in from the right.

Very soon the path rises and enters the margin of heavy evergreen woods. Here the Red Cross Trail and the Fire Line Trail divide, the fork being marked by a sign. The Fire Line Trail leads up to the right through the woods in the direction of the forester's cabin, half a mile distant, while the Red Cross Trail follows closely the bank of Mead Brook. You will take the left-hand path at this point and will follow the Red Cross Trail the remaining distance to the summit, which is about two miles from this fork.

As you proceed, you will pass a number of trails branching to right or left or crossing your path. The first two of these branch to the right and are known as the 'Lower Pasture Outlook' and

the 'Upper Pasture Outlook.' Next the Wesselhoef branches to the left, then the Falcon Link to the right, then the Dingle Dell Trail to the left, and beyond that a cross-over to the White Dot Trail to the right.

In the first part of this section the Red Cross Trail climbs by easy grades, but in the latter part it begins to surmount ledges which rise rather steeply. Beyond the last of these it reaches the rounded dome of the mountain and winds through the rocks in the direction of the final summit. As the summit is neared, the White Dot Trail comes in on the right, coinciding with the Red Cross Trail from this point on. Before reaching the highest point of the mountain the path drops into a rocky cleft and climbs out on the farther side over smooth ledges.

A splendid sweep of country is included in the view from the summit of Monadnock. If the air is clear enough, your eye commands an area that is a hundred and fifty miles in diameter, including the peaks of the Presidentials about a hundred miles away to the northeast, some of the landmarks in and around Boston sixty miles to the southeast, Mount Tom in Western Massachusetts, fifty miles to the southwest, and peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont sixty miles or more to the northwest.



FROM THE WHITE DOT TRAIL ON MOUNT
MONADNOCK

Northeast from the mountain extends the Dublin Ridge, rising in three knobs, over the last of which can be seen the spire of Dublin church, four miles distant. Farther away, and almost in line with this spire, but slightly to the right, is the church in Hancock, and directly over the latter are Mounts Belknap and Gunstock, near Lake Winnepesaukee, about fifty-eight miles away. Just to the left of these on the distant horizon are the Ossipees, on the farther side of Winnepesaukee and seventy-five miles distant.

To the left of the last knob on Dublin Ridge is Dublin Pond, and over the pond on the horizon are the Sandwich Mountains and the peaks of the Presidentials. Mount Chocorua, eighty-six miles away, is in line with the right-hand end of the pond. The sharp summit to the left is Passaconaway. Near it is the rounded top of Whiteface, to the left of which are the saw-teeth of Tripynamid looking very small at this great distance. Again to the left and directly over the center of the pond, you will see the relatively large mass of Sandwich Mountain, and just to the left of the top of Sandwich, the summit cone of Mount Washington, one hundred and five miles distant. The cone of Washington descends on the left to the upper slopes of Carrigain, to the left of which is Kearsarge in Warner, appearing much larger

and in line with the left margin of Dublin Pond.

The Franconias are on the horizon adjoining Kearsarge on the left, beginning with the seemingly tiny pyramids of Flume and Liberty and including the peaks of Lincoln and Lafayette, almost in line. The distance to Mount Lafayette is ninety-two miles. The detached, large mountain mass to the left of Lafayette and low on the horizon is Mount Moosilauke. In line with it and somewhat nearer is Cardigan.

Turning now to the east you will see South Pack Monadnock twelve miles distant over the left end of Thorndike Pond. North Pack is just to the left and Temple Mountain is to the right over the middle of Thorndike Pond. The ridge of Temple continues to the right in Spofford Mountain. Beginning at this point you can make out on the remote horizon several towers and other landmarks in Massachusetts cities near the coast. There is a low, conical hill to the right of Spofford Mountain, which extends in an undulating skyline back of Jaffrey and East Jaffrey ending in Watatic, southeast of your viewpoint and in line with two small ponds. Little Watatic is detached and to the right over another pond. On the horizon over East Jaffrey is Prospect Hill in Waltham, and to the left is the tower of the Boston Custom House, sixty-four miles distant, with Bunker Hill

Monument faintly visible immediately to its left. More to the left is the General Lawrence Tower in Medford, and farther along is the Bear Hill tower in Middlesex Fells.

Somewhat to the right of Little Watatic is a knobbed summit which includes Pine Hill, Wachusett, and Little Wachusett, about twenty-eight miles distant.

Directly southwest and seven miles away is Little Monadnock. To its left are two small ponds, barely visible in the trees. Over the space between these rises Mount Tom, in Northampton, fifty miles distant. Mount Greylock is south of west, appearing as a remote, sharp peak on the horizon directly over Hoosac Tunnel Mountain.

The hills and mountains of Vermont begin to come into view as you look west and follow the horizon line toward the north. Almost directly west are the Readsboro Mountains and just to the right an angular mass with Haystack at the left and Mack Mountain, to the right. The summit of Stratton Mountain, forty-four miles distant, may be seen north of west over Meeting House Pond. The mountains of Ludlow, Vermont, are northwest, over Stone Pond. Killington Peak, sixty-two miles distant, is just to their right. North of northwest is Ascutney Mountain in the Connecticut Valley, rising prominently forty-four miles

away, while to the left it may be possible to distinguish the much more remote summits of Abraham and Ellen and to the right Camel's Hump and Mansfield, in the heights of the Green Mountains, a hundred miles and more distant.

In returning from the summit of Monadnock to your starting-point near The Ark, you have a choice of various routes. A path that is reasonably direct and is interesting all of the way is afforded by following the White Dot Trail as far as the forester's cabin, thence the Fire Line to the parking space at the end of the Memorial Road.

As you leave the summit, you will find your path coinciding with the Red Cross Trail for a short distance. You then take a fork to the left at a sign and follow the White Dot Trail over ledges where the way is marked with occasional cairns and with spots of white paint on the rocks. Part of the descent is steep, but none of it is excessively difficult. In about three quarters of a mile you descend from the bare and rounded summit plateau and enter an evergreen belt, where the trail winds about and climbs down over other ledges. Below this you descend a slope grown up to hardwood and immediately beyond pass the forester's cabin. A few yards to the right, at this point, there is a spring.

Entering now the Fire Line Trail you begin to

follow a wide way through a magnificent spruce forest. The trail here descends by easy grades and in half a mile approaches the bank of Mead Brook. The Red Cross Trail now comes in on the right at a sign. This is the place where you diverged to the left as you were ascending the mountain. Continuing across a flat next to the brook, you rise slightly on the farther margin and in a few rods emerge in the open space that marks the end of the Memorial Road.

THE END

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